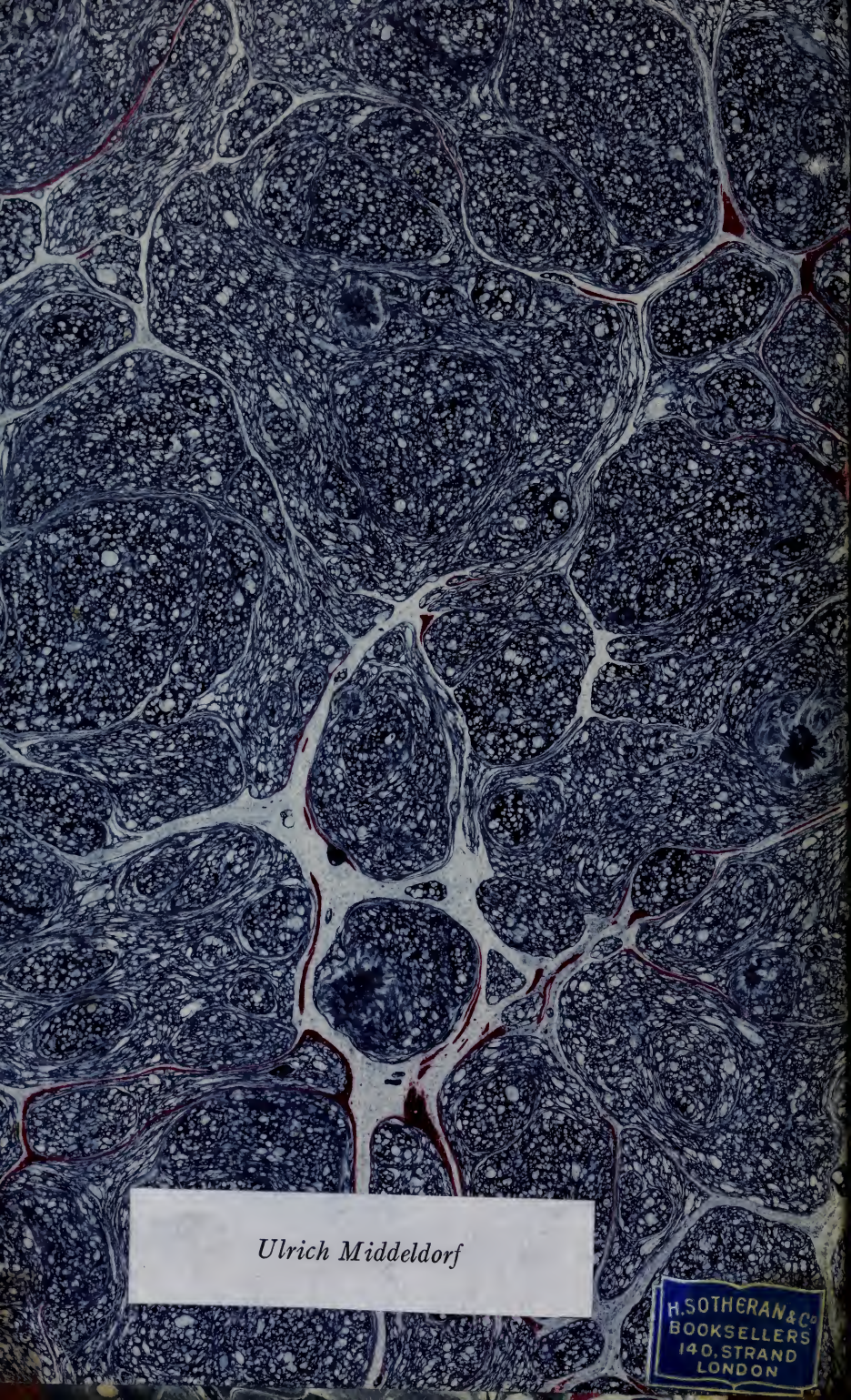

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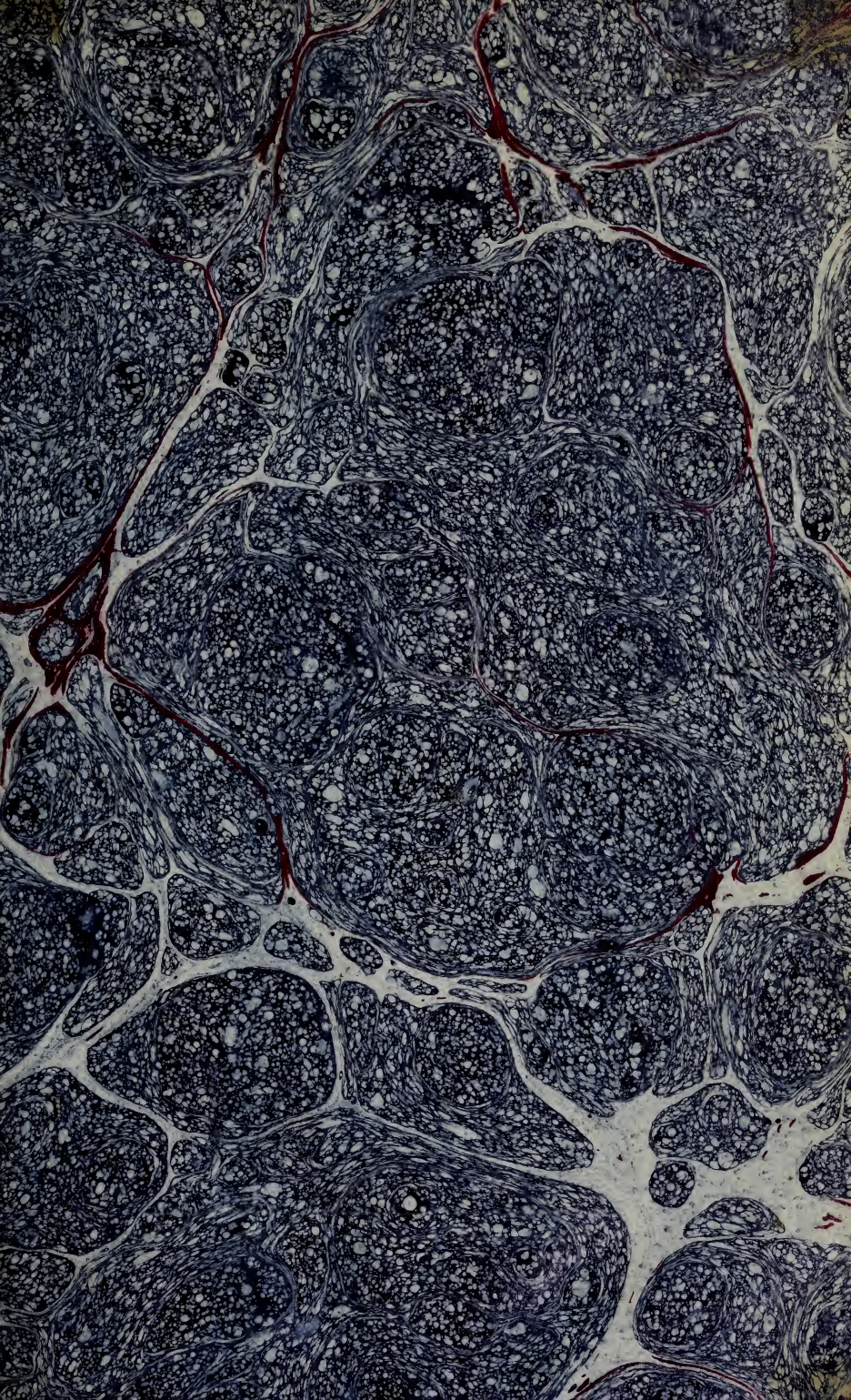

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TRAVELS

AFTER THE PEACE OF AMIENS,

THROUGH PARTS OF

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, ITALY,

AND

GERMANY.

By J. G. LEMAISTRE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF A "ROUGH SKETCH OF MODERN PARIS."

---------- Celeberrima per loca vadet. Hor.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

1806.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

I PRESUME to dedicate these volumes to the PRINCE OF WALES.

In acknowledging the honor conferred on me by the gracious sanction of this address, your Royal Highness will permit me to explain the motives which induced me to offer it.

Having, in the course of the journey which forms the subject of my work, visited the museum at Portici, I found, with a lively sense of national pride, that a rich mine was there exploring, under the munificent patronage of an English Mæcenas; and I learned, with increased satisfaction, that that honorable title belonged to a Prince whose refined urbanity

of manner, whose enlightened mind, and whose generous support of the constitutional liberties of his country, had from my earliest years excited my veneration and respect.

Returning to England deeply impressed with this recollection, I found on my arrival that the same illustrious personage, not satisfied with extending the sources of classical knowledge abroad, had deigned to become at home the general patron of living merit and the prop of desponding genius.

But while your Royal Highness is thus the liberal protector of ancient and modern literature, you are equally zealous to reward the talents of those who in the profession of arms devote their lives to the service of their country. On a late occasion—an occasion when the public mind was roused to an unusual degree of enthusiastic feeling, we saw the Heir-apparent of the Crown step forward, the first in munificence as the first in rank, to succour the widows and orphans of the heroes of Trafalgar. We saw you, sir, when unprecedented worth called for unprecedented honors, disdain the petty ceremonials of courtly

etiquette, and nobly offer to represent the sorrow of a grateful people at the tomb of the lamented NELSON. Your generous design was frustrated; but it lives in the memory of an admiring nation, and shall be transmitted to posterity with the exploits of him, over whose grave no other hand was worthy to plant the laurel of immortality.

These, sir, are the facts which challenge this humble tribute. It is tendered not by Flattery to Grandeur, but by Truth to Personal Merit. No man respects more than I do the exalted rank of the PRINCE OF WALES; but neither the elevated situation which your Royal Highness now fills, nor the still higher destinies which await you, could have drawn from me the language of praise, if the gifts of Fortune had not been dignified by actions such as these,—actions which become a Prince, and which do honor to Humanity.

May I presume to hope that your Royal Highness, conscious of deserving the admiration which I have ventured to express, will forget the insignificant quarter from which it comes; and will condescend to accept the

proffered homage, as a small portion of that general fame which is the necessary concomitant and just reward of public virtue?

I have the honor to be,
with the highest veneration and respect,
SIR,
your Royal Highness's
most obedient,
most devoted,
and very humble servant,
J. G. LEMAISTRE.

PREFACE.

THE indulgence shown to the "*Rough Sketch of Modern Paris*" encourages the author to lay before the public these volumes, the subject of which is the continuation of a tour begun by a visit to the French capital. In attempting to sketch scenes which have been often and ably delineated, he might justly be accused of presumption, had not the face of Europe been so changed by the French revolution, and the war which ensued, that the most admired portraits bear no longer the traits of resemblance. Men, states, potentates, and works of art, have been carried away by the political torrent.—

> "In segetem, veluti, cum flamma furentibus Austris
> Incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens
> Sternit agros, sternit sata læta, boumque labores;
> Præcipitesque trahit sylvas."

The principal aim of this work is to point

out these changes and their effects; to enumerate the objects most worthy of notice which have escaped the rapacity of France; and to describe the nations visited by the author, as they appeared during the short interval of peace.

Of those who, from various motives, may be induced to open the volumes now submitted to the public, many, it is feared, will be disappointed: but should the perusal, to however small a number, afford either amusement or information, the labor of the writer will be repaid, and his ambition will be fully gratified.

If the account of pictures, statues, and antiquities, should sometimes be thought too long, the reader will recollect, that these curiosities are the objects for which a journey to Italy is undertaken; a country still so rich in treasures of sculpture and painting, though robbed of some of its principal ornaments, that in giving the most abridged details of the works of art it is almost impossible not to seem prolix.

As the appearance of these Travels has been postponed long beyond the period originally

intended, it may not be improper to mention, that the manuscript of the last volume was delivered to the publisher in February 1805. The insurrection among the printers' pressmen, during the existence of which all literary undertakings were suspended, was the first cause of delay: and when that cause ceased to operate, the favorable season for publication last year had already elapsed.

In the intervening months great and unexpected events have occurred. Europe has been again subject to political change; and it probably bears at this moment a very different appearance from that which it presented in 1802 and 1803. The reader, aware of this circumstance, will have the goodness to remember, that the sketch now offered to him was taken before the flames of war were rekindled on the continent.

For a note, which the author ventured to add, on the authority of a well-informed friend, while correcting the proof-sheets of the second volume (p. 346), some apology ought now to be offered. The intelligence which it contains

is no longer opportune; yet it may perhaps be still read with interest, since it tends to show by what repeated insults the emperor of Austria was goaded on to war, and what unmerited confidence he was taught to place in the strength of his armies and the energy of his people.

February 1806.

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ERRATA.

P. 163, l. 9. *For* "country" *read* "journey."
164, in the first of the two lines cited from Virgil. *For* "primis" *read* "primus."
175, l. 4. *For* "Cardignan" *read* "Carignan."
178, first line of note. *For* "of it" *read* "on it."
233, l. 2. *For* "porta" *read* "posta."
257, l. 6. *For* "Morgan" *read* "Morghen."
301, last line. *For* "called" *read* "representing."
310, l. 14. *For* "Dentio" *read* "Dentro."
336, last line. *For* "oleæ" *read* "oleæque."
394, l. 11. *For* "later" *read* "Latin."
l. 12. *For* "left Anxur" *read* "left the temple of Feronia."
403. Efface the accent on the *a* of the last word of the last Latin line.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, &c.

LETTER I.

Departure from Paris—Fontainebleau—Sens, and its cathedral—Lucy-le-bois—Dijon—Road and views between Dijon and Lyons—Lyons.

Lyons, May 21, 1802.

My dear sir,

My last letter from Paris, of the 14th of last month, informed you that I was on the eve of my departure from that capital. I accordingly set out on the following morning; and, after a pleasant journey of five days, arrived here on Wednesday last.

The only object of notice in my first day's journey was Fontainebleau, once the splendid residence of the kings of France. The woods which surround that favorite retreat of the unfortunate Louis XVI. have a wild and majestic appearance; but the beauty they possess

is of a melancholy kind, and admirably calculated to recal the history of him, who, in the halcyon days of power, unconscious of the fate which awaited him, found within these shades his principal joy and favorite amusements.

The palace is deserted, and rapidly falling into decay. The furniture has been removed, and the large mirrors formerly seen in the principal apartments have been stolen; but the ornamental paintings of the walls are still fresh and undamaged. After walking through the great rooms, we visited the *boudoir* of the queen. A servant who had lived in the family, and was much attached to the memory of that princess, feeling a regard for the inanimate objects which were once graced by her presence, has contrived to save from destruction this elegant chamber. The fine glasses and the superb gilding still remain, and enough is left to prove the taste and magnificence with which it was once decorated. Marie Antoinette, it seems, particularly disliked the residence of Fontainebleau: its fine but awful scenery inspired her with involuntary grief; and she never accompanied the king to this palace without shedding tears, and losing that gaiety which constituted one of the charms of her character.

The town, which principally depended on the king and the persons attached to his suite, is now as neglected and forlorn as the royal

residence. The principal houses are untenanted and shut up, poverty marks the appearance of the greater part of the inhabitants, and grass is growing in the streets. I hurried away from a spot where Melancholy and Wretchedness appeared to have taken up their abode; and, after travelling in these delightful woods for some time, came into a rich and fertile country, which led us to the town of Sens.

At every posthouse where we changed horses we heard the lamentations of the inhabitants, whose vines had been destroyed the preceding night by a severe and unusual frost. Such an event is a misfortune of no little importance in these provinces, where the wealth, and in some degree the existence, of the people is drawn from the produce of their grapes. In four-and-twenty hours the hopes of the most envied had been frustrated, and the poor looked forward with fear and dismay to a year of scarcity.

Before I left Sens the following morning I strolled into the episcopal church of that city; and, as scarcely fourteen days had passed since the re-establishment of public worship, I was not a little surprised at finding it restored to all its former splendor. The windows have not suffered; and the dauphin's tomb, though removed from the choir to a little chapel, is still perfect.

The church was decorated with altars, crucifixes, mitres, and relics; and from its present appearance no one would be led to suspect that religion, or even the catholic faith, had ever been abolished: yet I am informed that Sens was remarkable for the violence of the revolutionary measures and indecent scenes committed within its walls. The fact is, that every thing is regulated in France by the imperious law of fashion; and in this country a bigot becomes an atheist, or an atheist a bigot, with the same facility and unconcern with which an Englishman changes the most frivolous part of his dress, in compliance with general usage.

But, to resume and conclude my account of the church of Sens. As it was Sunday, there were vast crowds of people assembled, who were praying at the different altars. In the number I remarked a female who gave still stronger marks of religious fervor, by devoutly kissing the hands, arms, and legs of a naked figure of our Saviour.

We reached the second night Lucy-le-bois, where we found a very comfortable little inn, at which, as our landlady failed not to inform us, Bonaparte had lodged on his road to Italy.

After traversing a good but stoney road during the whole of the following day, we reached Dijon about seven in the evening.

Dijon, rendered so celebrated by being the spot where the great army of reserve before the second expedition to Italy assembled, is a neat and handsome city. The *façade*, or front, of the principal church is a fine piece of Gothic architecture. The inside has been quite destroyed, and is not yet repaired. The *Maison de Commune*, or town hall, is an edifice of respectable appearance. The castle, though of vast antiquity, is still perfect. The walks which surround the town are very pretty; the most frequented and most esteemed of which is the Park. I also visited an extremely pleasant garden called Arquebus, formerly belonging to an individual, whose grounds, in consequence of his emigration, have been confiscated, and devoted to the use of the public. This spot is laid out with considerable taste; and the arrangements are very justly said to have been made *à l'Anglaise*.

After viewing the town and environs we proceeded on our journey; and, reaching Chalons-sur-Soane the same evening, found excellent accommodations at *l'auberge des Trois Faisans*.

The situation of Chalons is delightful. Nothing can be more picturesque or more fascinating than the view which presents itself from the window of the inn. The bridge, the river, and the innumerable boats, form a landscape

of peculiar beauty. Late in the evening I took a walk on the banks of the Soane; and, as the moon shone in all its splendor, I witnessed a scene well deserving the pencil of Claude Lorraine.

Our journey the next day was uncommonly pleasant, through a country becoming more and more beautiful at every mile. Never shall I forget the sensations I experienced, when, as we approached Lyons, I discovered for the first time, though at a vast distance, the towering summit of the Alps.

Perhaps no city in the world stands in so romantic a situation as Lyons. Besides the majestic object which I have just mentioned, and which gives a dignity to the picture, the manner in which the town is built, scattered about on different hills; the two rivers which surround it, each sufficient to constitute the beauty of any other place; and the position of the houses, which seen at a distance appear to rise out of the water; form altogether a fairy prospect which might well be taken for the magic of enchantment.

Having now safely conducted you to this well-known city, I shall take my leave, and shall postpone my account of Lyons till I have had an opportunity of visiting the different objects most interesting and most likely to arrest your attention. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

Sights of Lyons—Belcour—Junction of the Rhone and the Soane—The manufactures—Hôtel de Ville—Inscription in honor of Bonaparte and the Cisalpine republic—Hôtel Dieu—New exchange—Grand Spectacle—View from the Heights—The cathedral—Public library—Hall where the Cisalpins held their sittings—Les Célestins (the second theatre of Lyons)—State of commerce---Public opinion---Reflexions on leaving Lyons—Note on the state of society.

Lyons, May 22, 1802.

My dear sir,

I INTEND leaving Lyons in the course of to-day. I now send you the result of my cursory visit.

The first object to which our steps were directed was Belcour, where once stood the palaces of the resident *noblesse*. All the magnificent buildings which formerly adorned this fine square are no more; and I heard with equal astonishment and disgust that they were destroyed, not by the frantic and inconsiderate rage of an exasperated mob, but by the cool deliberate malice of persons who assumed the dignified name of representatives of the people.

Collet d'Herbois and his sanguinary associates, who were sent hither by the convention, not satisfied with condemning to death the most

venerable, the most virtuous, and most esteemed citizens of this celebrated city, with a spirit of devastation scarcely equaled by that of savage nations ordered the houses which they had inhabited to be leveled with the ground.

Posterity will scarcely believe that in an age calling itself civilised, and in a country which professes to have carried that civilisation to the highest point, such an act was committed: yet such is the truth, and such the punishment inflicted on the Lyonnois for their brave and single-handed resistance to the tyranny of a government, which, though no one at that time excepting themselves had the courage to oppose, all France has since united in condemning.

The statue of Louis XIV. has of course been removed, and most probably destroyed; but the beautiful figures personifying the Rhone and the Soane, which likewise adorned the place of Belcour, though no longer in their old situation, have been preserved, and now stand in the vestibule of the Hôtel de Ville.

After walking through the ruins of the once splendid Belcour, and indulging those reflexions which such a scene naturally excited, we hired an open carriage [such carriages are to be had every hour at Lyons, and at a very moderate price], and went to see the junction of the two rivers. We were delighted with the

avenue of lofty trees through which we drove, and with the picturesque objects which surrounded us. Mont Blanc at a distance, the Rhone on one side and the Soane on the other, innumerable country-seats, vineyards, cornfields, rocks, and churches, present so rich and so variegated a prospect, that it can scarcely be equaled. The junction of the Rhone and the Soane takes place at a distance of about a mile from the town, and is effected so tranquilly, that had not the point of union been pointed out to me I should scarcely have remarked it, and might have been led to believe that here there was but one river.

As we returned to town we met several carriages and horsemen; and my conductor informed me that the avenue formed the favorite and most frequented promenade of Lyons.

I was of course anxious to see the different articles fabricated here, and which are so well known and so much esteemed in every part of Europe. I accordingly went to a silk manufactory, to a velvet manufactory, and to a manufactory of embroidered silk. As we found but one or two persons employed in each room, I could not help expressing my surprise; and was informed that no number of daily workmen is hired by any master in these different lines, but that each individual performs at home the task assigned him. I was obliged to

be satisfied with this answer, my stay at Lyons being too short to enable me to ascertain whether such be the truth, or a pretext serving as an apology for the few hands which I saw engaged. All the persons I conversed with agreed in saying that their respective trades had been ruined by the united evils of war and revolution, but that business at present began to revive.

We next visited l'Hôtel de Ville, or the town-hall, a fine and spacious building, in which Bonaparte lodged and received the deputies of the Cisalpins. I copied the inscription descriptive of this event, which has been placed on the wall of the great stairs. It is as follows:—

Le 21 Nivose, an 10 de la
république,
BONAPARTE,
vainqueur et pacificateur de l'Europe,
vint à Lyon, et habita dans ce palais.
500 députés de la Cisalpine, réunis pres de lui,
fixerent sous ses auspices
le gouvernement et les destins
de leur patrie.
A sa vuë
les arts se reveillerent dans cette cité,
le commerce fut rendu à son antique splendeur:
et les Lyonois, formant pour lui
les mêmes vœux qu' autre fois pour Antonin,
ont dit,
que son bonheur egale sa gloire!

(Translation).

The 21st Nivose, in the year 10 of the
republic,
BONAPARTE,
conqueror and pacificator of Europe,
came to Lyons, and dwelt in this palace.
500 deputies of the Cisalpine, assembled in his presence,
fixed under his auspices
the government and the destinies
of their country.
At sight of him
the arts revived in this city,
commerce was restored to its ancient splendor:
and the inhabitants of Lyons, forming for him
the same wishes which they expressed in former times
for Antoninus*,
have said,
may his happiness equal his glory!

A gentleman employed in one of the public offices carried on in this building had the politeness, on hearing we were English, to show us the principal apartments, which are handsome, commodious, and becoming the great city to which they belong.

From the Hôtel de Ville we went to l'Hôtel Dieu, the principal hospital of Lyons. We walked through the several vast apartments

* This alludes to a visit which, as tradition reports, the emperor Marcus Antoninus paid to the city of Lyons.

appropriated to the sick, the lofty domes of which are at once an ornament to the town, the means of giving good air to the afflicted, and of preventing contagion. The beds are uncommonly clean and neat; and a chapel placed in the middle of each room adds the consolation of religion to that of medicine. We visited also the kitchen, the laboratory, and the hall, and had every reason to be pleased with what we saw. The whole of this truly philanthrophic establishment is superintended, and all the functions performed, by a society of eighty brothers and of one hundred and twenty sisters, who devote their lives to these pious offices. The brothers are dressed in black, and the sisters have just resumed their ancient costume, which varies but little from that of a nun. They wear white linen hoods, black stuff gowns, and white handkerchiefs, and a black cross suspended from their neck. All persons of all nations are received in this splendid hospital, without distinction and without recommendation. No town in the universe can boast of an institution more honorable, more useful, or more praiseworthy.

In going from l'Hôtel Dieu we were shown, not far from l'Hôtel de Ville, a large building which was formerly a convent, and which Bonaparte gave to the town at his last visit. It is now an exchange; and I saw the commercial

men assembled here in great numbers. It is, indeed, not unlike the Royal Exchange of London.

The objects which I have already mentioned occupied our first day, and the evening was devoted to Le Grand Spectacle, or principal theatre, where we saw performed the tragedy of Œdipe. This theatre is a large, gloomy, ill-lighted building; and the acting appeared to us, accustomed to the best performers of Paris, far below mediocrity. As the night was fine, we returned on foot along the banks of the Rhone. Nothing can be more delightful than this promenade. A row of handsome houses built on the water side commands a view rarely seen within the walls of a great city.

I ascended with an English friend, the following morning, what are here called the Heights, and from the top of a tower belonging to a *ci-devant* convent (now a chapel) saw to great advantage the town and neighbourhood of Lyons. The Alps, the two rivers, and the scattered buildings of all descriptions, with the remains of the military positions taken by the opposing armies at the late siege, and the ruins of a Roman aqueduct—all these objects form a total of magnificent sights too sublime to be described. Mass was celebrating in the chapel below; and as we descended the hill we went into another church, where a priest was

giving a lesson of religion to a number of children, the eldest of whom was not more than five years old. Just as we came in he was explaining the story of Adam and Eve, the apple, &c. My English friend well observed that the priests were already occupied in laying the foundation of that influence which they by degrees will no doubt recover over the minds of the people *.

The cathedral, whither we next bent our steps, has a majestic appearance without, and is beautifully situated on the river Soane; but within it is in a complete state of decay, and much time and labor will be necessary to restore it to its original grandeur.

I failed not also to visit the public library. It consists of one long room filled with books, which I had not sufficient time to examine. Its windows command the Rhone. On the ground floor in the same building is the *salle*, or hall, where the deputies of the Cisalpins held their meetings, and in which Bonaparte was elected and received as president of the Italian republic. Both these rooms are in what was formerly called the college.

Besides these, Lyons possesses several other public buildings which I had not sufficient time to see, particularly the workhouse, which,

* This was written only a fortnight after the restoration of religion.

as I am told, is both remarkable for its architecture and praiseworthy for the manner in which it is conducted. We passed our second evening at Les Célestins, the second *spectacle* of this town. The theatre itself is pretty; but we found here but little company, and the acting had nothing to recommend it.

During the very short stay which I have made at Lyons it is impossible for me to gain any satisfactory information about the present state of commerce. It seems to be generally allowed that it was entirely annihilated during the revolution; and though it may begin to revive, many years of profound peace are necessary to justify the hope of its regaining its former state of prosperity.

From the heavy losses which the town has experienced, from the devastation committed on its principal buildings, and from the murder of its best and richest citizens, Lyons derives a strong and rooted hatred to the name of the republic; and, however satisfied the inhabitants may be with the government of Bonaparte, their satisfaction is only relative. They prefer his administration to any which has existed since the death of Louis XVI.; but they are still royalists; and if the house of Bourbon shall in the course of years be ever restored, I am convinced that no part of France will so heartily rejoice in the measure, or so wil-

lingly assist in promoting it, as the city of Lyons.

In the few days which I have passed within its walls it is impossible not to discover such to be the general, and I might almost say the universal, wish of the people—a wish which few, if any, attempt to conceal.

I take my leave of this city with regret. It is venerable for its antiquity; interesting from its natural position, and doubly so from the unmerited misfortunes which it has experienced; estimable for the spirit of trade and industry which has from time immemorial reigned within its walls, and, more than all, for the undaunted courage, zeal, and perseverance, displayed by the inhabitants during the late memorable siege, when, without any foreign aid, they defended themselves against the whole army and united resources of the rest of France.

Adieu! My horses are waiting; I am therefore compelled to bid you an abrupt farewell.

P.S. since my return.—I of course had no opportunity, during my stay at Lyons, of taking any view of the state of society; but an English friend, who passed some months there after the peace, assures me that our countrymen were received in that city by all the dif-

ferent classes with much kindness and hospitality.

Notwithstanding the general misfortunes of the country, and the particularly severe ones which this town experienced, from the effects of the last war, I understand there was much gaiety during the carnival which immediately succeeded its termination. The society had, as at Paris, three distinct divisions; the members of the ancient *noblesse* forming one, commercial persons another, and the public functionaries and military the last. In all, I am told, there appeared one common character,—I mean, the prevalence of liveliness, *bienséance* *, and a disposition to please and to be pleased.

* *Bienséance* is a word which it is almost impossible to translate: it means propriety of demeanour, tempered with ease of manners, good-humor, and elegance.

LETTER III.

Distant view of Mont Blanc---Cerdon---Nantua, and its lake---St. Germain de Joux---Bellegarde---Perte du Rhone---Fort de la Cluse---Ancient gates of Geneva---Village of Secheron---Mount Jura---Savoy---Mont Blanc---Country-seats of the Genevese---City of Geneva: its buildings---La Traille, the public walk---Theatre---French officers---Aristocratic distinctions of society---Coteries or circles of young ladies---University of Geneva---Annual prizes still given---Learning and mechanical arts still pursued here---Pensionnaires, or boarders---Mr. Hentch the banker---English loved and esteemed here---Geographic account of the town, copied from Mr. Coxe's Travels.

Secheron, near Geneva,
May 25, 1802.

My dear sir,

IN leaving Lyons we followed the course of the Rhone for several miles; and as Mont Blanc was constantly before us, the scenery was striking and majestic. We were particularly pleased with the country round Cerdon; and walking up an immense hill called St. Martin de Fresne, enjoyed from its summit a prospect of singular beauty: vast mountains covered with box, picturesque valleys, and rich pasturage, formed so many interesting features in this grand and pleasing landscape. Near Nantua there is a little lake

which excited all our admiration; and we wished to have slept in the adjoining town, which stands on its banks; but in going into the principal inn, we found it so dirty, and the landlord so uncivil, that we determined, though with regret, to proceed. My English carriage became in this place the subject of no little curiosity; and the inhabitants crowded round it, and examined every part.

As soon as we could obtain fresh horses, we set out again; and, after traversing a romantic country, passed the night at the next stage, called St. Germain de Joux; where we procured very comfortable, though not splendid, accommodations, in the small inn of a small village.

The scenery which presented itself in our next day's journey possessed the united advantages of great richness and much romantic wildness. Before we arrived at Bellegarde we met with some very bad roads, and were fortunate in not experiencing any accident, as a carriage which had preceded us in the morning was overturned, and the persons in it were severely wounded.

Near Bellegarde I visited the Perte du Rhone, the spot where that vast river loses itself. Here, placing myself on a little wooden bridge, I enjoyed this striking sight, and stood on the frontiers of former Savoy, Geneva, and France.

The conquests of the latter country have destroyed these geographical limits, and the other two states are now swallowed up in the overgrown dominions of the republic one and indivisible. Notwithstanding this political change, our passport was asked for and countersigned at the fort of La Cluse. Nothing can be more extraordinary than the situation of this place. The towering Alps at a distance, vast mountains around, Mount Jura on one side, and the Rhone and a rich little valley on the other, form a view so singularly diversified that the ablest painter could but imperfectly describe it.

At St. Genes we began to decend; and leaving the region of hills, through which we had journeyed for so many miles, came gradually down, through a well-hedged rich country, with nothing majestic in the scene but Mont Blanc covered with snow; and, passing the ancient gates of Geneva, proceeded to the village of Secheron, which stands on the banks of the lake, at a distance of a mile and a half from the town. Here we took up our abode, at an inn very well known to most of our countrymen who have visited the continent, and which, under the name of "l'Hôtel d'Angleterre," is kept by Dejean, who was several years in the service of an English family. This house is not only *à l'Anglaise*, but *à l'Anglaise* to a defect. Little tent

beds, white wooden floors, low roofs, and small-paned windows, delight those who admire every thing, whether good or bad, to which they have been accustomed in their own country. As I am not of that number, I will freely confess that the hotel in question would not have had less attractions with me, if in some of these particulars it had not so exactly imitated the faults as well as merits of an English inn. It is but justice to say, that it possesses many recommendations: it is extremely clean, commands a charming prospect, and the garden belonging to it stands on the banks of the lake.

The views at Secheron are incomparable. The village consists entirely of gentlemen's houses built with taste, and placed in pleasure-grounds extending to the water side. Behind them is Mount Jura; and in front, the lake of Geneva, in all its beauty; with the country-seats in Savoy scattered on the opposite bank, and bounded by the distant Mont Blanc, whose summit, covered with snow, is distinctly seen at all times. In short, this spot unites the advantages of rich cultivated scenery and those of majestic grandeur.

In their gardens and summer retreats, the citizens of the little republic of Geneva were fond of displaying that wealth which was the reward of their industry; and the handsome

edifices and ornamental grounds which surround and increase the beauty of the lake, are so many elegant records of the riches and taste of the respectable people who constituted this small yet ingenious nation. They have lost their independence, but not their inclination for simple and innocent pleasures; and those whose fortunes still allow the means of expense, place their principal enjoyment in the decoration of their *campagnes*, or country-houses, to which they are in the habit of retiring in the beginning of summer.

The morning after my arrival I visited the town of Geneva. It is surrounded with a strong fortification, the drawbridge of which is shut every night, and guarded by a French garrison, with the same regularity as was observed in former times by the inhabitants.

The city is old, and most of the houses are far from remarkable for the beauty of their architecture; but a sloping roof, or shed, projecting three or four feet from most of them, is an object both worthy of notice and imitation. By this excellent contrivance, protecting the foot-passenger from the sun in summer and from the rain in winter, the Genevese enjoy a convenience possessed by few, if any, of the great cities of Europe. The building itself is not an object of peculiar beauty; but the de-

fect might be remedied, and such a construction be rendered a source not less of ornament than of utility.

Though, generally speaking, the buildings are not handsome, yet there are some which form an exception to the remark; and those which surround the public walk called La Traille, and which commands an extensive view over the hills of Savoy, are of that number. This walk, though singularly beautiful, is but rarely frequented by the first class of the inhabitants, in consequence of the painful reflexions which it excites. It was here that the most venerable, most wealthy, and most respectable citizens of the former republic fell under the ax of the guillotine in the first moments of revolutionary phrensy, and which was the prelude to that national annihilation which the country has since undergone. The memory of these lamented victims is still too dear to their friends and relatives for the spot where they suffered to be approached, without the liveliest feelings of sorrow, shame, and indignation.

Near this place stands the theatre, which, though opened and protected by the present government, is but little resorted to by the Genevese, who retain many of their ancient prejudices against amusements of that kind. I ought to add, that, when the ladies of this

place do visit the *spectacle*, they take their places in the pit. I asked the reason; and was told they did so in order to avoid the company of the French officers, who are commonly seated in the boxes. Such indeed is the hatred of the inhabitants against their conquerors, that, though the military behave themselves with the greatest propriety, and are commanded by an officer of merit, formerly a man of rank, none are received in the houses of the principal citizens.

The aristocratic distinctions which existed in the time of the republic are still scrupulously observed in the choice and divisions of society, and prove to demonstration that manners, customs, and prejudices, are above the power of law. Those from whose families the syndics or chief magistrates were usually chosen (for public opinion, though there was no direct ordinance on the subject, gave such a preference) are still looked up to as forming a superior order. Persons of this description live entirely together, and would think themselves disgraced were they to associate with their neighbours of an inferior class. "The citizens" (or sons of native Genevese), who were alone eligible to the senate, conceive themselves in the same manner greatly superior to the "bourgeois," or burgesses; while the latter, on their part, claim precedence over those who were only

" inhabitants," or domiciliated strangers. In short, these gradations are accurately marked and rigidly observed, notwithstanding the proclaimed laws of equality; and every order has its distinct society. I went a few evenings since to an assembly given by the lady of a respectable physician, who is likewise a professor in the university and a distinguished scholar. I saw there many elegant women, well-informed men, and all the foreigners of character now at Geneva; yet I was told, in a whisper, that this was considered as the fifth class of company. I hope you admire these nice distinctions of republican pride, dividing the higher orders of its citizens with a precision unknown in the proudest courts of Europe.

While on the subject of society, I ought to mention another ancient usage which is still observed, and which is highly worthy of commendation. The daughters of the Genevese are from their earliest years formed into circles of fourteen or fifteen, of corresponding ages, selected by their respective mothers from among the children of their friends. The young ladies constituting such circle or party meet on every Sunday evening at the house of one of their parents—each mother receiving in her turn the friends of her daughter, and giving them tea, fruit, ices, and other such refreshments. They amuse themselves in their little assemblies with

the innocent gambols suited to their age, with work, music, dancing, and confidential conversation. No man, however nearly related to any of them, is admitted into these parties till one of the members is married. As soon as this event takes place, she who has changed her situation becomes the *chaperon* of her former associates; and, under her auspices, single gentlemen are received in the Sunday *coteries* of the female friends, till by degrees the others become as fortunate as their introductress. Nor does their union end here: the attachments of early youth are not easily eradicated. In maturer years those habits of intimacy, which were contracted in infancy, are continued; and the married women of Geneva generally spend their lives in the society of those who were the companions and playfellows of their girlish days. The children of these form in their turn a similar circle; and it is no uncommon thing to see a party of females whose hereditary union may thus be traced for many centuries.

This institution, as a bond of friendship and a source of happiness, cannot be too highly praised. Perhaps, too, such an establishment may in no small degree contribute to that propriety of manner and decency of conduct which distinguish the ladies of Geneva. She must be both weak and abandoned, who, for

any momentary gratification, would forfeit the good opinion of her friends, and the innumerable advantages which are enjoyed by a member of a society so constituted. Meeting every week under the eye of one of their parents, the females of Geneva have constantly instilled into their minds the principles of virtue; while each individual becomes as it were the guardian of the honor of her associates.

The university has not materially suffered by the change of government. It was settled by the capitulation, that Geneva should retain, as a corporate city, its property; and out of this fund the salaries of the clergy and those of the professors are paid. The library also remains, and has not, I believe, experienced any loss. The persons who fill the different chairs are men of superior knowledge and distinguished talent; and liberal encouragement is given to the pursuits of literature. The annual prizes are publicly distributed, as in the time of the independence of Geneva; with this only alteration, that the mayor, as principal magistrate of the city, confers the honor instead of the former syndic: in every other respect the old ceremonies are observed.

Geneva is still the seat of learning, of science, and of genius. All its inhabitants are well informed, and disposed to literary occupations; while many hold a distinguished place

in the republic of letters. Medicine also is cultivated with much success, and several eminent physicians are constantly resident.

The mechanical arts continue to give bread to thousands; and the watchmakers in particular retain their former activity. While inferior watches are sold at all prices, and some even at the low sum of one guinea, timepieces are made here of the highest value and with the greatest perfection.

The art of printing is still carried on to a great extent, and few towns are better supplied with books and publications of all sorts.

Many respectable families are in the habit of receiving "pensionnaires," or boarders; and many of our countrymen—officers returning from Egypt, and other gentlemen who have purposely come from England—have taken advantage of this circumstance. At these tables the French language is learnt in the best and most agreeable manner, and a society is found both interesting and instructive.

The British character is, indeed, highly esteemed at Geneva; and the English are received among the different classes with kindness and hospitality. It is, however, but justice to an individual, at whose house we have all experienced particular civility, to distinguish among these Mr. Hentch the banker. Besides being on every occasion willing and

ready to assist with his advice and services those who are recommended to him, he has a weekly assembly at his country-house, on the banks of the lake, to which all the English at Geneva are regularly asked. This meeting is well entitled to the name he gives it, of " La réunion d'Anglois."

Though this ancient little republic has lost the power of governing itself, and now forms part of modern France, the inhabitants have not forgotten that they once were free. The partiality with which our countrymen are seen here is principally to be attributed to the antipathy which the people entertain against their present masters, our late enemies and constant rivals. Though the French government has endeavoured by its conduct to conciliate the affection of the citizens of Geneva, and has for that purpose appointed here, as prefect, a *ci-devant* noble of amiable manners and literary acquirements, the attempt has hitherto proved unsuccessful; and nothing but the force of arms secures their obedience. I have also remarked that the higher classes are fond of mentioning our naval victories; while they equally seem to share the triumphal conclusion of our military expedition to the coast of Egypt. The officers lately returned from that service were welcomed with peculiar kindness; and when

the gallant commander in chief * came through this city on his return to England, he received from the inhabitants every mark of esteem and admiration.

Having thus given you a faint sketch of the present state of society, manners, and public opinion at Geneva, I shall finish this letter with a short local description copied from the very accurate work of Mr. Coxe, whose words I shall always use in preference to my own, whenever I have occasion to refer to him as an authority.

"The town of Geneva is built on the narrowest point of the lake, where the Rhone separates itself into two rapid currents, which soon after unite in one. This river divides the town into two equal parts, receives the Arve in its course, and, after having traversed France, falls into the Mediterranean. The adjacent country is agreeably diversified, and furnishes some very magnificent prospects. The different objects which compose these views are, the lake; the numerous hills and mountains, particularly the Saleve and the Mole, which rise from the plane with lofty points, and present a variegated and singular appearance. Behind are seen the glaciers of Savoy, whose points, covered with snow, reflect

* Lord Hutchinson.

the rays of the sun; and the majestic Mont Blanc lifts its proud head above all those which surround it.

" Geneva is built very irregularly. One part stands on the banks of the lake, and the other on the brow of a hill. The houses are high; and in the quarter of the town where trade is principally carried on, one sees wooden piazzas affixed to the buildings. These constructions, supported by pillars, have a very singular and gloomy appearance; but they are useful to the inhabitants, and protect them while in the street both from the sun and the rain. Geneva is the most populous town of Switzerland. It contains twenty-four thousand souls. This superiority of number arises principally from the industry and activity of its inhabitants, from its extensive commerce, &c."

I have no doubt, that, before you have reached this part of my letter, you are heartily tired of the very name of Geneva. With this citation, then, I take my leave; and remain, &c.

LETTER IV.

Water-parties on the lake of Geneva---Excursion to the Little and Grand Saleve---Visit to Ferney---Its château, church, and apartments---The curé named by Voltaire still here---Mr. B. the present seigneur, &c.

Secheron, near Geneva,
June 10, 1802.

My dear sir,

SINCE I had the pleasure of writing to you last I have made several excursions in the neighbourhood of Geneva.

The parties on the water are among the number of the most agreeable circumstances attending a residence in this country. The tranquillity of the lake, seldom disturbed at this period of the year; the picturesque scenery which presents itself on all sides, to which the fishermen throwing their nets in the evening add not a little; and the numerous country-seats which are scattered on the banks; present so many inducements to this amusement that I rarely pass a day without partaking of it.

I have also visited some of the spots most worthy of notice in these environs by land. Among these expeditions, I shall specify one to the mountain which overhangs Geneva,

called the Saleve; and one to Ferney, the celebrated residence of the celebrated Voltaire.

I was invited by a gentleman of the town to join himself and a party of friends of different nations in an excursion which they proposed making to this mountain. This invitation I readily accepted: and accordingly we set out from Geneva, on horseback, early on the morning of the appointed day. We soon began to ascend: and, after mounting higher and higher every moment during a ride of five or six hours, and enjoying as we advanced a prospect of constantly increasing beauty, we at last reached the top of the lower mountain, called on that account the Little Saleve. Here having satisfied our curiosity, in looking some time on the wild mountains which surrounded us, and in beholding at our feet the city and lake of Geneva, with the Rhone taking its irregular course, we went into a little town which stands in this romantic position, and, ordering breakfast to be brought from an inn supported by the frequent visits of the Genevese, sat down on a grass-plot near an ancient rustic church, where we made a delicious meal on good tea, rich honey, new-laid eggs, and brown bread. Our journey had sharpened our appetite; and we all agreed that our accommodations were admirable.

The excursion was to have ended here; but

an English gentleman having expressed a wish of visiting the higher or Grand Saleve, I offered to accompany him. The rest of the party tried to dissuade us from this undertaking, urging the fatigue which would attend such an expedition and the time which it would necessarily consume. We remained, however, firm in our purpose; and, after engaging a guide who knew the country, and taking leave of our fellow-travellers, who returned by the road which they had traversed in the morning, we proceeded to ascend this steep but not difficult mountain. During the greater part of the ascent we continued on horseback, only occasionally dismounting to relieve the animals. On attaining the summit, we were amply rewarded for our trouble by the objects which presented themselves. On each side were rich and picturesque valleys: Mont Blanc, though actually at a vast distance, appeared almost to approach us in all its dignity: the lake of Annesy, on the road to Chambery, was clearly discerned from this spot; and crowds of fat and beautiful cattle were grazing on the top of the mountain, the verdure of which agreeably relieved the eye from the reflexion of the sun, which shone in its meridian splendor.

After riding over the high ground, and enjoying the magnificent prospect which sur-

rounded us, we began to descend, and arrived at Geneva at three o'clock, to the great surprise of the gentlemen who breakfasted with us on the lower mountain, for they had but just returned when we entered the gates of the town, and expected that we should not have completed our expedition till late at night. The inhabitants of the continent are indeed little used to great exertions on horseback; and though we certainly had not performed any thing either extraordinary or difficult, our journey was spoken of as an effort of vast activity.

I proceed to speak of my visit to Ferney. I attended a party of English friends to that far-famed place a few days since. Ferney is situated in a beautiful country, about seven or eight miles from Geneva. The town, which owed its prosperity to Voltaire, and was principally built by him, is still inhabited, and several of the houses are of a good construction. On approaching the "château," or country-seat, which stands above the town, commanding a very extensive view of Mont Blanc, the lake of Leman, and the adjoining country (every spot of which is distinguished by some particular beauty), we perceived that there were persons assembled in the church. This church, as every body knows, was erected by Voltaire. A priest was officiating at the altar, who (so

I was afterwards informed) was *curé*, or rector, in the time of the philosopher. His name is Huguné; and, after a ten years' exile, he is lately returned to perform the duties of his profession in the very spot where it is supposed that the abolition of religion was first planned. You will easily conceive with what curiosity we viewed a place and a ceremony rendered so very singular by the number of concurring circumstances.

The château now belongs to M. B., from whose family Voltaire bought the estate. After his death, madame Dénys possessed it for a few years. Then succeeded the marquis de la Villette, who, after disposing of several detached pieces, at last sold back the whole which remained to the representative of the original proprietor, the present possessor. This gentleman received us with great politeness, and himself showed us the grounds.

I am happy to add, that the apartment of Voltaire still continues exactly in the state in which he occupied it. To satisfy your curiosity I have copied a list of the pictures and inscriptions which it contains. In his bedchamber, on the wall, is written—

"Mes mânes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur
Est au milieu de vous*."

* "My manes are consoled, since my heart remains among you."

Under this inscription stood formerly a black china vase, containing the heart of the philosopher; and under the vase was written—

"Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici*."

His heart has since been removed, and is now placed in the Pantheon of Paris†.

On the right of this monument is the picture of a beautiful young woman, who is called "La couturière‡;" a print of pope Clement XIV.; and the portrait of a lad who was his "rameur," or boatman. On the left, a likeness of Catharine II., worked on silk, and which is said to be the performance of the empress. This must be a mistake, as above it is written—

"La Salle inven. et fecit."

Underneath are these words:

"Présenté à monsieur Voltaire par l'auteur§."

On the right of the bed, which is ornamented with yellow silk curtains is an excellent likeness of Frederic II. of Prussia: on the left, a drawing of Voltaire, taken at the age of forty.

On the wall against which the bedstead is

* "His genius is everywhere, and his heart is here."

† Vide "Rough Sketch of Paris," letter xxii.

‡ "The mantua-maker."

§ "Presented to M. Voltaire by the author."

placed, and within the curtains, is a large print of Le Kain, the celebrated tragic actor, encircled with laurel. Near the fireplace is a likeness of madame la marquise de Chatelet.

On the right of the window prints of the following persons are suspended: the family of Calas, Diderot, Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Pierre Corneille, J. D. d'Alembert, and John Milton. These were placed by Voltaire; to which has been added a small print of J. Delille, with this citation, written with a pen—"Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili*;" and a large one of George Washington.

On the left side of the window are engravings of the following: Etienne François duc de Choiseul d'Amboise, Antoine Thomas, George Guillaume Leibnitz, Jean Jacques d'Artons de Marain, J. d'Alembert, Jean Racine, F. F. Marmontel, and C. E. Helvetius.

Near these also appears a print, intended as a design for a tomb, and made under his own directions, with this epitaph—

"Dans ce triste et fatal tombeau
Repose l'ombre de Voltaire.
Pleurez, beaux arts—vous ne verrez plus de père:
Et l'univers a perdu son flambeau†."

* "By none more regretted than by you, O Virgil!"

† "In this sad and fatal tomb reposes the shade of Voltaire. Weep, genius of the fine arts—you have no longer a father: and the world has lost its lamp."

Then follows a description of this print, which I copy, as a specimen of human vanity, and of that littleness which is often perceived in great characters, and which levels them to the standard of ordinary men.—

"Auprès d'un portique claustral et Gothique on voit un tombeau et une pyramide elevé aux mânes du chantre de Henri. Les quatre parties de la terre personnifié—savoir, l'Europe, par l'illustre d'Alembert; l'Asie, par Catherine II., impératrice des Russes; l'Afrique, par le souverain et savant prince Oronoco; et l'Amerique, par le docte et libérateur, Franklin. Ces souverains et génies, après avoir répandu des larmes sur la tombe de ce père des beaux arts, se préparoient à l'orner des couronnes et des palmes; lorsque tout à coup ils se sentent repoussés par le téméraire et impitoyable préjugé de l'Ignorance, qui, armé des verges, et soutenu par des êtres infernales, s'élance de son antre, et vont s'opposer à l'hommage qui viennent lui rendre les quatre parties du monde. —Ce monument en laisse decouvrir un autre dans le lointain. C'est celui du philosophe de Genève, qui repose dans l'Isle des Peupliers, qui lui consacre l'Amitié. Plusieures personnes, de tous ages, expriment par leurs actions la philosophie de son Emile*."

* "Near a claustral and Gothic portico are seen a tomb and pyramid, erected to the manes of him who sang the he-

The hall, the billiard room, and the *salon* of madame Denys, remain as furnished by Voltaire. The gardens and ground are extensive: I shall say nothing about the manner in which they are laid out, as they have all been arranged by the present owner, who has a singular pleasure in pointing out the alterations he has made. Politeness forced us to approve, while the respect which we entertained for Voltaire made us secretly regret that any change had taken place.

To every question I put to M. B. I unfortunately got an answer founded on the same personal feeling.—

roic acts of Henry IV. The four quarters of the earth personified—that is to say, Europe, by the illustrious d'Alembert; Asia, by Catharine II., empress of Russia; Africa, by the sovereign and learned prince Oronoco; and America, by Franklin, equally distinguished as a scholar and as the founder of the independence of his country. These sovereigns and distinguished geniuses, after having shed tears on the tomb of the father of the arts, were beginning to ornament it with crowns and laurels; when suddenly they find themselves driven back by the rash and unpitying prejudice of Ignorance, which, armed with rods, and supported by infernal spirits, rushes from its den, and hastens to oppose the homage which the four quarters of the world were come to render him.—Behind this monument is seen another at a distance. It is that of the philosopher of Geneva, who reposes in the Isle of Poplars, consecrated to him by the hand of Friendship. Several persons, of different ages, explain by their actions the philosophical system of his Emilius."

"Pray, where is the theatre?"—"Oh, that fell long ago. But I particularly regret a house which stood there, to the right, and which was really curious."

"What! a house built by Voltaire?"—"No, sir; long before his time—by my ancestors, who possessed this estate three hundred years ago."

"Pray, did M. Voltaire plant that fine tree?"—"Oh no; that was my doing. Permettez moi de vous donner les détails: Je l'ai tiré d'une grande distance*——

"Pray," continued my obliging host, "do you observe that fine wood, at a considerable distance? It is in Savoy. Is it not beautiful?"—"What! a wood belonging to Voltaire? Did it form part of his possessions?"—"By no means: it always belonged, and I hope will always continue to belong, to the family of B—.

"But, pray, do you not admire the stone front of the château? Nothing can be more perfect: it is quite Italian."—I examined this front with minuteness, supposing it the work of Voltaire; but, on inquiry, I found that this also was an alteration of the present owner.

* "Let me give you the details: I brought it from a great distance."

Despairing of getting any more information about Voltaire, and not very anxious about the history of the family of B.—on which subject I could have drawn volumes from my host—I thanked him for his politeness, and took my leave.

Père Adam has been dead some years. M. Huguné, whom I saw officiating in the chapel, was named by Voltaire. This fact I at last discovered, after having listened with as much patience as I could command to a long account which the *seigneur* gave me of the misfortunes and moral excellencies of his *curé*, and of the hospitality which since his return he has experienced in the château of Ferney.

The view from the terrace is extensive and picturesque: the house is rather comfortable than large: and the whole place, though sufficient for every purpose of convenience and sociability, has nothing in it which would excite attention, if the genius of Voltaire had not scattered over this little domain a degree of interest which the finest efforts of architecture would scarcely command.

It is, indeed, one of the privileges of exalted minds, to dignify the inanimate objects which once belonged to them. Travellers with warm feelings and literary taste will never fail to visit with pleasure the château of Ferney, or the

much humbler residence of our immortal Shakspeare, whose mulberry tree receives in its decay more votaries than the proudest temples of antiquity. Adieu!

I always remain yours, &c.

LETTER V.

Journey to the glaciers of Savoy—La Bonne Ville—St. Martin near Salenche—Servo, and the English party found at breakfast there—Glacier of Bosson—Valley of Chamouny—Le Prieuré—Source of the Arveron—Journey up the Montanvert—Local description of the valley of Chamouny, copied from Mr. Coxe—Col de Baume—Valais—Martigni—The idiots and the inn there—Pisse-Vache—Bex, and the salt mines—Villeneuve—Castle of Chillon—Village of Clarens—Town of Vevay—Road to Lausanne—Environs—Country-house of the landlord of "Le Lion d'Or"—Onchy—Nyon—Coppet, and M. Necker—Varsau—Party who made this expedition—Return to Secheron.

Secheron, near Geneva,
June 27, 1802.

My dear sir,

I RETURNED yesterday evening from a tour which I have made to the glaciers of Savoy, and which occupied the whole of the last week. I now send you the details.

Having hired an open carriage much used in this country, to which the natives give the name of *corbeille*, and which nearly answers to what we call a *sociable*, I set out on the 20th from Secheron, accompanied by a Swedish friend, at seven o'clock in the morning. The weather was fine, and the roads were in excellent condition. After leaving Geneva, we pass-

ed through a very romantic country; and, having breakfasted on fine fruit at La Bonne Ville (a little Savoyard town where our *voiturier* stopped to feed and rest his horses), we proceeded again, and reached the village of St. Martin, near Salenche, at four in the evening. We were here surrounded by the wildest features of nature, and beheld a scene to us totally new. Though Mont Blanc was still at a considerable distance, it seemed to be almost within our reach; and when we saw the sun rise, from the windows of our little inn, the following morning, its rays shone with dazzling splendor on the top of that vast mountain.

As it was impossible for us to proceed any further in our *corbeille*, we hired mules at St. Martin, and at about six o'clock recommenced our journey. The animal which fell to my share was uncommonly sure-footed, and moved with wonderful sagacity and extraordinary care up almost perpendicular narrow paths, intersected with torrents, rocks, and stones. Nothing could be more picturesque than the landscape which presented itself. At first we were alarmed at the places in which we found ourselves, often on the brink of lofty precipices; but the caution with which our mules chose their steps, convinced us that the danger was only imaginary, and we soon became perfectly reconciled to the singularity of our situation. We stopped

to breakfast at Servo, where we were agreeably surprised at finding a party of gentlemen and ladies at breakfast on a grass-plot before the inn. They very kindly invited us to join their party; and never did the most dainty luxuries afford so grateful a meal, as the eggs, milk, and brown bread which were now set before us. Persons who have never left our happy island, in every corner of which all the conveniencies of life attend the wealthy traveller, or those who have only followed the beaten road from London to Paris, or from Paris to London, can form no idea of the satisfaction which an Englishman enjoys in meeting with his countrymen in a retired distant spot like that where we were now assembled. I have always remarked, that the supposed coldness of our national character vanishes on such occasions, and that the inhabitants of no country in the world greet one another with more warmth and cordiality *. The ceremonious language of society gives place to the unchecked effusions of

* Mr. Rogers has beautifully expressed the same idea in the following lines, taken from the Pleasures of Memory.—

"And as the sparks of social life expand;
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life, when present and confess'd,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast."

natural feeling; and strangers, remembering that they are men, and forgetting that it is their first time of meeting, converse with all the freedom of old acquaintance: intimacies are rapidly formed, and conversation takes an easy and lively turn. I never passed an hour more agreeably than that which we now spent in the company of our new friends. We learned from them that they were making the same expedition as we were, and had slept the preceding night at another inn a few miles from that which we had occupied. The ladies of the party had travelled in what is called in this country a *char à banc*, that is to say, a kind of hurdle placed on a carriage with low wheels, and which can occasionally be taken off and carried by porters. They told us, that at one place, in crossing a torrent, this mode of conveyance had become necessary; and, in consequence of the violence of the stream, they had been obliged to employ no less than seventeen men. I mention this circumstance, in order to give you some little idea of the country in which we were.

Having breakfasted and rested some time at Servo, we again mounted, and continued our route. After two hours' riding we arrived at the foot of the glacier of Bosson. It is difficult to give to a person who has not seen it, any clear definition of what constitutes a glacier. I can only

describe it as a mountain of ice, which no heat has been able to penetrate. The ascent to this glacier, though ranked in the number of the smallest, was extremely difficult, and particularly so to me, who had neither nails to my shoes, nor an iron to my stick. We were conducted by guides, many of whom we found waiting near the mountain, and who were civil and intelligent. In ascending, we were much struck and delighted with the color of the ice, which in many places was beautifully blue, and with the singular shape which in others it assumed. In one part we saw a Gothic pyramid of ice, the points of which were distinctly marked by the varying hues. After enduring much fatigue we reached the summit, and with no little difficulty then walked along the vast mass of ice here collected.

A gentleman of the party remarked, that it seemed as if the sea had been stopped in its course, and that we were moving over the congealed waves. We all agreed that the definition was just. The novelty of our situation was delightful. It was now the middle of June; and while the sun shone over our heads in all its meridian splendor, our feet were covered with ice and snow.

In descending, we beheld the charming valley of Chamouny, which deserves all the celebrity it has obtained from the united praises

of those who have visited it. Its green meadows formed a contrast to the hoary mountains around so beautiful and so uncommon that no language can do it justice.

When we got to Le Prieuré, the little town which stands in this romantic position, we found that there were two inns, but neither of them large enough to receive the whole of our party, which now amounted, including servants and guides, to above forty persons. We accordingly divided our forces; and my friend and I took up our quarters at *La Ville de Londres*, kept by Terrez. Here we obtained an excellent dinner, served in a little saloon, the windows of which command the extraordinary prospect which I have before described.

In the evening we took an excursion in a *char à banc* to the source of the Arveron, which forms part of the beauties of the valley of Chamouny. We were told that this sight was not yet to be enjoyed in perfection, as much of the snow had not fallen from the mountains, and consequently the waters had not increased to the height which they sometimes attain; but even at present the scene was to us majestic. A vast natural arch, formed of ice reflecting a cerulean blue, is the avenue through which the Arveron flows; and the Montanvert, and the Sea of Ice, stand immediately above. After

contemplating this extraordinary landscape with all the curiosity and interest which such an object demanded, we returned to our inn, and, delighted with what we had seen this day, made every preparation for continuing our researches the following morning.

We were called the next day at five o'clock; but it rained, thundered, and lightened, with such violence, that we feared it would be impossible to put into execution the project which we had formed of ascending the Montanvert. At eight the weather fortunately and unexpectedly cleared up; and at half past nine o'clock we mounted the mules which we had hired for the purpose; thus beginning our journey up that vast and beautiful mountain. The road made for the purpose by the care and at the expense of the guides of Chamouny appeared impracticable; but the mules picked their way with such wonderful sagacity, that we moved along in perfect safety. After effecting half the ascent in this manner, we left our mules, and continued our route on foot. I ought, perhaps, to mention, that the moving figures of so many persons on the backs of these animals, climbing up an almost perpendicular hill, had a singular appearance, which added not a little to the picturesque scenery which presented itself on all sides. Much of the

fatigue of our walk was diminished by the shade afforded by the fir and larch trees, which grow in abundance on the side of the mountain. We did not find the ascent so difficult as we expected, and even less so than that of the Bosson, which we had passed the preceding day. On reaching the top, we beheld a scene of such sublime grandeur that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt describing it. I shall only tell you, that where we stood there was the finest verdure—the rhododendron was in full bloom; and cows were feeding. Under our feet was a vast field of ice, very properly called the Sea of Ice, for it looks like the mighty ocean stopped by the hand of Nature: and around us were wild and majestic mountains, in comparison with which even Montanvert was nothing; yet the summit of the latter is 3132 feet higher than the valley of Chamouny, and that valley is itself 2568 feet above the level of the sea. The total height, therefore, of the Montanvert, is 5690 feet from the Mediterranean, or, according to Mr. Coxe, 6106 English feet.

Among the mighty rocks, or points, we were particularly struck with L'Aiguille de Dreux, which rises majestically above the rest, and forms a natural obelisk.

Most of our party now went into a kind of house, or hut, called "Blair's Cabin" (built by

an English gentleman for the convenience of travelers), and having written their names on the wall, which is one of the ceremonies of the expedition, proceeded to partake of the refreshments which we had brought with us. As to myself, being by no means tired with my work, and more anxious to gratify my curiosity than my appetite, I descended at once to the Sea of Ice. Leaning on the arm of my guide, and carrying a stick, to which I had this morning affixed an iron, I passed over a considerable distance without experiencing any difficulty or very great fatigue. I need not add that the scene was strikingly magnificent. The cavities in the ice were frequent, and the colors which they presented more than commonly beautiful. After I had satisfied my curiosity, and gone as far as I wished, I began to descend, and, returning by the same road, found myself at Le Prieuré at three o'clock.

The guides who attended my Swedish friend and myself were Pierre Balma, Michael Cacha, otherwise called the Giant, and Michael Terrez, son of our landlord. We found them all civil, active, attentive, intelligent men. The two former accompanied M. de Saussure in his expedition to the summit of Mont Blanc. An old guide, who had attended his royal highness the duke of Gloucester when he visited this country, wore the royal arms of England, with the

garter, in a badge on his coat. He declared he was a knight of the garter, and had received that honor from his royal highness in return for his care. It would have been cruel to undeceive him. During the time of terror he had concealed his order, and now assumed it for the first time since the revolution. I was likewise informed that this *preux chevalier* was during the time of Robespierre a fierce advocate for liberty and equality. I ought perhaps, before I leave the subject, to quote from Mr. Coxe a local description of the valley of Chamouny.

"There are," says that accurate traveler, "in the valley of Chamouny *, five glaciers, separated the one from the other by forests, ploughed land, and meadows, in such a manner that great spaces covered with ice are intermixed with cultivated fields, and contrast each other alternately in the most singular and striking manner. These glaciers, placed principally in the depths of mountains which are several leagues long, meet at the foot of Mont Blanc, the most elevated mountain of Europe, and perhaps of the old world. The names of

* In this valley I saw the two Albinos who were for some time exhibited in the Haymarket. They addressed me in good English; and informed me, that, with the money gained in London, they had bought a little farm, and settled in this their native country.

these glaciers are Tacona, Bosson, Montanvert, Argentiere, and Tour."

The Sea of Ice, a mile in breadth, is bounded on one side by Mont Blanc, and on the other by the plain of Chamouny. The points or spires are called Les Aiguilles de Medi, De Dreux, De Bouchard, De Moine, De Tacul, and De Charmeaux.

After dining very comfortably at our little inn, we strolled about the village, and conversed with several of the guides, who amused us with descriptions of M. de Saussure's journey to Mont Blanc, and in showing us the skins and horns of the chamois, or wild deer, peculiar to this country; which, living in the vast mountains which surround this romantic spot, afford no trifling source of amusement to its hardy inhabitants, who pass the short days of their winter months in hunting these animals. We also made a provision of Chamouny honey, intending it as a present to our friends at Geneva. It is celebrated, and of peculiar flavor.

We spent a very pleasant evening in talking over the interesting scenes which we had visited, and on the following morning, at six o'clock, mounted our mules. After passing through the valley, and seeing again on the right the Sea of Ice, we began to ascend, meaning to take the road by the Col de Baume.

After an hour's traveling we were stopped at the custom-house, to have our portmanteaus searched, previously to passing the barrier which here divides the French from the Helvetic republic. The *receveur*, or officer, was not at home; and the soldier on guard (for the military perform all acts of police in every part of modern France) insisted on our returning, and taking another road, in order that we might meet with another *douane*. With some difficulty we procured an interview with the wife of the *receveur*. She was a very pretty young woman, who seemed much impressed with the dignity of the charge held by her husband, and was at first inclined to support the demand of the sentinel with all the pomposity of office and with all the warmth of her sex; but while some of our party put the lady in good humor by compliments on her beauty (for compliments French women in every rank expect to receive), others terrified her by threats of complaints against her absent husband. Fear and vanity had their usual effects: and, after ten minutes' parley, we were allowed to proceed. We continued to ascend for three or four hours, during which time we enjoyed a beautiful view of the valley beneath; and at last reached the summit of the Col de Baume.

From this spot, when the day is favorable, Mont Blanc is seen to the greatest advantage;

but, unfortunately for us, we had bad weather; and the sun was not sufficiently strong to enable us to see this wonderful mountain: but the prospect which, even under these circumstances, we beheld, was strikingly grand, wild, and majestic. On the point of the hill is the stone which marks the division between former Savoy and the republic of the Valais.—This view is esteemed one of the first in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe. On one side, Mont Blanc and its adjoining mountains; and on the other, the country of the Valais, the Great and Little St. Bernard, with the canton of Underwald and that of Berne at a distance.

In descending, we sometimes sat on the backs of our mules, and sometimes walked. We were often up to our knees in snow, in which the led mules took great pleasure in rolling themselves. This descent is called "Le Bois de Mainon." We were the first who had ventured since the last summer to come down on mules.

After experiencing some difficulty, and no little fatigue, we at last reached the valley of Trion; where, in the miserable inn of a miserable village, we were agreeably surprised with an excellent breakfast of eggs, milk, and omlets. We arrived here drenched with wet,—the rain having continued during the whole of our passage over the Col de Baume; and no per-

son who has not made an expedition of this kind can conceive how much we enjoyed the peat fire and other small comforts which this poor house afforded us: more welcome were they than the choicest luxuries served in a splendid palace, when unsweetened by past labor and difficulties overcome.

The country which we had traversed was wild and barren, and the people whom we met had all the marks of abject poverty.

After breakfast we set out again; and having ascended during the space of an hour, began to descend, and at last found ourselves in a most delightful country. Every thing suddenly changed its appearance, and Nature clad in her mildest beauties succeeded to Nature in all her savage grandeur. We saw before us the rich and beautiful valley of Martigni, or "La Vallée," as it is called by way of excellence. We rode along under the shelter of the finest walnut trees, the perfume of which was delicious. On each side of us were fields, in which the corn was already cut: before us, the plain, where rich foliage, delightful verdure, neatly-trimmed hedges, high cultivation, meandering rivers, and picturesque villages, presented a scene of enchantment; and behind us were the wild mountains, covered with snow, over which we had just passed. We were particularly struck with the singularity

of our situation, having walked through snow and seen wheat cut in the same morning.

The country became richer and richer every mile. When we were at last in the valley, the road was excellent. Children ran in crowds to offer us baskets of strawberries which they had just picked: and the shelter of the walnut trees became very acceptable, in guarding us from the heat of the sun, which was now excessive.

The village of Martigni stands about a quarter of a mile from the town of the same name. Not finding the inn good at the former, we went on to the latter. We saw innumerable idiots*, with distorted forms, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," in almost every window. At Martigni we found good apartments, and apparently good beds, at *La Tour*, an inn kept by a Frenchman. Our dinner was not bad: and we retired very early, much fatigued with our

* Idiots or *crétins*. For an account of these unfortunate creatures, and of the causes which may occasion such *lusus naturæ*, see Mr. Coxe.

A fortunate prejudice preserves their existence. The inhabitants of the countries where they are found imagine that it is a mark of divine favor to have an idiot of this kind born in their family; and, instead of neglecting, or abandoning to their fate, these unhappy mortals, treat them with the most affectionate kindness, and will deprive themselves of common necessaries in order to afford all the conveniences of life to these supposed favorites of heaven.

day's excursion, and all anxious to have a few hours' sleep. In this hope we were cruelly disappointed: vermin of all sorts, particularly gnats (the latter of which buzzed about with prodigious noise the whole night), put us into a state of torturè; and at four the next morning we left very willingly our beds, not of rest, but of pain and suffering.

We here took leave of our honest guides, with whose attention, skill, and fidelity, we had every reason to be satisfied; and, dismissing our mules, got, seven of us, into a *char à banc* which we had hired for the purpose, and our servants into another. In this manner we proceeded on our journey.

Pisse-vache was the first object which we visited. This is a vast cascade, which falls from an immense height with wonderful force, and looks like a cloud in its descent. We waited for some time, hoping that the appearance of the sun would enable us to see the rainbow which is produced by its rays falling on the cascade: but *Sol* was inexorable; and we were obliged to continue our route, without having, in this respect, our curiosity gratified.

After passing through a very pretty and rich country we arrived at Bex, where we found an excellent inn. Here we breakfasted on new milk and fine fruit, the produce of the country; and, hiring fresh horses, set out for Les Salines,

or salt mines, while we left those which brought us from Martigni to rest.

In ascending the hill which leads to this place, we passed through a delightful country, and were much pleased with the prospect which presented itself; the green hedges and romantic scenery of which very forcibly reminded me of many parts of Devonshire. We were obliged to leave our carriage, and to proceed on foot for a considerable distance before we reached the mines. When we at last arrived there, we put over our coats the dirty black frocks which were offered us, and walked for above an hour in a dismal cavern, only lighted by the candles which we carried, each having one in his hand; and our feet rested on tottering boards, under which water was flowing. For all our trouble we were only rewarded by seeing a kind of crystal, whence our conductor said the salt water was drawn; a large wheel by which the air is purified; and some pipes by which the cavern is supplied with water, and others conveying the water down to the works below, for the purpose of clearing it from the salt.

I never was more disappointed. We had wasted four hours in this expedition; and, after undergoing much fatigue, had seen nothing worth observing. We returned to Bex much out of humor, and, with the horses which

brought us from Martigni, continued our route to Vevay, which latter we reached about seven in the evening.

Vevay is a pretty little town, situated on the lake of Geneva, of which it commands a delightful view. In going thither, we passed by the village of Villeneuve, and visited the castle of Chillon, which also stands on the lake, on a rock forming a peninsula. Nothing can be more beautiful than its position. On the left, the rocks of Meillerie and the mountains of Savoy, with the rich plain on that side; in front, the lake, which is here three leagues, or nine English miles, in length; and on the right, the vineyards, villages, and *châteaux*, of Switzerland. We visited the different rooms of the castle, which is now a prison, where some of the revolting peasants and culprits of all descriptions are confined.

We passed by the village of Clarens, celebrated by Rousseau, which, as well as the surrounding country, is lively and picturesque beyond conception.

At *Les Trois Couronnes*, at Vevay, we found an excellent inn; where, after the hardships which we had undergone in our little tour, we enjoyed in no small degree the good dinner which was set before us, and the clean comfortable beds to which we soon after retired.

In the morning I strolled to the public walk

of Vevay—a promenade shaded by lofty trees, and commanding the whole lake of Geneva. The day was beautiful, and the country so lovely that the whole appeared a scene of enchantment.

Recovered from the fatigues of our journey, and delighted with what we had seen, we all met at breakfast in high spirits; and, after talking over the little difficulties which we had met with, and agreeing unanimously that they were amply repaid by the pleasure we had experienced, we proceeded again, in two *corbeilles* hired for the purpose, and which, though neither very perfect in their construction nor very easy in their motion, conveyed us safely and expeditiously to Lausanne. The road, which continued on the banks of the lake, was enlivened every moment by some fresh landscape, affording constant subjects for admiration.

At Lausanne we drove to *La Couronne*, where, from a civil intelligent landlord, we experienced every kind of good treatment. Before dinner we strolled about the town, and in the evening visited the environs in an open carriage. The first object which drew our attention was a country-house belonging to the person who keeps the inn of the *Lion d'Or*. It stands at a distance of about four miles from the town: and in going thither we passed

through a country of uncommon richness and picturesque beauty. The grounds of Boniface would not, in their arrangement, disgrace the taste of the celebrated Brown. They unite every advantage: the verdure is equal to the finest in England; the prospect of the lake, with the grand features which surround it, affords a subject of constant interest; and the neatly-trimmed hedges, the well-cultivated cornfields, and trees of lofty dimensions, are almost forgotten in the beauty of the view enjoyed from a kind of summer-house placed on an eminence. These grounds are extensive, and were originally laid out by a Swiss gentleman who had amassed a considerable fortune in the British service in India. They were purchased about fifteen months ago by the present proprietor, who met us in his fields, and with great civility showed us every part of his demesne. We afterwards visited the house, which is small, and by no means in proportion to the grounds.—The situation of this *ferme ornée* is so admirable, that a man of taste, wishing for a delightful retreat, could not do better than to buy the estate, and to build on it a mansion worthy of standing in such a delightful position.

On leaving this place we drove to two or three country-seats which are usually let for the season to the English and other strangers

who are tempted by the charms of the country to pass their summers in this neighbourhood. Many of them command views of uncommon beauty.

We drank tea at Onchy, a village about a mile and a half from Lausanne, of which latter it forms the port. It is at the foot of the lake, and of course in an admirable situation.

Of Lausanne, meaning to return and pass some time there, I shall only say at present that it is a large old town, not particularly well built, but that many of the houses have the advantage of back windows which open on the lake, affording the inhabitants a prospect seldom surpassed and rarely equaled. The streets are formed on a hill, and the passenger is obliged to mount or descend at every step.

We set out from Lausanne the following morning in two *corbeilles*, and, continuing our route along the side of the lake, breakfasted at Nyon. Here we found a comfortable inn *(La Croix Blanche)* in a delightful situation, with a garden extending to the water's edge; but the landlord was as extravagant in his charges as the most unconscionable tavern-keeper in London. We paid exactly six times as much for the same articles as they had cost us at Lausanne, though the distance from one town to the other is not more than twelve En-

glish miles. I mention this as another proof of the necessity of making previous bargains in every part of the continent. The prices of innkeepers vary as much as those of our pedlars, or dealers in horses, in England.

From Nyon we went next to Coppet, of which the celebrated M. Necker was formerly baron, and where he still resides. A few miles further on we came to Varsau, where, entering the French territories, we went through the usual ceremonies of having our carriage examined, and then proceeded straight to Secheron.

I have thus endeavoured to give you some little idea of perhaps the most agreeable tour I ever made. In addition to the grandest objects of nature, which in the course of a few days I had the opportunity of contemplating, and to the general novelty of the scenes which presented themselves, the party in which I had the good fortune to travel consisted of men whose conversation afforded no trifling source of amusement.

Setting out with the Swedish friend whom I mentioned in the beginning of this letter, I knew I carried with me a companion whose intelligent remarks would prevent my feeling any kind of *ennui;* but I little expected to find myself, when arrived in the land of mountains, in a numerous and polished society; and, while

viewing the wild beauties of nature, to possess all the advantages of convivial life. Yet such was my good fortune. Mirth, jollity, and wit, made us forget every difficulty, and gave a zest to all our pleasures.

Those whom we met at Servo consisted of two parties. The party in which the ladies were, left us at Chamouny; and with it we were deprived, beside our female companions, of the company of a young man, who, in the few hours we had been together, gave us proofs of many amiable qualities, and of his extensive knowledge and great natural talents.

The other party consisted of seven gentlemen, who accompanied us during the whole of this expedition. Of these there were two officers of the guards, one of whom had just returned from the glorious and successful campaign in Egypt, and who afforded us a never-failing subject of interest, in the details he gave us of that memorable event. The three others were Russian young men, who, like ourselves, were traveling for pleasure and information; and the questions we mutually put to each other about London and Petersburg, added another source of conversation.

All my companions were persons of cultivated minds, polished manners, and liberal sentiments. To these qualifications, good-humor, vivacity, and a general desire to please and to

be pleased, united every requisite which could be looked for in *compagnons de voyage*. Chance threw us together; yet had my friend and I wandered over England and France in search of persons calculated to render such a tour agreeable, we could not have found men any where more fitted for our purpose. Our hours passed rapidly away; and when we bade each other adieu, we all agreed that the seven days which we had spent together formed some of the pleasantest of our lives.

Adieu! my dear sir. I beg you to pardon this very imperfect account, and to believe me, &c.

LETTER VI.

Arrival at Lausanne—Illness there—Aristocratical distinctions of society in this little town—Anecdote proving the same—The noblesse and their parties—Beauty of the country—Excessive heat—House and grounds of Mr. Gibbon—Anecdotes of the same—M. Necker and madame de Staël, at Coppet, their country-seat—Village, country residence, and conversation, of la baronne de Montolieu, author of Caroline de Lichtfield, and her sister mademoiselle de Buten—Ceremony of giving the annual prizes to the children of the college in the cathedral of Lausanne—Excursion to Meillerie.

Lausanne, Sept. 1, 1802.

My dear sir,

A CONSIDERABLE interval has elapsed since I had the pleasure of writing to you. I have two reasons to allege for my silence, both of which I believe you will allow to be sufficient.

Soon after the date of my last letter, pleased with what I had seen of the neighbourhood of Lausanne, I determined to remove thither; and accordingly set out from Secheron, about the middle of July, in very bad weather, excessive rains having succeeded excessive heat. Before I reached Lausanne, I found myself chilly and unwell; and on arriving at *La Couronne*, the inn where I lodged on my former tour, I had

every symptom of serious illness. I was obliged to retire to my bed, and the following morning sent for a physician. I was confined ten days with a violent fever. My life was saved principally by the affectionate care of Mrs. L.: when exhausted with fatigue, she was relieved by the landlord of the inn*, who, with a humanity and a kindness never to be forgotten, devoted his whole time to my service. I also found in Dr. Schol a skilful physician, and an agreeable well-informed companion.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I removed to very pleasant lodgings, the windows of which command an extensive view of the lake, of the rocks of Meillerie, and the coast of Savoy. Illness had weakened me so much, that I was long incapable of any exertion. This was the first cause of my silence; and the second, connected with it, arose from my total inability to afford you the least amusement.

My life at Lausanne, since my recovery, has been tranquil and happy; but tranquillity and happiness are felt, not described. My days

* His name was Wasserfall. I have just received the painful intelligence of the death of this excellent man. The memory of this humble friend will ever be dear to my mind; and the public will pardon a perhaps impertinent, yet involuntary, tribute of respect offered to departed worth.

have passed away serenely; and while I have no unpleasant circumstances to record, I have no event to mention which could to any one be interesting.

I was fortunate enough to find, in the immediate neighbourhood of this town, the amiable families of two English friends whom I sincerely esteem. With them, in the intercourse of close and intimate acquaintance—dining frequently together; making parties on horseback, in open carriages, on foot, and on the water; and meeting now and then in larger circles, to which the inhabitants were invited—our time has slipped insensibly away.

Perhaps few hours of my life have afforded me more satisfaction than those which I have passed in this town and its environs: Lausanne will live in my memory as long as my heart is sensible of the charms of friendship: yet no place which I have yet inhabited ever afforded fewer subjects for correspondence.

The town itself is not remarkable either for its architecture or its extent; but the houses which look on the lake enjoy a prospect of singular beauty. The inhabitants are industrious, civil, and well-informed. The prejudices of birth, though no longer allowed by law, have still their weight in society; and this little town, formerly subject to the canton of

Berne, and now the capital of the department of Leman, has its several gradations of rank, which are strictly observed.

To prove to you at once the absurd degree to which these aristocratical distinctions are carried, I must mention to you a fact which I have had occasion to ascertain. I know here a brother and sister, who, possessed of a large fortune, and living together, keep a handsome establishment, and are remarkable for their hospitality to their friends and to strangers of all nations: they are both elegant in their manners, handsome in their persons, irreproachable in their character, and enjoy the universal good wishes of their neighbours. I was surprised to find two such amiable persons, each of whom is between thirty and forty years old, still unmarried. I inquired the reason, and was informed, that, though this gentleman and lady are themselves *noble*, their father was the first individual of the family who attained that honor, and consequently that no persons of ancient name will connect themselves with such new *noblesse;* and as they have always themselves lived in the first company of the place, they are equally unwilling, on their part, to intermarry with those of the second order.

Thus two excellent individuals, victims of their own prejudices and of those of their little

town, are condemned to perpetual celibacy, because they cannot produce a pedigree by which it should appear that their great great great grandfather wore a sword!—On these occasions I involuntarily exclaim, in the words of lord Chesterfield, "Alas, poor human nature!"

The first *noblesse* are not rich, and have all shared the misfortunes which have befallen their country; but none of their class have emigrated, and no blood has contaminated this part of Switzerland. They live together in *coteries*, or little parties, which assemble at each other's houses at Lausanne in winter, and during the summer season at their country-seats, all of which are in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. They meet about six in the evening, often in the open air: a table is covered with tea, fruit, ice, and other such refreshments. The old converse together, or play whist; while the young dance the German waltz, or some of their national dances, which they perform with much spirit and activity. I have seldom seen any where so much real gaiety and innocent mirth as I have witnessed in one of these parties.

The country certainly surpasses every thing in Europe, both in point of variety and richness. The Alps on one side, with the rocks of Meillerie and the coast of Savoy; and on

the other, Mount Jura, the lake, the pleasure-grounds and villas on its banks, the high cultivation of the fields, the shade afforded by the woods and large trees scattered about the innumerable lanes which form the communication between the adjoining villages, the excellence of the roads, and the general ease and decent appearance of the people, give this spot so many advantages, that I think myself fully justified in the preference which I have ventured to give it over every place which I have yet seen on the continent. The rides, too, are so various, that a physician who resides here assures me that he would engage, for a hundred days running, to lead a stranger by a different road; and that, at the end of the time, he should allow that each day his promenade had been equally pleasant.

To the truth of this assertion I can so far bear testimony, that, being ordered to take exercise for my health, I have been constantly every morning on horseback, and I have always discovered some fresh source of interest and pleasure.

The weather since I have been here has been intensely hot. After eight o'clock in the morning it has been impossible to bear the heat of the sun out of doors; nor does that heat cease till after sunset: and as there is little, if any,

twilight here in summer—night succeeding day without the interval of gradually retiring light—the hours when exercise can be enjoyed with pleasure are but few.

You will of course be curious to hear something of Mr. Gibbon's residence. I have often visited the garden and pavilion * in which that

* Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to the reader to have brought to his recollection the following description of this place, taken from the posthumous works of Gibbon published by lord Sheffield.—

" Our importance in society is less a positive than a relative weight. In London I was lost in a crowd. I ranked with the first families at Lausanne; and my style of prudent expense enabled me to maintain a fair balance of reciprocal civilities. Instead of a small house between a street and a stable-yard, I began to occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon.

" A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of M. Deyverdun. From the garden a scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman lake; and the prospect far beyond the lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy.

" My books and my acquaintance had been first united in London; but this happy position of my library, in town and country, was finally reserved for Lausanne. Possessed of every comfort in this triple alliance, I could not be tempted to change my habitation with the changes of the season."

* * * * * *

" I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the twenty-seventh of

distinguished historian wrote the last volumes of his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The house where he formerly lived is large and handsome, and has a terrace attached to it which commands a most extensive view of the lake and surrounding country. I am sorry to add, that the summer-house, which was the seat of his labors, is falling into decay; and I saw dried onions, potatoes, and tools of husbandry, occupying the places filled in his life-time with the classical folios and quartos out of which he drew the materials of his immortal work.

I have been, you may be convinced, very active in my inquiries about an individual who has occupied so great a share of public attention, and so greatly contributed to the treasures of English literature. He lived with liberal expense, and much elegant hospitality, in this favorite retreat; and he was particularly fond of female society, the most distin-

June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk, of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame."—*Lord* SHEFFIELD's *Memoirs of* GIBBON, vol. i., pp. 166, 170.

guished ladies of the neighbourhood making it their habitual practice to attend the evening parties with which he loved to conclude the labors of the day. Of course anecdotes relating to such a man have been retained, and are daily related, at this place. Some are of a ludicrous nature, and contrast somewhat singularly with the gravity of the man, the heaviness of his person, and the pomposity of his style. Among many others, I selected the following.—

Soon after he became an inhabitant of Lausanne, a lady of beauty and talents made such an impression on the heart of the historian, that he could not resist the impulse of love; and, falling on his knees, he declared his passion. The object of his affection heard unmoved his petition, and, in spite of the eloquence of her lover, was deaf to his entreaties. The disappointed *Damon* attempted to rise: he tried in vain: his weighty person, unaccustomed to such a position, was not so easily restored to its proper balance. The lady, fearing that some person might discover her admirer in this awkward situation, forgot her anger, and endeavoured with all her might to raise him from the ground: her strength was unequal to the task; and, after several ineffectual struggles both in the author and the lady, the latter was obliged to ring the bell, and to order her

astonished servant to raise the prostrate scholar. The story, as might be expected, became public the following morning, and entertained for some days the gossiping circles of this little town.

But, notwithstanding the general esteem which Mr. Gibbon entertained for the fair sex, and notwithstanding this striking proof of daring gallantry, I have been assured by a person who enjoyed the confidence of that distinguished man, that the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, though he has frequently described in glowing colors, and perhaps in some pages with lascivious freedom, the passion of love, was a stranger to its pleasures, and that he passed his life in a state of singular and rigid chastity.

Another story, though of a different kind, is equally characteristic. Mr. Gibbon, finding himself indisposed, sent for a physician. The doctor, judging from the appearance of his patient that his illness, which was but slight, simply arose from repletion, recommended abstinence. Three days afterwards he received a letter from the historian, couched in pressing terms, but still in well-rounded sentences, requiring his immediate presence at his house. On his arrival there he found Mr. Gibbon dreadfully altered: his cheeks, usually plump,

had now fallen, his complexion was sallow, and his person emaciated. The physician anxiously inquired the cause of this sudden and unexpected change. "Sir," said his learned patient, "to follow with religious exactitude the ordinances of him whom I consult as my medical adviser, is a principle from which I have never yet ventured to depart; but at this instant I am the victim of obedience, and of a doctrine which I still believe to be generally salutary. You will recollect, sir, that when last I had the honor of seeing you you admonished me to abstain from animal food. Three days have elapsed since I received your injunctions, and during that period the only food which has passed these lips has been a beverage of water-gruel: I have consequently become languid; and am now desirous of a more nutritious aliment; but, presuming not to interfere in a science which I do not understand, and having placed the direction of my health under the guidance of your professional skill, I have awaited, I will not say without impatience, the repetition of your visit: I now attend your orders." The physician, who had not called during this interval simply because he conceived Mr. Gibbon had no occasion for further advice, now rang the bell, and, instead of writing a prescription, ordered dinner to be

nstantly served. A good *bouillon* and a bottle of burgundy soon restored the historian to health and spirits.

The same physician advised Mr. Gibbon to take occasionally a dose of medicine. The obedient scholar, adopting with literal precision the system recommended, wrote immediately a Latin letter to his apothecary, directing that on the first of every month such a draught should be sent him as Dr. —— should direct: and accordingly, at each stated period during the rest of his life, whether he were well or ill, he received and swallowed the accustomed dose.

I ought to add, while on the subject of Mr. Gibbon, that, notwithstanding such little particularities, to which he, in common with all human beings, was subject, no man was ever more respected, esteemed, and loved.—The inhabitants of Lausanne, to whom he was well known during a long residence among them, do justice to his literary reputation; but they speak of him as a man with still greater praise; nor is the distinguished author more regretted than the amiable individual.

Though this place has been deprived of that great luminary, there are still resident here many persons of great learning, science, and genius. Besides M. Necker*, the former well-

* This gentleman, I am sorry to hear, is since dead.

known minister of France, with whom resides his celebrated daughter madame de Staël, the neighbourhood of Lausanne possesses the baronne de Montolieu, author of " Caroline de Lichtfield " and " Le Nouveau Tableau de Famille," novels which do honor to the French language, and which will outlive the usual reign of such productions. They are, indeed, both taken from the German; but they owe all their success to the arrangement, fancy, and elegance, of this lady.

I had the good fortune to become known to these distinguished persons, and had opportunities of seeing them at their respective houses. M. Necker inhabits the *ci-devant* baronial *château* of Coppet, a small town on the banks of the lake of Leman, and which stands about midway between Lausanne and Geneva, very near the boundaries of modern France, but within the precincts of the Helvetic republic. The house is large and commodious, and the windows command a delightful prospect. It stands on an acclivity just above the town. The grounds would not be called extensive in England, but are so for this country, where few persons have more than a lawn or garden running from the door of their villas to the water side.

M. Necker's estate is much diminished by the loss of his feudal rights. His present pro-

perty of Coppet does not afford him a revenue of more than one hundred pounds sterling per annum. I had the honor of dining at his house, and consequently saw the interior of his family. He lives in a plain gentlemanlike manner, without parade or ostentation. His table is plentiful, but not extravagant; and his servants, though sufficient for all purposes of real use, are far from numerous. In his person, he is tall and corpulent; and his legs are increased to a great size from the effects of the gout. He still wears mourning for madame Necker, whose death he has never ceased to deplore: it is even said that he daily opens, and reads, one of a collection of letters which she left, sealed, and addressed to her husband. —His manners are grave and unaffected: his conversation has nothing very peculiar to distinguish it. Had I been taken to his house without knowing that it belonged to Mons. Necker, I certainly should not have suspected, either from the establishment, the language, or the appearance of the proprietor, that I had visited a person who in his day filled one of the most important situations of Europe, and whose name, praised by some and censured by others, must live as long as the history of France.

His daughter, madame la baronne de Staël, on the contrary, cannot be seen, or rather heard,

unnoticed. Besides a general fund of good-humor, wit, and information, she possesses a talent of conversation peculiarly her own. At Paris I have frequently been asked to suppers, to "hear her talk;" and I certainly never did so without receiving much pleasure and amusement. Generally speaking, I am far from admiring this kind of society: to listen to the *good things* of any one individual, however splendid, is certainly a very dull way of passing one's time: but there is in the expressions of madame de Staël a charm which is irresistible.

To meet two such characters as these in the country, and in a quiet private manner, was to me no trifling gratification: and the polite hospitality which we experienced added to the *agrément* of the day.

I proceed to speak of madame de Montolieu. About six English miles from Lausanne, in the retired village of Bussigni, approached by a road which runs through an extensive wood, and on a commanding eminence, stand, side by side, two houses, not large enough to deserve the name of *châteaux*, nor yet so small as to be ranked with the other buildings of the hamlet. In these houses live madame la baronne de Montolieu, and her sister, mademoiselle de Bottens. Their habitations communicate with each other by means of their respective gar-

dens, which are laid out with much taste, and are only separated by a wicker gate.—Each sister has her separate residence; but they often dine or drink tea together; and their place of meeting during the summer months is a bower in one of these delightful gardens. Each house is furnished with much taste, yet great simplicity; and each house possesses its little library, its little *salon*, and its balcony, with a *veranda* filled with the choicest flowers. The windows of both houses enjoy the same prospect—a prospect of singular beauty; and a small rustic church, which seems placed there on purpose, stands at the bottom of their gardens, and completes the view. Whoever has read Caroline de Lichtfield (and who has not read that interesting novel?) will remember the description of the village in which Caroline resided. This is the village—and so picturesque, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that the scene was real.

When Mrs. L. and myself waited on these ladies for the first time, accompanied by a gentleman of Lausanne who had the goodness to introduce us, we were informed by the female servant of madame de Montolieu, who led us through the house of her mistress (for every thing here is in character), that the latter was in the garden of her sister. We followed;

and, having passed the little gate which marks the limits of their grounds, found ourselves in one of those bowers which I have before mentioned as their favorite place of *rendezvous*. Here, seated at a table covered with tea, coffee, and the fruits of the season, we were received by two females, who, though no longer young, had the remains of beauty, with all the marks of dignity, accompanied by those manners which an early intercourse with good company can alone produce.

They welcomed us with much cordial warmth; and, desiring us to partake of their *gouter* *, entered into a lively and interesting conversation. Genius, at the age of fifty, still sparkles in the countenance of madame de Montolieu; and it is impossible to be in her society without discovering that she is an extraordinary woman. Mademoiselle de Bottens is less known in the world; but her talents and her knowledge may vie with those of her sister. Their dispositions, their pursuits, and their opinions coincide so happily, that they live in this elegant retreat in the most peaceable and enviable manner; and though the greater part of their time is passed together, they yet wisely

* The Swiss drink tea every evening, as we do: but this beverage is never served alone; fruit, cream, and sometimes ice, are placed on the table at the same time. This repast is here called a *gouter*.

prevent the possibility of *ennui*, by having each a separate residence, to which, when tired of conversation, they can retire, and where an excellent collection of the best authors affords materials for present amusement and future discussion.

Never did I spend an hour more agreeably than in the company of these ladies, who, though retired from the world, retain all the polish of early good breeding; to which, lively imaginations, and a perfect acquaintance with the best French, English, and German writers, add so many charms, that it is impossible not to be delighted with their society. —Their hospitality, too, is unbounded: had we been their oldest friends we could not have experienced a more hearty welcome. Whenever I have called at their peaceful mansions, or whenever I have led there such of my countrymen as deserved their notice, I have always experienced the same kindness, and the same never-failing source of interesting conversation. We went yesterday to take our leave: the sisters embraced Mrs. L. with tender affection; and in going away offered so many kind wishes for our happiness, and said so many flattering things about the guests whom they had honored with their acquaintance, that, while I have left any honest feelings, I shall remember with plea-

sure and gratitude the amiable inhabitants of this sequestered village.

To conclude my subject I must add, that, if a painter wished to draw the residence of an author of romance, this would be the best spot whence he could take his design.

I ought perhaps, while speaking of Lausanne and its environs, to mention the annual ceremony, at which I was present some days ago, of giving the prizes to the boys of the public academy, or college. The children were assembled in the cathedral, and were drawn up in the choir; while the prefect and the municipality (each of whom wore on this occasion a red riband over his breast, as a badge of office), with the other constituted authorities, filled the stalls. The rest of the church was appropriated to the parents of the children, to strangers, and to such other persons as were led there by curiosity.

At the appointed hour a professor mounted the pulpit, and made an harangue which was certainly more remarkable for its length than for the matter it contained or for the elegance with which it was delivered. After two hours had been consumed in this dull and uninteresting manner, a fine boy pronounced a short and well-written speech on the use and abuse of romance. The prizes were then distributed,

and the ceremony concluded. The boys are fine healthy lads; and a national custom, by which early exertions are encouraged by civic honors thus publicly given, cannot be too highly extolled.

I shall conclude my letter with a short account of an excursion, which I made with some English friends a few days since, to Meillerie *, immortalised by the pages of Rousseau.

We embarked, in a boat hired for the purpose, about eight o'clock in the morning, and, after rowing for two hours, reached the opposite bank. The distance from one shore to the other is nearly three miles. The views on the water were delightful. The wild mountains of Savoy, with the Alps, on one side; and on the other the rich and cultivated lands, with the beautiful gardens, of the Pays de Vaud; formed a picturesque contrast of sin-

* " J'écris par un batelier, que je ne connois point, ce billet, à l'addresse ordinaire, pour donner avis que j'ai choisi mon asyle à Meillerie, sur la rive opposée, afin de jouir au moins de la vuë du lieu dont je n'ose approcher." — " I write by a boatman, who is unknown to me, this note, with the usual direction, to inform you that I have chosen Meillerie as the place of my retreat, on the opposite bank of the lake, that I may be enabled at least to enjoy the view of that spot which I am not permitted to approach." — *La Nouvelle Héloïse.*

gular beauty. On touching the land, we hastened with eagerness to visit every part of a place rendered so celebrated by the pen of Rousseau.

The village of Meillerie consists of some miserable huts, mostly inhabited by fishermen, whose appearance bears every mark of extreme poverty. What are called the Rocks, are improperly so named: they are high grounds, covered with grass and lofty trees, having craggy points. After climbing up this ascent, and wandering for some time over the ground, in which Fancy pourtrayed Saint-Preux looking with the telescope of the curé for the house of his Julie on the opposite bank, we sat down under the shade of a lofty elm, and dined on the cold provisions which we had brought with us. The day was fine, the scenery romantic, and the view unequaled. When our *diné champêtre* was over, we gave what remained to our Savoyard boatmen, who, seating themselves with great glee in the places we had left, devoured in perfect content the remains of our food, and entertained us not a little with their innocent mirth and rustic songs.

At five in the evening we took our departure from the coast of Savoy, and, after a pleasant sail (for the wind was now favorable),

reached in safety and high spirits the more cultivated bank of the Leman lake.

Delighted with our morning expedition, we passed our evening not less agreeably. We had been invited to a *thé* at the house of the lady who is the successor of Gibbon in the mansion before described. Here, after partaking of an elegant *gouter*, in a drawing-room commanding the country which we had just visited, we afterwards strolled on the extensive terrace into which it leads; and then concluded the festivities of the day with a dance, in which the beauties of Lausanne and its neighbourhood displayed their usual gaiety, good-humor, activity, and mirth.

I marked down this day in my journal as classical: I had dined with Rousseau, and supped with Gibbon. These distinguished writers still live in the memory of all men of taste; and in visiting the spots which they have described, or inhabited, it is impossible not to feel a degree of enthusiasm, which gives to these places a charm that the finest scenery of Nature could not have afforded without such a sentiment.

But my letter is already too long: I will therefore claim your forgiveness for an abrupt conclusion; and, repeating that Lausanne is certainly one of the most beautiful

and most agreeable summer residences in Europe, I take my leave. I shall not write again till I have made some progress in the tour round the cantons of Switzerland, which I propose commencing in the course of two or three days from the date of this letter.

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

Tour round the cantons of Switzerland—Itinerary of the same—Meudon—Payerne—Dress of the peasants of Fribourg—City of Fribourg—Cathedral, monastery, and convent there—Hermitage near Fribourg—Canton of Berne: dress of the people and appearance of the country—Town of Berne—High Street—Cathedral: view from the terrace near it, and from the top of the church—Public library—Mint, or "Hôtel des Monnoies"—The infirmary, and the hospital—Journey to Thun—Voyage on the lake—Views seen from the lake—Utersee—Manner of traveling—Lauterbrunen—Parsonage-house—Youngfrau, or Maiden Mountain—Walk and Latin conversation with the minister—Supper and domestic concert at his house—The Stoubbach—Road to Grindenwald—Grindenwald not equal to Lauterbrunen—Return to Utersee—Storm there—Passage on the lake of Thun, on returning to the town of that name—Stopped by a storm, and obliged to make to land—Embarkation a second time, and safe arrival at Thun, and thence at Berne—Tiresome halts of the voituriers—Tomb of madame Langhams in the village church of Hindelbranch—Langenthal—Sursee—Lac de Sempach—Lucerne—Cathedral—Danse de Mort—General Pfyffer's models—Embarkation on "le Lac des Quatre Nations"—Gersaw—Brunnen—Les Trois Conjurés—William Tell's chapel—Valley and town of Schwitz—Aloys Reding—Lake of Lovertz—Art—Lake of Zug—Immici—Chapel of William Tell—Town of Zug—Brengarten, and the fête there—Orderly conduct of the insurgent peasants—Baden—Military preparations there—Baths of Baden—Insurgents marching towards Zurich—Fall of the Rhine—Schaffhousen—Country of the Frickthal—Basle—Auberge des Trois Rois—M. Michel's collection of prints—Cathedral—Tomb of Erasmus—View

from the terrace—Public library of Basle—Pictures of Holbein—Specimens of early printing—Proces-verbal of the council of Basle on paper—Letters and will of Erasmus—Copy of his work on Folly—Departure from Basle—Valley and town of Lauffen—Valley of Delmont---Town of Delmont---Aperture of Pierre Pertuis---Valley of St. Imier---Town and inn of Bienne---The landlord there---Passage on the lake of Bienne---Isle de St. Pierre---Lake of Neufchatel---Town of Neufchatel---Journey to the town of Yverdon---Deserting peasants---Rolle---Insolent landlord of La Couronne there---General statement of my expedition---Character of the Swiss---Arrival at Geneva---Junction of the Rhone and the Arve---English gentlemen playing cricket---House where Jean Jacques Rousseau was born.

Geneva, Sept. 24, 1802.

My dear sir,

I YESTERDAY completed the rapid tour, which, when I wrote to you last, I proposed making, through the principal parts of Switzerland. I despair of being able, in the slightest degree, to communicate to you the pleasure which I experienced in this excursion, and still more difficult will it be to give you an idea of the sublime and beautiful scenes which I have visited. But, as I am convinced that our sensations are best conveyed in the language which our thoughts first suggested, I shall copy *verbatim* the journal which I took with a pencil on the road, and which I shall not attempt to ornament, or even to correct.

Before you begin my itinerary, it is neces-

sary you should know that there is no establishment of post horses in Switzerland: those who wish to travel through this country are consequently obliged to hire the horses of *voituriers*, with which it is necessary to perform the whole of the intended journey. I accordingly engaged, for this purpose, a *corbeille* (which, being an open carriage, I conceived better calculated for the journey than my own chariot), and a pair of horses, driven by a coachman acquainted with the country. Leaving my baggage at Lausanne, I took with me in this conveyance only Mrs. L. and one man servant; the latter being seated with the coachman on the box.

Journal of a tour round Switzerland.

Saturday, Sept. 4, 1802. — We left Lausanne at seven o'clock; breakfasted at Meudon, where we found a good but extravagant inn; and arrived, about five in the evening, at Payerne, where we took up our quarters at the sign of the *Hôtel de Ville*. The country through which we traveled in the morning was poor, hilly, and barren; but about five miles from Payerne we came into a very pretty country, and passed through a fine wood of considerable extent.

Sunday, Sept. 5.—We set out from Payerne

at half past five in the morning, and arrived at Fribourg at eight. We traveled through a delightful country extremely well cultivated, and over roads uncommonly good. On entering the canton of Fribourg, we were much entertained with the dresses of the peasants: the women wear large straw hats ornamented with black lace, and their hair is plaited in large tresses round their head: the men are dressed in red cloth waistcoats, and round hats with gold bands. The catholic churches are decorated with pictures over the door of each, and the tombs with colored crucifixes. Fribourg is a small but pretty town: the cathedral is a very fine building. I visited the convent of the Capuchins, which is still in existence, and went through the whole house. There are twenty-four brothers, or members, of this community. The one who received me took great pains to convince me that he was happy, and perfectly satisfied with his situation. I can only say—"Credat, Judæus Apella; non ego." In going away, I offered money to my civil conductor; but he would not receive it; and insisted on giving me, as I left the monastery, a nosegay, the produce of the garden belonging to the house.

We afterwards went to the female convent of the Ursulines. Five or six nuns appeared at the grate of the *parloir*; but, alas! not one was

either young or pretty: they were all, however, civil, talkative *, and gay. These nuns amuse themselves with making artificial flowers, some of which we of course bought.

We then drove to the Hermitage, about four miles from the town. This is a spot which affords a curious instance of persevering and useless industry. It is a vast hermitage, consisting of a dormitory, a chapel, a large saloon, a kitchen, and other apartments, cut out of a rock by the incessant labor of two men, who successively made this place their retreat. The first person who settled here was satisfied with forming an apartment for his own use; but his successor consumed his life in bringing it to its present state. Unfortunately the present hermit, who is the third occupier of this singular habitation, was not at home: this circumstance prevented my seeing his own room; but I gained admittance into several chambers of considerable size, particularly the chapel and the hall.

The situation of this strange residence is romantic and beautiful. The rock of which it is formed overhangs the river Sane; "which," as Mr. Coxe observes, "after having meandered

* Mrs. L. remarked, that, though *she* bought the flowers, the nuns addressed all their conversation to *me*. The sight of a man seemed to render them very loquacious.

through two chains of mountains covered with wood, waters all the valley below."

About two o'clock we returned to Fribourg, and, getting into our corbeille (the horses of which we had left to rest, while we took this excursion in a carriage of the country), we continued our route towards Berne. The country through which we passed was well wooded, rich, and highly cultivated. The houses, built of wood, are without chimneys—the smoke being allowed to make its way through the doors or windows; and the roofs are of tile. When we came into the canton of Berne, we instantly perceived the change by the dress of the people, by the superior state of agriculture, and by the general appearance of wealth and comfort. The women are clad in black jackets, blue waistcoats, and straw hats; and their hair is dressed in long plaits which fall to the ground. We reached Berne at eight in the evening, and found very comfortable accommodations at the sign of *La Couronne.*

Monday, Sept. 6.—We proceeded after breakfast this morning to view the curiosities of the town. The High Street is long, wide, and handsome. The houses are built of stone, and there are *trottoirs*, or flag stones, for foot passengers, with the addition of colonnades, or piazzas, of an elegant construction, which protect the in-

habitants from the heat of the sun in summer and from the fall of rain in winter.

The German language is spoken almost universally in Berne. Having missed the door of my inn in this street, it was long before I could find any person sufficiently conversant with the French either to understand or satisfy my inquiries.

The cathedral is a handsome edifice; and the terrace near it commands a most sublime and magnificent prospect, of which a country singularly rich and romantic—the Aar, a river of much beauty—and the mighty range of Alps, which are seen in all their grandeur—form the objects. We ascended the top of the church, and thence the view was if possible still more picturesque. We also saw the town and environs to great advantage from this elevated spot.

After enjoying for some time this delightful landscape, we descended, and went from the cathedral to the public library. The collection of books is not large, but made with considerable judgement. The rooms appropriated to this purpose are handsome and lively. There is also here a museum of stuffed birds, fossils, and other curiosities in natural history. The walls of the different apartments belonging to this library are ornamented with the pictures

of the former magistrates of Berne, clad in their official dresses.

We next visited the Mint, or *Hôtel des Monnoies*, which is a small neat building. The manager, an Englishman by birth, had the politeness to show us the interior of this establishment, where several workmen were employed in coining small pieces of base money, composed of equal portions of silver and alloy. The value of each of these pieces is the tenth part of a *batz*, and a *batz* is worth two-pence English.

From the mint we were conducted to the infirmary and the hospital. The latter forms a large square, having a garden for its centre; is very airy, and apparently well managed. We did not go into the rooms; but we understood from every body that they were kept in great order. I smiled involuntarily at the patriotic prejudices of my guide, who, on my observing that the hospital seemed uncommonly clean, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Ah, monsieur, si vous l'eussiez vu avant la révolution, c'étoit bien une autre chose*." The Swiss, one may conclude from this remark, entertain so great an antipathy to their present government, that they consider every thing as deteriorated. Ac-

* "Oh, sir, if you had seen it before the revolution, it was then in a very different state."

cording to this opinion, even washing, scouring, and sweeping, cannot be now so well performed as formerly.

We spent the rest of the morning in wandering over the town, which is uncommonly neat and pretty in every part. We dined at an early hour, and proceeded afterwards on our road to Thun, which is distant about eighteen miles from Berne.

We arrived at the former of these places at seven in the evening, after a delightful journey. The road was excellent, and the views more than commonly beautiful. A cultivated and well-wooded valley, filled with pretty villages, was the country through which we traveled, and the towering Alps finished the landscape.

Tuesday, Sept. 7.—We left our carriage to await our return at *Le Freyhoff*, the little inn of Thun, and got into a boat covered with oiled skin and rowed by three men, at a little before nine o'clock this morning. After rowing for a short distance on the river Aar, we found ourselves on the lake of Thun; one bank of which presents majestic mountains (particularly Le Niese and Le Stockhorne), and the other, fine woods and rich vineyards. As we moved along on this wide and beautiful piece of water, we remarked Le Château de Oberhoffen, where formerly resided a bailiff of

Berne, and near it a gentleman's seat, belonging to M. de Vatevell. Under the Niese I perceived, in a sweet situation, a white little church, which seemed as if it had been an object placed there on purpose to increase the beauty of the landscape. Further on, on the same side, we observed the castle and church of Spietz, belonging formerly to the barons of Boutenbourg, and at present to the ancient family of D'Erlach of Berne.

On the other bank, we noticed a curious old wooden house, with the horns of a deer suspended as a sign before it. The next objects which attracted our attention were the house and village of Meerlingen. The former of these is exactly midway between the extremities of the lake. The inhabitants of the village are considered, according to the prejudices of the country, as idiots; but M. Richart (whose traveling book I had with me) says that there is not the least truth in the report. — On a height above, stands a village church in a most romantic position.

We now approached a kind of bay. On the left were fir trees growing out of the rock; and on the right, fine woods, planted at the foot of the mighty mountains which stand above. After turning round the rock, which here projects, we perceived Neuhaus (or the new house), near which persons sometimes

land, and take a direct path to Utersee. On the right, close on the lake, a pretty little village, called Leisegal, demanded our attention: and on the other side, a cascade falling from a vast eminence; and above, a church built in the centre of the rock, which is itself covered with trees.

We arrived at the further extremity of the lake of Thun, a distance of nine English miles, at half past twelve o'clock. We here seemed to be in a spot secluded from the rest of the world; and it was impossible to view the vast features of nature which surrounded us without feeling a kind of involuntary awe. We proceeded on foot, no carriage being to be had at the water's side, to Utersee, a little dirty village built of wood.

We found, on our arrival at this place, that even in this sequestered part of virtuous Switzerland imposition was not unknown; and so great a price was asked for a low cart, with seats suspended on it, drawn by one horse (the only conveyance of which the country admits), that it was three o'clock before our arrangements were finally made. We at last set out, with a good horse, and a fine lad as driver, who walked by the side. The road was wonderfully romantic, wild, and indeed terrific. At first we passed through a fine plain surrounded with the vast mountains of the

country. We then began to ascend up a narrow road, on the side of a rapid torrent. The hills around were well wooded and well inhabited, for cottages were scattered about in abundance. Cows were grazing on the summit of the mountains, in rich fields, the verdure of which was extremely beautiful.

After traveling in this manner, at the edge of precipices, during the space of two hours, we came in sight of the Youngfrau, or Maiden Mountain (called so because the foot of man has never been able to traverse it), covered with snow; and in another hour reached Lauterbrunen. The village stands in a situation truly romantic. We found here an inn of decent appearance; but having heard that travelers were sometimes received at the parsonage-house, we sent our servant to the minister's, and requested the favor of accommodations for the night; which, on condition that we would excuse the homely fare which his larder afforded, was readily and politely granted. We were welcomed to this peaceful mansion with much hospitality by its respectable owner, whose name is Zumelini; by his wife, a well-behaved young woman, who spoke French perfectly well; and by her mother, a respectable and sensible old lady. Tea was instantly served; after which our reverend host proposed walking with me round the neighbourhood. The Stoub-

bach, one of the most celebrated waterfalls of Switzerland, fronts the windows of his house; but though it rolls from a height of nine hundred feet, it is not a very striking sight at present,—the extreme driness of the season having deprived it of its usual quantity of water. After walking more than an hour, in a rich valley encircled by the sublimest mountains and washed by the waters which fall from their summit, we approached the Youngfrau; and as I beheld with admiration its lofty white top, my attention was drawn to a fine waterfall, which, descending from that vast mountain, rushes with roaring impetuosity into the plain below. I had just time enough to contemplate this and the adjoining glaciers, when night hid the scene from my view.—An individual attempted some time back to rob the Youngfrau of her virgin honors; but his rashness was punished with death, for he was never heard of after the morning when he set out on the expedition.

I returned home with my respectable conductor, much delighted with the scenes I had witnessed, and not a little obliged by the civilities he had shown me. I should doubtless have likewise received much information from his conversation, had I been able to understand him; but, unfortunately, the German, of which I am totally ignorant, was the only

modern language which he could speak. After several fruitless attempts at expressing to each other our opinions, we at last remembered that a medium of communication might perhaps be found by talking Latin. This experiment afforded some relief to the embarrassment under which we had hitherto labored; but the difference of pronunciation still placed a considerable difficulty in the way of our conversation. The good man spoke Latin with considerable fluency (for, in foreign education, academical students are taught to speak as well as write the dead languages), while I expressed myself but imperfectly, never having had occasion, excepting in the schools of Oxford, to use that tongue.

We supped with this worthy family on water-gruel (which supplied the place of soup), and on trout caught in the neighbouring streams; to which were added boiled eggs and fried liver. Our drink was the wine of the country; and the repast concluded with a glass of *lunelle*, a bottle of which was brought out in honor of the English guests. Every thing was given with such good will and cordial hospitality, that it was impossible not to be pleased—though I must confess, that, having traveled all day without eating, I should have considered a more substantial meal as better suited to the keenness of my appetite. Before we left

the table, the minister pronounced with a solemn tone a prayer in German, answering, as I suppose, to our grace. We then adjourned to another room, where our landlord entertained us with a domestic concert. The good minister played the violin, and his wife the harpsichord. They were accompanied by the voices of their female servants, two pretty young girls, dressed in the *costume* of the country, who, being unable to read the notes, kept time by the motion of their fingers. The music, also the composition of our host, was wild and simple: and it was with great truth I assured the ladies of the family, who offered many apologies for the poverty of this entertainment, that I preferred it to the finest efforts of studied skill.—After listening some time to this music, we retired to a very comfortable bedchamber, and slept so soundly that we never heard a violent storm which raged during the night.

This day was passed in a most agreeable manner. After enjoying the novelty and grandeur of the sublime scenery which we had visited in the morning, we experienced an equal pleasure from the society of the good people whose guests we became in the evening: their plain but hearty welcome, their homely but plentiful board, and their good-humored attempts to please, afforded an incident so new

and so interesting that I set it down among the most agreeable occurrences of my tour.

Wednesday, Sept. 8.—I rose at half past five o'clock, and walked to the foot of the Stoubbach, which falls from a vast height directly opposite the parsonage of Lauterbrunen. The rain which fell during the night had increased its waters, but it was still far from being in high beauty.

On returning, I found the minister and his family ready to receive us. After breakfasting with these excellent people, and expressing our gratitude * for the hospitable reception which they had afforded us, we mounted again our little cart, and continued our route towards Grindenwald. It rained very hard this morning; and as our conveyance was uncovered, we were obliged to depend on our great-coats and umbrellas for shelter against the wet. We traversed again great part of the road

* I was much embarrassed how to act. I had heard it was customary for travelers who sleep at the house of a clergyman in Switzerland to pay the expenses of their entertainment, but I had found such superior manners in the ladies of the family that I could not persuade myself to offer them money. To obviate this awkwardness, I wrote a letter of thanks, enclosing a Louis d'or, and directed my servant as soon as I had left the house to deliver it. The letter, he afterwards told me, was very civilly received, and seemed expected.---I mention this as a hint to travelers who may find themselves in a similar situation.

which we had passed the preceding day. At length we crossed a wild rustic bridge, and, taking the other bank of the river, began to ascend the hills which lead to Grindenwald. The country continued to display the same features; but the road was steeper, and the mountains became more wild, lofty, and majestic. After traveling for some time, we came in sight of the glaciers, the white color of which was beautifully contrasted with the deep green of the fir trees which surround them on all sides.

We arrived at Grindenwald about eleven o'clock. The inn is small, and in every respect but little superior to the cottage of a peasant. After we had eaten of the refreshments which we brought with us (for nothing was to be had in this miserable *auberge*), we walked to see the glaciers; but the rain continued to fall with such violence, that we were prevented either from ascending or staying long near these mountains of ice. Though the road which leads to Grindenwald is wonderfully striking, and truly magnificent, I am far from thinking that the valley itself deserves the reputation which it almost universally possesses. In my opinion, it is by no means to be compared with that of Chamouny, which I have already described: nor are the glaciers of Grin-

denwald near so large or so beautiful as those of Chamouny.

At three o'clock we recommenced our journey, in spite of the torrents of rain, which were incessant; and, passing over the same ground, arrived at Utersee about seven in the evening. We thus completed this little tour to the mountains in perfect safety, after traveling for two days in an unsteady cart on the brink of precipices. Mrs. L. was, as you may imagine, much alarmed; but the lad who drove us was extremely careful; and, whenever he saw fear depicted in her face, he cried out, in a tone of voice which inspired confidence, "N'*avez* pas peur, madame *." This broken sentence of French was all he could speak in that language; but he seemed very proud of being able even to say so much, and was extremely anxious to remove every cause for alarm. We were much pleased with his *naïveté*, his skill, and his good-humor.

At Utersee we found a comfortable little inn; and, after changing our wet clothes, sat down to a clean, simple, plentiful supper. Our bed, though not decked out with the ornaments of a Parisian hotel, was excellent: but a violent storm of thunder and lightning, which

* He should have said "N'*ayez* pas peur"—"Be not afraid"—"there is no cause for fear."

shook the very foundation of this wood-built house, rendered sleep impossible. The noise of this storm continued during the whole of the night.

Thursday, Sept. 9.—I intended to have risen at five o'clock this morning, in order to pay a visit to the lake of Brientz, which is not far distant, previously to the intended embarkation on our return to Thun. The excessive rain, which continued, made me give up, though with great reluctance, the execution of this project: and I almost feared, from the appearance of the clouds, that we should be detained all day at Utersee. At nine the weather unexpectedly cleared up, and we set out for the water side in the cart which had taken us to Grindenwald. The honest lad who drove us, though dismissed the preceding night with the payment of his carriage and a fee to himself, came unsolicited in the morning with his cart, and insisted on conveying us to (what he conceived the extremity of the world) the mouth of the lake which separates the wild country of which he is an inhabitant from the rest of Switzerland. On arriving at the place where it is usual to embark, we found that the wind, which raged with violence during the night, had abated; and, hiring a boat similar to that in which we had made the passage before, we ventured to set out. We were rowed

by two men, and by a fine young woman, who was not the least active of the three. When we had traversed about half the lake, the weather again changed — the rain, thunder, and lightning returned; and our conductors, apprehending a storm (for storms are both frequent and dangerous on this water), pushed to the nearest shore with great energy and apparent alarm. We reached the land in safety; and after we had waited about half an hour under the shelter of a fisherman's hut, the storm abated. We ventured to embark a second time; and arrived at Thun at two o'clock. We here took some slight refreshment, and, getting into our *corbeille* (which we had left at this place), proceeded on our journey in spite of the rain and thunder, which continued to prevail, and found ourselves at Berne before seven in the evening. We were agreeably surprised at finding at the inn some English friends; with whom, after dinner (the weather having again become favorable), we strolled about the town, and admired the beautiful view which presents itself from the platform or terrace near the cathedral.

Friday, Sept. 10.—We set out this morning at half past eight o'clock, and arrived about twelve at a little village, where our horses were allowed to bait. The necessity of allowing some hours daily for this purpose is one of

the most disagreeable circumstances attending a tour in Switzerland. The drivers, or *voituriers*, have also much of the German character; and they always contrive to reach the place where they purpose making a halt exactly at noon, at which precise time of day they are certain of finding a hot dinner ready dressed at the inn: and it is impossible to persuade them to proceed, till they have made their meal in plenty, swallowed their quota of wine, and smoked their usual quantity of tobacco. When I first set out on this expedition I endeavoured to make some changes in this daily routine; but I soon discovered how vain were all remonstrances; and in future submitted (I cannot say very willingly) to an arrangement by which my plans were dreadfully retarded.

The country through which we passed this morning was rich, and well cultivated; but it appeared flat and tame to our eyes, after the wild and majestic scenery which presented itself on the road to Grindenwald.

We failed not to stop at Hindelbranch, to see, in the church of that village, the celebrated tomb of madame Langhams, executed by Nahl. The history of the tomb is this:—The artist being employed to erect a monument to the memory of a distinguished magistrate of Berne,

who was buried in the parish, took up his abode at the house of the clergyman, where he experienced the utmost kindness and hospitality. During his residence there, the young, beautiful, and virtuous wife of this gentleman died in childbed. Prompted by the recollection of the favors which he had received in the family, and moved by the sorrow to which it became the victim in consequence of this sudden and melancholy event, M. Nahl determined to record his own gratitude and the merit of his benefactress in a tomb worthy of her whom he deplored. He left unfinished the splendid task which had brought him hither, and devoted his whole time to the monument in honor of madame Langhams, which was accordingly completed. — The design is admirable: the stones of the grave appear as broken, and the figure of this lady, executed with great art, is seen bursting with her child, at the day of judgement, from the tomb, which still half detains her. Nothing can be finer than the thought; but the execution, though very fine, did not quite come up to the expectation which I had formed in consequence of the great renown which this monument has obtained.

After we had consumed the usual time at our baiting place, well called by the coachmen

la dinée, or dining time, we continued our route, and reached Langenthal at six—a pretty, clean village—where we found a neat and comfortable inn at the sign of the Golden Lion.

The country through which we traveled this evening was well wooded and highly cultivated, but flat and uninteresting. The peasants' houses presented every appearance of plenty and real comfort. Equality seems actually to exist in this country: no lordly ostentatious mansion interrupts the tranquil scene, and no half-ruined cottage marks the residence of Wretchedness. Generally speaking, the canton of Berne reminds me of England,—with this exception only, that in the former there are few, if any, gentlemen's houses. Between Berne and Langenthal (a distance of thirty miles), I saw but one mansion; and that belonged to the ancient family of D'Erlach, long at the head of the magistracy of Berne.

Saturday, Sept. 11.—We set out, in bad weather, this morning, for Lucerne; into the canton of which name we soon afterwards entered. The poverty and dirt of the inhabitants marked the limits, and would have proved our arrival in a catholic * country, without the

* I have certainly no prejudices on religious subjects; but, in traveling in Switzerland, it is impossible not to remark the wide difference in the appearance of the ca-

crosses, churches, and burying-grounds covered with colored crucifixes, which we met with at every mile.

After a tiresome stage, we reached at twelve the wretched, little, priest-ridden town of Sursee; in which, amidst filth, wretchedness, and gloomy solitude, a splendid church raises its insulting head.

After in vain attempting to breakfast, for every thing which was brought us at the inn was too disgustingly bad to be eaten, and waiting with as much patience as we could command while our coachman devoured his usual dinner, we continued our route, notwithstanding the rain, which fell in torrents, and arrived at Lucerne about seven in the evening. On our road, soon after leaving Sursee, we passed by the Lac de Sempach, a small lake, which appeared, as far as I could judge from viewing it

tholic and protestant districts. In the former, dirt, misery, and idleness present themselves on all sides; and in the latter, cleanliness, good order, high cultivation, and decent manners.---I ought, perhaps, to except the smaller cantons, where, though the catholic religion is in full force, there is much good farming, and no want of activity. This industry, not met with in the neighbouring catholic cantons, must be produced by the strong arm of Necessity. If the inhabitants of the little cantons were not to exert their utmost efforts, their rocky mountains would not afford the means of existence.

in such unfavorable weather, to possess many beauties. It is also celebrated for a great battle fought near its banks.

At Lucerne we had the pleasure of meeting two English gentlemen whom we had known at Paris, and from them first learned the insurrection which had just taken place in the smaller cantons, and which was rapidly spreading itself over the rest of Switzerland. The inn was crowded,—the town being filled with military; and the only lodgings we could procure were wretchedly bad.

Sunday, Sept. 12.—After breakfast we proceeded to see the curiosities of the place. We attended high mass at the cathedral of Lucerne, and were much entertained, both with the harmony of the music and the tawdry pomp of the ceremony. In returning, we visited the three covered bridges, each of which is ornamented with paintings---particularly that over the Reuss. On the latter is represented "La Danse de Mort." This is a strange conceit of the painter, who, mingling the most farcical with the most serious ideas, has drawn a caricature of persons of all descriptions, of all ages, and of all professions, overtaken by the unexpected, unpitying, and undiscriminating hand of Death. The ambitious statesman, the powdered beau, the lawyer and the dancing master, the prude and the flirt, the grey-headed sage

and the beardless boy, the venerable matron and the lively coquette, the half-starved miser and the pampered prodigal, the soldier and the politician, the author and the mechanic—each of these characters has his place in this picture, arrested by Death, armed with his sithe.

The church of the Jesuits was the next object of our attention. It is rich, and of good architecture. Only two brothers of the order now remain.

From the Jesuits we proceeded to general Pfyffer's, where we asked permission to see his celebrated models. This venerable gentleman, who for many years took a pleasure in himself explaining his ingenious contrivance, is now of too-advanced an age to exercise in person this species of hospitality; but a servant deputed by him gave us a very satisfactory account. The whole of the little cantons, and the Alps which surround them, are accurately described in this design; every part of which is so clearly marked, that a stranger, who had with proper attention studied it, might certainly find his way, without a guide, even in the most intricate paths.

We afterwards took a walk by the water side, and were much struck with the view of the country, and the position of the town, which stands at the mouth of the Lake of the

Four Cantons, and is surrounded with the most sublime and lofty mountains of the European continent.

It rained so violently in the evening, that we were obliged to pass the remainder of the day at our inn.

Monday, Sept. 13.—The weather, very fortunately for me, became more favorable at an early hour this morning, and I proceeded in my intended excursion on Le Lac des Quatres Cantons. At a little before seven o'clock I embarked in an open boat at Lucerne, accompanied by a guide whom I had engaged for the purpose. After a safe and very pleasant voyage on this truly majestic lake, I arrived at Brunnen at half past eleven. A little before we reached the shore we passed by the village and nation of Gersaw, the smallest republic in the world, consisting of not more than one thousand individuals. We saw at a distance the plain where "les trois conjurés" (as the fathers of Swiss independence were called) first planned the emancipation of their country; and, opposite to that plain, one of the temples erected in honor of William Tell. I forgot to mention, that, as we rowed by the neck of land which it is necessary to approach in visiting the territories of the little cantons, we perceived on the heights a guard of insur-

gent peasants, sheltered by a few boards put together in a very rough manner.

On landing at Brunnen, a peasant, with a green flower and red-and-white cockade in his hat, asked for the passport of my guide and myself; and, having examined this document and our features, conducted us to a little inn, where a person in an officer's uniform appeared. The latter received the passport, and soon after countersigned and returned it.

I then proceeded on foot to Schwitz, through the well-known valley of that name, which is beautifully picturesque *. As we walked along we saw a regiment of peasants drawn out for

* The following is Mr. Coxe's description of Brunnen and Schwitz.—

"The lake forms at the extremity of this branch a considerable bay; in the middle of which stands the village of Brunnen, celebrated for the treaty concluded there between the cantons of Schwitz and Underwald in the year 1315. Here I landed, and walked over an agreeable and fertile plain, divided into fields and planted with fruit-trees, to Schwitz, situated on the brow of a hill, at the foot of two high rocks, sharp and pointed, called in the language of the country "Schweitzer Haller." The position of this town is very agreeable. The church, which is a magnificent building, stands in the Great Place, or principal square. The houses near the church are built in rows, but those which form the rest of the town are scattered in the most agreeable manner on the sides of the hill and in the middle of valleys and fields, and sheltered by clumps of trees."

exercise, properly armed, and accompanied by drums and fifes, but not dressed in uniform, —being only distinguished by green boughs, which they wore in their hats. This was one of those corps which the smaller cantons, animated by that courage which has from time immemorial distinguished them, have lately raised, in order to restore their ancient and much-loved constitution. In seeing these brave defenders of civil liberty marching over that plain which had witnessed the original establishment of Swiss independence, I could not help fancying that they were animated by the spirit of the first founders of the Helvetic league. The same courage, tempered by decency and order, was seen in these modern patriots, as formerly glowed in the breasts of their heroic ancestors: and with whatever success their exertions may be attended, they at least deserve a fate no less happy than that of their forefathers.

At Schwitz, which is a small neat town in a most romantic situation, I visited the church, a singularly large building for such a place. Here are suspended the banners taken by the Swiss in their different combats, which add another spur, if any were wanting, to the zeal of the present warriors.

While I took a slight dinner at the inn called *Le Cheval Blanc*, I learned that it was neces-

sary to have my passport examined by the landermann, or principal magistrate; and finding that the celebrated Aloys Reding * held this office, I greedily seized an opportunity, thus afforded me, of seeing that extraordinary man, who, at the first arrival of the French troops in

* The following account of the heroic conduct of this extraordinary man, taken from a late publication, will perhaps be not unacceptable.—

"Skirting the verdant heights of Morgarten, the sacred monument of the ancient valor of the Swiss, they were resolved, if unable to leave liberty to their posterity, to set them an example worthy of it. Aloys Reding of Schwitz, who commanded the allies—a hero and a sage, who in peaceable times had been the advocate of reforms and ameliorations, but who resented the offer of changes from an armed enemy—in this situation thus addressed his trooops:—'Brave comrades! dear fellow-citizens! behold us, at a decisive moment, surrounded by enemies, abandoned by friends! There now remains for us only to ascertain whether we wish courageously to imitate the example set us by our ancestors at Morgarten. A death almost certain awaits us! If any one fears it, let him retire, and no reproach on our part shall follow him. Let us not impose on each other in this solemn hour. I would rather have an hundred men prepared for all events, on whom I can rely, than five hundred, who, taking themselves to flight, would produce confusion, and by their perfidious retreat would sacrifice the heroes who were desirous of still defending themselves. As to myself, I promise not to abandon you, even in the greatest peril. Death, and no retreat! If you share in my resolution, depute two men from each rank, and let them swear to me, in your name, that you will be faithful to your promises.'" — *Zschockle's Hist. of the Invasion of Switzerland.*

these peaceful scenes, checked with a small body of brave men the whole force of their army, who since was at the head of the Helvetic government, and who is supposed to be the very soul of the present insurrection. I accordingly repaired to his dwelling, which, though far from large, is somewhat superior to the houses around it.—Aloys Reding (formerly an officer in the Swiss regiment of guards employed by France) is a tall, fair, genteel man, about forty years old, of military appearance and polished manners. He received me with much urbanity; and, hearing I was English, spoke of our country in terms of great esteem. I told him I visited Schwitz with no common feelings—a spot interesting to every British traveler for the exertions made there in former times, and not less so for those which I now witnessed, in the cause of liberty. "Alas!" interrupted Mr. Reding with a sigh, "if this country be interesting at all, it is so for its unmerited misfortunes!"—He then countersigned my passport, and in pressing terms offered any civilities which he could grant or I could request. I should have had much pleasure in continuing the conversation, but, recollecting how valuable must be every moment of his time in the present conjuncture, I contented myself with wishing him and Switzerland every possible happiness, and took my leave.

I then proceeded with my guide, still on foot, through a charming country—rich, yet romantic—and along natural walks (which were so beautiful as to appear as if they had been made for ornament and convenience in pleasure-grounds), to Art, a pretty little sequestered village at the mouth of the lake of Zug. Before we arrived at this village, we walked for some distance on the bank of the small lake of Lovertz, which is distinguished by its tranquil scenery, and by the picturesque islands planted in its waters.

At Art I hired a boat, and, embarking on the lake of Zug, rowed for about an hour, to Immici, where I landed; and, after a quarter of an hour's walk, reached the Chapel of William Tell, erected to celebrate the death of the bailiff killed by the former near this spot. There is nothing particular in the interior of the chapel, but on the outside are three pictures, the subjects of which are, William Tell shooting his arrow over the head of his son, the same jumping into the lake, and the manner in which he killed the tyrant bailiff. The chapel commands a magnificent view of the Lake of the Four Cantons and the surrounding mountains.

After paying my homage in this temple of freedom, I descended to the village of Immici, and, embarking again on the lake of Zug, con-

tinued my route towards the town of that name. This lake is very pretty, and richly wooded; and the mountain Rig rises majestically from its banks.

As the wind was high, and night approached, I found myself cold in my uncovered boat, and determined to perform the remainder of the journey on foot. I accordingly made to shore when about two or three miles from Zug, and walked along the bank of the lake, in a beautiful path bordered with lofty trees, till I reached the town, where I arrived about half past six in the evening. Here I found Mrs. L. already arrived; who had proceeded in our *corbeille* from Lucerne to this place by the straight road, not having ventured to accompany me in this interesting but fatiguing tour. —I was highly satisfied with my excursion, having in one day visited several of the most striking scenes of the little cantons, and seen, among other objects of great curiosity, the justly-celebrated Aloys Reding.

Zug is a small neat town, and is only distinguished by being the capital of the canton, and by being surrounded by walls,—a protection which no other place in this neighbourhood possesses.

Tuesday, Sept. 14. — After a violent dispute with our landlord, who, even in this retired spot, had learnt the arts of imposition, we pro-

ceeded on our journey. On leaving Zug, we drove for some time along a cross-road, and were soon in sight of the river Reuss; on the bank of which we traveled till we came to Brengarten, where we stopped to bait our horses.

Brengarten is a small and not very handsome town, filled with churches and convents. We found the place in a state of great gaiety and mirth, as the inhabitants were celebrating one of their rustic *fêtes*. Several houses were thrown open, where the peasants were dancing waltzes with great spirit. The men wear large round hats and long coats: the women, short petticoats, and straw hats ornamented with colored ribands. Their hair is dressed in a long narrow plait, which falls almost to their feet.

About three o'clock we left this town, and continued our journey, passing through a rich and fertile country. We met on the road a corps of armed insurgents, who had flowers and a cockade of black and red riband in their hats. From them we experienced no interruption; but as we approached a little town in possession of the peasants, a sentinel appeared before the gate, and inquired who we were: we answered "English," and were instantly allowed to pass.

We reached Baden early in the evening, and on our arrival found the town in the

greatest confusion: it was filled with armed men: troops entered the place every moment: military preparations were making, drums beating, &c. Mrs. L. was alarmed at these warlike symptoms, and wished to leave the town; but on sending my servant to an old, respectable, soldierlike gentleman, who seemed to command, we received such assurances of safety and protection as determined us to follow our first intention, of passing the night here; and accordingly we took up our quarters at *Les Balances*, a good and comfortable inn.

While our supper was preparing we took a pleasant walk on the bank of the river Limmat, which flows at the foot of this town. The road to the Baths of Baden is extremely pretty, but the village where they stand is dull and dirty. —We observed, as we walked along, the little army of insurgents which we had met in the morning winding round a hill, on the other side of the river, on its way to Zurich.— *A-propos:* we have been prevented from visiting that city and its celebrated lake by the state of siege in which the former is placed. No person, we are told, is at present allowed to enter the walls. This is an unfortunate circumstance, and will render our tour imperfect; but, on the other hand, we have the advantage of seeing the country at this interesting moment, and of witnessing the brave, dignified,

and orderly exertions of the Swiss, in the holy cause of liberty and national independence. I greatly fear that they will be the victims of their courage: the present struggle will form a pretext to France to interfere; and the consequence will be the loss of what little freedom they now retain. Whether their efforts be or be not politically wise, time only can decide; but every friend of humanity must commend the principle from which they arise; and the Swiss may say, in the language of Addison,

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> But we'll do more, Sempronius,---
> We'll deserve it."

Wednesday, Sept. 15.—Notwithstanding the military preparations of the preceding evening, the night passed tranquilly away.

We set out again at half past eight o'clock this morning; and, after traveling for about two hours, crossed the Rhine, over a new bridge, —the old one having been burned by the French in their first invasion. This celebrated river has not (at least at this spot) any thing very particular to distinguish it: it is not so wide as the Thames: nor did we find the country through which we traveled this morning very picturesque: it is generally laid out in corn. We dined at a small inn (a kind of farmhouse) about half way between Baden and Schaffhousen.

At half past three o'clock we set out again, and in about an hour's time came in sight of the Fall of the Rhine, which we saw to great advantage from a field which nearly fronts this beautiful object. After contemplating for some time this far-famed waterfall, we proceeded to Schaffhousen, where we arrived early in the evening.

Schaffhousen is an old ugly town, and possesses nothing worthy of notice but its romantic situation; yet few places are better known, in consequence of its vicinity to the celebrated cataract. The latter fully answered my expectations: but as I intend to visit it with particular attention to-morrow morning, I do not at present enter into a minute account.

Thursday, Sept. 16.—We rose at six o'clock, and after breakfast continued our journey.

We were conveyed in the carriage of our *voiturier* to a valley adjoining the Fall of the Rhine. We then descended, and proceeded on foot (accompanied by a *laquais de place*, whom I had hired as a *ciceroni*, and brought with me from Schaffhousen) to examine this wonderful fall in several different directions, every one of which presents distinct beauties. —After viewing it in front and on one side, I crossed in a boat to the village of Lauffen, and, mounting to a kind of summer-house placed on an eminence, saw it to great ad-

vantage from above. The sun shone directly upon the water, and produced a finely-colored rainbow, which added not a little to the beauty of the scene.

The castle of Lauffen, also a romantic object, stands near the summer-house where I was placed.

After I had sufficiently enjoyed this point of view, I descended to a little platform erected for the purpose, where I was so near the fall as to be able to touch the water, and was wetted by its spray. The prospect here was so magnificently striking, that I could scarcely persuade myself to go away, and to join Mrs. L., who waited for me (not without some uneasiness) on the other side of the river. In crossing again the water (which runs with vast rapidity), I ventured to row very near the fall, and was more and more astonished by the grandeur of the scene. On reaching the land I got into the *corbeille*, and, dismissing my guide, left unwillingly this charming landscape.

We continued for some time to travel on the bank of the Rhine, and breakfasted at a little dirty village belonging to the emperor. After one of those long pauses with which my *voiturier* often puts my patience to the trial, we recommenced our journey, and arrived two hours afterwards at a very pretty hamlet, at the foot of which flows the Rhine in all its ma-

jesty. In this place our coachman insisted on our passing the night, alleging that the inn, though apparently bad, was the best within a distance of several miles. Here we found little wretched beds, without curtains, placed in cavities of the wall, and as few comforts as it is possible to meet with in any part of Europe. The people were, however, civil and hospitable, and gave us the best articles which their cellar and larder produced—though that best was bad indeed.

About five miles before we reached this place, a spot was pointed out to us where we were told that a small army of Frenchmen had during the last war driven back twenty thousand Austrians. We had not an opportunity of investigating the truth of the report.

Friday, Sept. 17.—In going away this morning from our inn, we were much struck with the honesty of our landlady, who only charged five shillings for our dinner, tea, lodging, and breakfast.

We set out early, and traveled through a pretty and well-wooded country, in a fine wide road, generally near the Rhine, which river we crossed three or four times. We baited at a town in the Frickthal,—a country which formerly belonged to the emperor, but which, having been conquered by France, has been ceded within the last week to the Hel-

vetic republic, in exchange for the Valais. We afterwards continued our route along the other side of the Rhine, till we came to Basle. As we began to approach that town, we were much pleased with the neatness of the houses and the arrangement of the grounds, which all bore the appearance of wealth and industry.

After crossing the vast bridge which separates one part of Basle from the other, we drove to *Les Trois Rois*,—an excellent inn, the windows of which command the Rhine. We obtained here a clean, large, and comfortable apartment, which enjoyed the full prospect of the river; and though the price was exorbitant, we felt no inclination to complain.

There is also in this house a room of great extent, with several windows and a balcony opening on the Rhine, in which more than a hundred persons can sit down to dinner. It is appropriated to the use of the *table d'hôte*, or ordinary, which is here said to be elegantly served. I could not judge of its merits, as we preferred dining in our own chamber.—The ladies of the continent often appear at public tables in Switzerland, and I have known some few English ladies follow their example; but the generality of our countrywomen avoid a society which necessarily must be mixed and uncertain. For single men, I am told these tables afford an agreeable resource.

Saturday, Sept. 18.—After breakfast this morning, we set out to see the town and its curiosities. We first visited M. de Michel's collection of pictures and prints. The former are well chosen, many of them being *chefs-d'œuvres;* the latter are justly celebrated. We bought here several prints of the Swiss *costumes,* or national dresses; a likeness of Bonaparte, and one of Aloys Reding. M. de Michel and his partners received us with great politeness and attention.

We next saw the famous and original picture of "La Danse de Mort." It has still marks of great merit; but being neglected, exposed to the air, and situated in a kind of rope-yard, is rapidly falling into decay.

We then went to the cathedral, and saw there the tomb of Erasmus, which consists of a simple stone, on which an inscription in honor of his memory is engraved. We ascended to the top of the church, and had from this eminence a fine view of the surrounding country. The church is gloomy, and possesses no particular beauty. The terrace adjoining, which forms the public walk, commands a pretty, but not an extensive, prospect. We saw in the cathedral the room where the famous council of Basle was holden, and that in which the exercises of the university are performed.

We next repaired to the public library, and its contents were shown us with much politeness by one of the professors. Some excellent pictures by Holbein are here preserved, as well as some of his original designs, the subjects of which are the *costumes* or dresses of his day. By these it appears that the ladies of the present age are not more liberal in the display of their charms than were their sage predecessors. — The professor likewise showed us some of the books first printed. We were much surprised at finding the types equal to the best of the present day.—We were gratified with the sight of the *proces-verbal* of the council of Basle, taken on paper. This curious document proves to demonstration that the invention of paper took place some years sooner than is generally imagined.—We likewise saw several letters in the hand-writing of Erasmus, as also his will. There was likewise a curious copy of his work on "Folly," with sketches in the margin by Holbein.—The librarian had the kindness to show us, in addition to these, a collection of medals, seals, &c. We then walked through the library, which is large, and apparently well chosen.

We returned to dinner at four o'clock, and, fatigued with the exertions of the morning, spent the rest of the day at our inn.

Sunday, Sept. 19.—We proceeded on our journey, taking the road by the valley of Delmont and the aperture called Pierre Purtuis.

We soon found ourselves in a romantic and picturesque country on the bank of the river Birsch, bounded by lofty mountains. As we advanced, the plain became narrower and narrower, and the hills approached each other. We then entered the fertile valley of Lauffen, which is encompassed with rocks covered with oak and other trees; and soon after arrived at the town of that name, formerly belonging to the bishop of Basle, and now to the French republic. Here we stopped, as usual, to rest our horses, and had the pleasure of meeting some English acquaintance, who were going to Basle, and were, like ourselves, under the command of a *voiturier*. After a delay of three hours we were allowed to proceed; and passed through a very striking country, till we reached the beautiful, rich, and justly-celebrated valley of Delmont. We traveled during the whole day along a narrow but good road, bounded by rocks which were covered to the very summit with fir trees.

The valley of Delmont is picturesque beyond description, and would have formed a subject worthy the pencil of Claude Lorraine. The town of the same name (which stands a little out of the high road) is uncommonly neat

and pretty. There is a general appearance of comfort and independence. I never saw a small place so completely possessed of all which can be looked for in a tranquil spot of this sort. The church is handsome, and the *ci-devant* episcopal palace (now converted into a workshop) is a large building, which must have been in other times an object worthy of notice. We found a good supper and a clean bed at the inn of *La Tour Rouge*, the back windows of which command a magnificent view of the whole valley, which we saw to great advantage, tinged with the rays of the retiring sun.

Monday, Sept. 20.—Honesty! where art thou to be found?—Even at the little inn of the little town of Delmont, in the most retired part of a country celebrated for its simplicity and good faith, imposition is not unknown. We were waked this morning by a violent noise, and found, on inquiry, that it arose from the tongue of the landlady, who was vociferating her abuse against our courier. It seemed, that, relying on the integrity which he supposed to be prevalent in this quiet little place, he had not made a previous bargain for our accommodations; and that, having resisted the ridiculously-exorbitant demands which the good woman made in the morning, he was now exposed to all the most offensive terms of scurrility which the French language affords; for with such she

now vented her indignation, at the expense of the poor fellow.

As soon as this *important* business was settled, we proceeded on our journey; and, after passing through two or three villages, came into that romantic country so well described by Mr. Coxe and other travelers. We drove for several hours on the edge of a precipice. The rocks, majestic in height, and ornamented with trees, seemed in many parts almost to join. We found, however, ample room for the passage of our carriage: and notwithstanding the alarming accounts of this journey given by several writers, I do not imagine that there is the smallest danger; and even Mrs. L., who is easily terrified, felt no alarm after the first five minutes had accustomed her to so unusual a road. The points of view were grand and sublime; and I think this expedition, if we except the glaciers, equal to that of Lauterbrunen or of Grindenwald. Peasants were employed on every side in repairing the road, which is now becoming extremely good. The inscription mentioned by Mr. Coxe still remains, in honor of the patriotic founder of this passage; who certainly might well say of it, that it was a work worthy of the ancient Romans.

We reached about noon Tavannes, or Dachfeld (for, from the strange mixture of languages

which prevails here, every place has both a French and a German name); and, after a second breakfast, at a little inn which has assumed, in honor of the French government, now the sovereign of the country, the sign of the Civic Crown, we set out again at three o'clock, and, having mounted a hill nearly opposite to the village where we had stopped, came to the celebrated Pierre Purtuis *.

The accounts generally given of this opening are so extravagant, that I could scarcely believe that what I now saw was the place described. Pierre Purtuis is simply a passage of eight or ten yards through a rock which stands in the middle of the road. The aperture may have been made in some convulsion of Nature,

* The following is the Roman inscription over the aperture, as given by Mr. Coxe: it is now much effaced.—

AVMINI AVGS.
M
CTA PER
O VM PATER.
IVI COL. HELV.

Of which he gives the two following versions:

"Numini Augustorum via facta per Titum dunnium Paternum II virum Colon. Helvet" — and "Per montem durvum Paternus."

He recommends antiquaries to consult on this subject the work of Schæfflin called *Alsatia Illustrata*, and a dissertation on the same subject by Buxtorf.

but Art could easily have effected the same thing.

At the foot of this rock is the source of the river Birs, or Birsch: a few paces from it the water is sufficiently strong to turn two windmills.

We soon returned into the beautiful valley of St. Imier; then ascended again; and shortly after began once more gently to descend, through a road very like that which we had passed in the morning; till, having approached the mountain of Jura, we beheld the rich valley near Bienne, the charming prospect of which opened suddenly on us, with the Alps at a distance, and the lake of Bienne and the Isle de St. Pierre in front. We drove to *La Couronne* at Bienne, which is generally esteemed one of the best inns of Switzerland; but the house was so crowded with travelers that we could only obtain a very indifferent apartment.

Tuesday, Sept. 21.—We received, early this morning, an invitation from our landlord (which, considering the small dimensions of our lodging, we were very willing to accept) to breakfast in the *salon.* We found "mine host" in a neat parlour ornamented with English prints. He is a civil, officious, talkative fellow. He made a thousand bows, and as many apologies for the badness of our accommodations; called me "milord" at every word; cried out "Vi-

vent les Anglois" three or four times; and at last drew out a large book, or record, in which most of our countrymen traveling this way had gratified the vanity of the poor man by the most fulsome accounts of the hospitality, civility, and comforts, which they had experienced at his house. I was requested to add my name to the long list of satisfied guests: not having had any cause to speak well of his inn, but unwilling to refuse his request, I contented myself with writing, that "though, having arrived at a moment when the house was full, I could not personally judge of its merits, I had no doubt that the praises lavished on it by my countrymen were well deserved." This negative commendation fully gratified my chattering landlord *, who, repeating again and again his *révérences*, his *milords*, and his *vivent les Anglois*, at last disappeared, and left us to eat our breakfast in peace.

We afterwards strolled about the streets of Bienne; saw the great fountain, which sup-

* This is the same man of whose conversation Mr. Coxe gives so lively an account. He says, that "the talkative landlord of the *Couronne* at Bienne described the ceremony of the citizens of the canton swearing allegiance to the bishop of Basle (to whom they were then tributary), in terms of such pompous commendation, that a stranger would have supposed that he spoke at least of the coronation of a king of France or of an emperor of all the Romans."

Bienne now forms part of modern France.

plies the whole town with water; and called at Mr. Hartman's (the painter), where we were shown some very pretty views of Swiss scenery.

We then crossed the beautiful walk which leads from the town to the lake of Bienne, and, embarking in a boat, proceeded towards the Isle de St. Pierre. The weather was delightful, the water was smooth, and the sun shone in all its brilliance. The town of Nidau on one side, and several picturesque villages on the other, with Bienne behind and the island in front, presented a delightful prospect. After rowing for about an hour and a half, and spending that time most agreeably in contemplating the scene around us, we landed at the Isle de St. Pierre*; and, having visited the room where Jean Jacques Rousseau passed three months, and seen the trap-door by which he used to descend whenever any one came to the house, we walked round the island, which is well shaded with lofty oaks, is rich in vineyards and other cultivation, and commands several charming points of view. There is on one side of it

* This is the island where lord Camelford, by his will, has directed that his body shall be interred. If he wished his remains to be deposited in a tranquil and beautiful spot, he could not have chosen a place better suited to his purpose.

a large summer-house, where the neighbouring peasants assemble and dance on Sundays. The Isle de St. Pierre still belongs to the hospital of Berne, and the canton of that name possesses the jurisdiction. Near St. Pierre is the little island which Rousseau peopled with rabbits.

We re-embarked about one o'clock, and, after an hour's passage, landed at Cerlier, a small village at the other extremity of the lake. We got directly into our *corbeille*, which we found waiting for us (for I had sent it forward early in the morning, by a road which runs at the side of the water), and proceeded on our tour.

We had scarcely lost sight of the lake of Bienne before we found ourselves on the bank of that of Neufchatel. We drove along a road exactly similar to the one which leads from Vevay to Lausanne, and arrived at Neufchatel at half past four o'clock.

Neufchatel is a remarkably clean well-built town. The houses are of stone; and the streets are regular, well paved, and lighted. There are some very handsome houses, particularly the mansion of Mons. Portalis, the celebrated banker.

Neufchatel, under Prussian protection, has happily escaped all the dangers of revolution; and the fact is proved by the general appear-

ance of comfort, wealth, and independence. No town in Switzerland bears such evident marks of prosperity.

I visited the town-hall. It is a modern edifice, divided into several rooms appropriated to various public functions. In one of these are the pictures of the late and present king of Prussia; and in another, the portrait of the great Frederic, and that of M. David de Pury*, the person who left the money with which this building was constructed.

We are lodged at *Les Balances*, an inn the

* It appears, from Mr. Coxe's account, that Neufchatel owes much of its embellishment and present prosperous appearance to the liberality of M. de Pury. This gentleman, son of a major in the regiment of Liguieres, being born and educated at Neufchatel, served his apprenticeship at Geneva; and, removing afterwards to London, became a diamond-merchant of great repute. He ultimately settled at Lisbon, where his fortune daily increased, and where he at last became banker to the court. His generosity and attachment to his country kept pace with his growing wealth: he gave during his life-time large sums to his native town, and finally left his whole fortune to Neufchatel. From 1771 to 1785, he granted annually 100*l.* sterling to Neufchatel, and the same sum to Vallingen; and in January 1785 he gave 15,900*l.* for different objects of public utility. He also built an hospital. He died on the 13th of May 1785. By his will he left the residue of his fortune to the town, amounting to 160,000*l.* His donations amounted altogether to 200,000*l.*

windows of which command the lake and the surrounding country. This prospect is rendered particularly interesting by the magnificent range of Alps, which, when the day is clear, are here seen in all their grandeur.

Wednesday, Sept. 22.—We rose early, and continued our journey on the banks of the lake of Neufchatel, or Yverdon, as it is sometimes called, from the town of that name. The lake, though less extensive than that of Geneva, bears a strong resemblance to it; but it does not boast such elegant houses, nor such ornamental grounds, on its banks. The vineyards, however, which line its borders, are luxuriant.

We baited our horses at the small town of St. Aubane, and, after the usual delay, proceeded towards Yverdon; in sight of which we soon found ourselves.

Yverdon stands very beautifully, at the extremity of the lake, and is approached by a long and regular avenue of trees. After taking a considerable circuit, we drove through this avenue, and, turning to the right, found ourselves at *La Maison Rouge*, a new and comfortable inn, where we procured excellent accommodations.

As we approached the town, we saw an assemblage of peasants who had been put in requisition by the Helvetic government and

were now by force dragged into its service. I was told that they obeyed this mandate most unwillingly, and that desertions took place every hour.

Thursday, Sept. 23.—On rising this morning I learned, that, of the two hundred recruits whom I saw collected the preceding night, only fifteen remained—the rest having escaped during the night. The drum beat the *réveille* again and again. It was all in vain: not a man could be found beyond the number I have mentioned. And the inhabitants of Yverdon seemed to rejoice at a circumstance calculated to bring to nothing the already falling power of the government; the members of which, driven from Zurich, are now at Lausanne.

We proceeded early on our journey, and, passing the very rich and picturesque valley of Orbe, continued our route towards Geneva,—taking a cross but excellent road. As we traveled along, we met on every side the deserting peasants returning with their arms to their respective villages. I conversed with several of them, and found they did not conceal their hatred of the cause in which it was attempted thus against their will to make them fight.

We rested our usual number of hours at a small town called Cossoney, where we made a very bad breakfast, in a miserable inn.

Continuing our route after this delay, we soon came in sight of the lake of Geneva, and saw on our left the delightful valley and distant spires of Lausanne. We avoided entering the latter town, on account of its present political state, and, sending our courier for the English carriage which we had left there, took the nearest road to Geneva, and went straight to Rolle, where we arrived about six in the evening.

Our coachman drove us to *La Couronne*, where we found a landlord who spoke English uncommonly well. From this address we flattered ourselves that we should be well received; but in this hope we were cruelly disappointed. It seemed that a British earl *, whose courier was waiting at the door, had engaged all his best apartments; which, he said, must plead his excuse for offering us an indifferent room. We requested that, "*pour nous dédommager*," he would give us an excellent dinner. To our great astonishment this order was apparently executed in a few minutes; but when we attempted to eat what was placed on the table, we found (what indeed might have been expected from so hasty a preparation) that the dishes consisted of the heated remains of some former repast. Un-

* Lord Cholmondeley.

able to swallow these broken victuals, we requested something fresh. Our civil landlord said he was very sorry he had nothing in his house. "Pray give us at least a mutton chop." —"It is quite impossible, sir: my lord has ordered every thing in my larder."—Disgusted and irritated by this insolent refusal, I called for the bill, and, paying nearly a *louis* for what we had seen, but not eaten, we removed to another inn, called *La Tête Noire*, where we obtained a good dinner, civil attendance, and a comfortable apartment.

I only mention this anecdote to convey to you some idea of the aristocratic impertinence which is often met with in these democratic republics.—To conclude: I learned that the man who showed such profound respect for "my lord" and such contempt for an humble commoner, is a great *jacobin*, and celebrated for his professed attachment to "liberty and equality."—On the continent these things are talked of, and thus followed up: in England, we do not profess such principles, but in practice we enjoy them.

Friday, Sept. 24.—We set out this morning in very fine weather for Geneva, at the gates of which we arrived about two o'clock.

As we purpose commencing our Italian journey in the course of this week, we have taken up our present residence at *Les Ba-*

lances, the principal inn within the walls of Geneva, in preference to occupying our old apartments at Secheron,—having several preparatory arrangements to make; for all of which the situation of the town is more convenient than that of the neighbourhood.

Thus concluded our Swiss tour, which, though imperfect (as the political state of Zurich deprived us of the pleasure of seeing that interesting canton), has still afforded us the highest gratification. The beauties of Switzerland are so various; there is such an extraordinary combination of the grand and mild features of Nature, of the sublime and lovely; of wild and cultivated scenery; that it is almost impossible to conceive unwitnessed the satisfaction which one enjoys in traveling through this delightful country. Here, towering Alps, mountains of ice, extensive lakes, and loud-sounding cataracts: there, cornfields, vineyards, pleasure-grounds, lofty trees, plains of unequaled verdure, level roads, and smiling villages. In one canton, all the pomp and ceremony of the church of Rome, accompanied very generally by dirt, idleness, and comparative indigence: in another, the unadorned worship of the Supreme Being in simple rustic meeting-houses

filled with congregations of orderly, well-dressed, and well-looking peasantry. The variety of religion is not more remarkable than the variety of *costume*: every canton has its distinguishing habit; and while each differs from the other, all of them have a character peculiar to this country, and totally unlike the dresses of any other nation in modern Europe. Many of the female fashions are very becoming; and I have seen some girls, so accoutred, who would have excited the praises of admiration even in London or in Paris. In some parts of Switzerland, the women wear large straw hats, ornamented with roses and wild flowers: in others, black beavers, with gold bands. Their hair is sometimes folded in tresses round their heads; sometimes enclosed in plaits, which are so long as to reach their feet; and sometimes covered by a black lace cap of singular shape. Their jackets are of different forms and different colors. A short petticoat here discovers a red stocking, with a wooden slipper; and there, a white one, with a black leather sandal of peculiar form. In short, the eccentricities of dress are innumerable: and in traveling in this country, a man may easily imagine himself at a masquerade.

The appearance of the people, with some exceptions, is respectable. There seems still

to reign much comfort, independence, and general ease.

The houses in most of the villages are of wood, and are frequently built without chimneys,—the smoke being allowed to make its way through the windows. This is an inconvenience not arising from poverty, for many of the houses so constructed belong to persons in affluent circumstances and contain rooms of some extent, but occasioned by the prevalence of long usage, which has not yet yielded to the improvements of the present day.

The Swiss are a tall, athletic, hardy race of men: civil, reserved, and cautious in all their proceedings: much attached to their own country and customs; zealous advocates of rational freedom; inclined to military exertion; and entertaining a violent antipathy to their neighbours and oppressors, the French nation. Having given them this character, it is almost needless for me to add, that, if France wishes to sink the name of Switzerland into that of a department of the republic "one and indivisible," she can only succeed in her object by superior force: voluntarily this brave people will never become the vassal of that or any other country whatever.

We strolled yesterday evening, after our arrival at Geneva, accompanied by some Ame-

rican friends, to see the junction of the Rhone and the Arve, which takes place very near the town. This promenade is delightful; and the object which we went to see fully answered our expectation.

On returning, just before we entered the gates we found a party of English gentlemen playing at cricket. This sport, new in the country where it was now exhibited, excited no little portion of Genevese curiosity.

As we proceeded towards our inn, we passed by the house where Rousseau was born. It is now a *barber's shop*, and is a mean shabby building. Over it is written, on a brass plate, "Ici naquit Jean Jacques Rousseau." You will readily believe that I looked on this humble roof with more interest than I have often experienced on viewing the proudest palaces. The birth of genius fully entitles it to the notice and observation of all strangers who have been moved by the animated language or entertained with the eccentricities of that extraordinary man.

Adieu! I now take my leave of Geneva and of Switzerland. In a few days I shall set out on my projected expedition to the classic soil of Italy.

Adieu! You shall hear from me after I have crossed the Alps.

LETTER VIII.

Departure from Geneva—Advantage of traveling post in Italy, in preference to voituriers—Frangy—Aix, and its waters—Chambery—Aiquebelle—La Chambre—Town of St. Jean de Maurienne—Reception there of Henry II. of France—Valley of Maurienne—Passage of Hannibal—Petit Paris—Lead and copper mines—River Arc—Lanesbourg—Preparations for passing the Mount Cenis—The muleteers, guides, "directeur," &c.—Chattering and disputes of the persons employed—The whole taken charge of by the directeur—Paper given on setting out, with the price of every thing to be paid on the other side—Departure up the Alps—Les Ramasses—Valley and lake at the top of Mount Cenis—La Grande Croix—French soldier demanding passport—Porters, and their conversation—Bonaparte and English officers who have traversed the Mount Cenis—Les Echelles—St. Nicholas—Reflexions on seeing Italy—Ferrieres—Novalese—Suza—Triumphal arch there—Journey thence to Turin—Approach to Turin—Arrival there.

Turin, October 6, 1802.

My dear sir,

I ARRIVED in this city yesterday evening, and, not forgetting the promise which I expressed in my last letter from Geneva, I check the impatience which would lead me to view without delay the curiosities of Turin, and proceed to give you the details of my expedition over the Alps.

Mrs. L. and I set out from Geneva at two

o'clock in the afternoon of the thirtieth of September, in our English carriage, drawn by post horses, and preceded by an excellent courier, whom I was fortunate enough to have recommended to me by a respectable family at Lausanne, and of whose zeal, honesty, and good conduct I had very satisfactory proofs during the little tour in Switzerland which I have already detailed.

After having duly considered the advantages and disadvantages of traveling post, I finally determined to adopt that mode, in preference to the one by *voituriers*, which is pretty generally pursued; and I had every reason, as I proceeded, to rejoice at having formed this resolution. I ought perhaps to mention, that, whenever it is known that a foreigner intends going to Italy from Geneva, his doors are crowded with muleteers and hackneymen, who, multiplying the difficulties of the journey, and expatiating on the impositions practised by landlords and postboys, strongly recommend a contract being entered into with themselves for the whole expenses of the road. Many, terrified by these accounts, and others anxious to save themselves unnecessary trouble, agree to this proposal, and from that hour are completely the prisoners of their *voiturier*, who makes them eat, move, and sleep exactly as

suits his convenience, without paying the slightest regard to the feelings of his employers.

I had seen enough of these people in my tour round Switzerland, where no other horses can be obtained but theirs, to place myself at their discretion when I had the means of avoiding it. But I did not then know (what I have since clearly ascertained) that in point of economy nothing is saved by so uncomfortable a mode of traveling. My journey to Turin, including the charges of posthorses, the passage of the mountain, and all other expenses, cost me twelve guineas less than I was asked for the same *par voiturier* by Dejean, master of the inn at Secheron: and an American gentleman whom I have just met assures me, that, after making what he thought a very advantageous bargain with a Piedmontese muleteer, he has paid something more than the whole has cost me, for the conveyance of his family, consisting of the same number as mine; and that, instead of being his own master, and having the best apartments and the best provisions at every inn, as I had, he was obliged to rise some hours before daylight; to creep on during a long day at the rate of two English miles an hour; and when at last he reached his inn at night, to lie down on a wretched bed; and throughout the journey to partake of

such slender food that he has arrived at Turin almost in a state of starvation.—I mention this as a hint to you and to all other Englishmen who may hereafter travel in Italy.

To return to my journey.—We reached Frangy, a little village of Savoy, about six o'clock the same evening; and finding there a comfortable lodging, in a new house just built by the *aubergiste* of *La Croix Blanche*, determined to pass the night. Neither the supper nor the wine was excellent, but both were better than could be expected in such a place.

Friday, October 1.—We set out at seven o'clock this morning, and continued our journey. The country now became mountainous, and the roads extremely bad.

We passed this day through Aix, celebrated for its mineral waters, and through Chambery, the capital of former Savoy. Chambery (called in Latin *Cam Veriacum*, or *Chamarium*), the ancient residence of the counts and dukes of this country, is a little, dirty, ill-built town, containing seven or eight thousand inhabitants according to M. de Lalande, ten or twelve according to the abbé Richard, fifteen or sixteen according to the report of the people here, and twenty according to M. Rolland—so difficult is it to ascertain the plainest fact. As there seemed to be nothing in this town worth observing, we did not get out of the carriage,

but, stopping only to change horses, proceeded on our journey.

After a day's traveling of severe fatigue, we reached Aiquebelle about seven in the evening —a distance of thirteen posts from Frangy, whence we started in the morning. We found here an uncomfortable filthy inn, in a miserable town. Indeed, nothing can be more wretched than the appearance both of the houses and of the people in Savoy: Dirt and Poverty stamp their most disgusting characters on the persons and habitations of this country.

Saturday, Oct. 2.—After witnessing a violent dispute between the landlord and our courier, which ended in the latter paying exactly half what the former demanded, we set out again, and soon began to discover that we approached the Alps. We were surrounded with stupendous mountains; and the road, which was rough and stoney, ran on the ascent during the whole of the day.

We went through La Chambre, a village once celebrated for its castle, belonging to a marquis of that name, who boasts of an origin more ancient than that of the house of Savoy; and through the town of St. Jean de Maurienne, where, as M. de Lalande reports from the Memoirs of the Mareschal de Vielleville, Henry the Second of France in 1548 was received with honors of a singular kind:—a party of a hun-

dred young men, dressed exactly as bears, snatched him from his guards, and, playing before him the gambols of the animals they represented, conducted the well-pleased monarch to church, and from church to his inn.

The valley of Maurienne, which adjoins the town of that name, and through which we now traveled, is, if we believe M. Grossley, the road which Hannibal took on his march to Italy. Livy says, that in the year 219 before Christ that distinguished general came, after a ten days' journey, "*ad castellum quod erat caput ejus regionis.*" This castle is supposed by some to mean St. Jean de Maurienne: but others assert that the Carthagenian army passed the mountain of the Little St. Bernard *. I do not pretend to offer an opinion on this disputed point (being no antiquarian); but I mention the circumstance as one among many which give an interest to the literary traveler in every step of his progress towards that country which once was (alas! how changed!) the mistress of the world.

* Five roads of communication are known between the ancient Gaul and Italy: that of the Pennine Alps, or the Great St. Bernard, which is more to the south; that of the Grecian Alps, or the Little St. Bernard; the Mount Cenis, a passage not discovered by the ancients; that of the Cottinean Alps, or the Mount Geneva; and, lastly, that of the Maritime Alps.—Even in the time of Livy it was disputed by which road Hannibal had penetrated into Italy.

We slept this night at St. Michel, three leagues from St. Jean de Maurienne, on the brow of a lofty mountain; and took up our lodgings in a little inn which has assumed the pompous title of *Le Petit Paris.* The appearance of the place does not quite correspond with the idea which Paris in miniature might have suggested: but though we had neither the kitchen of Verry or Robert, nor the luxurious couches sometimes found in a Parisian apartment, we dined as heartily, and slept as soundly, as if we had really been in the capital of *la Grande Nation.*

Sunday, Oct. 3.—We continued our route, setting out at the usual hour; and soon found ourselves in a most romantic country, traveling on the brink of precipices, in a road only just wide enough to receive the wheels of the carriage.

We traversed in the morning the lofty mountain of St. Andrew: near which there is a village where mines of lead and copper have been opened, and in which silver also has been found. Here vineyards are no longer seen, and cultivation ceases. Nothing is to be viewed but the river Arc falling with great noise, in several cataracts, through mighty rocks, wild forests, and stupendous mountains. The road is tremendous, and appears almost impassable. For four or five hours we did nothing but

ascend and descend. We at length reached Lanesbourg, where we arrived about five in the evening. Lanesbourg is a small dirty village at the foot of Mount Cenis, where travelers are obliged to stop, in order to give time for the preparations necessary to be made previously to commencing the passage of the Alps.

As soon as we alighted, at the best but wretched inn of this place, where we were conducted into a hovel dignified with the name of a bedchamber, we were surrounded by innumerable guides and muleteers, who, coming to offer their services, vociferated their requests in a strange jargon of Patois, French, and Italian. Having been cautioned not to enter into any engagement with these persons, I turned a deaf ear to their importunate demands, and desired that the *directeur* might be sent for. A very respectable man immediately presented himself, and told me that he was appointed by the French government to see that travelers were not imposed on, and to take charge of every thing relating to the passage of the mountain. I accordingly informed him of what my baggage consisted, and of the number of persons who constituted my family. He then desired to know at what hour I chose to set out on the following morning; and, taking

the whole charge of the arrangements on himself, relieved me from all further trouble.

The laboring oar was thus removed from my hand; but peace was not restored. The *directeur*, though clad in all the power which fell to him as servant of the "republic one and indivisible," could not in silence enforce his orders. It is impossible to give an idea of the noise which prevailed the whole evening. From the bustle, one would have imagined that preparations were making for the passage of a mighty army, rather than for that of the equipage of an humble individual. Several hours were spent in settling who should be the guides, who should furnish the mules, who should act as porters, &c. &c. &c. When at last the workmen began to take the carriage to pieces, they set about the business so awkwardly, so many hands were employed, and so many oaths were uttered, that I despaired of finding it properly put together on the other side: but, having left every thing to the *directeur*, I did not presume to interfere. There was not less noise in the execution of the work than had prevailed in determining who should perform it; and the night was far advanced before we ceased to hear these tiresome discussions.

After a wretched dinner, we retired to a comfortless bed, placed in a niche in the wall.

Monday, Oct. 4.—Before daylight we heard again the hammers and tongues of our chattering workmen: but though the preparations began thus early, it was half past nine o'clock before we were able to set out,—the interval being consumed in putting every thing *en train*, and in having our trunks, &c., examined at the custom-house. At length we saw the body of our carriage suspended on poles fixed on the backs of two mules. The four wheels were carried by two mules,—one being placed on each side of each animal. The perch was conveyed in the same manner as the body of the chariot; and the trunks, imperial, and other luggage, were divided among other mules. In all, we employed eleven.

Mrs. L. took her seat in a kind of chair, which was carried by two porters; they being from time to time relieved by two others, who followed for the purpose. My courier and myself preferred riding, and accordingly ascended the mountain on the backs of posthorses.—Such was our cavalcade.

When every thing was ready, the *directeur* brought me a paper drawn out in proper form, in which the price of every thing was enumerated. Before I set out I gave him his fee, which consisted of a trifling per-centage on the general charges: but he told me that the sum total was not to be paid till I received my

luggage and my carriage safely arranged on the other side, in the same state in which he had received them from me; the same being verified by the *directeur* of another office, which I should find on the Italian side of Mount Cenis.

We began the passage in delightful weather. I cannot say that this expedition appeared to me either so terrific or so beautiful as I expected. The ascent from Lanesbourg is at first very easy; and though it becomes soon afterwards more rapid and more craggy, I kept my seat on the posthorse without the slightest danger or alarm.

In about three quarters of an hour we came to what is called Les Ramasses—that is to say, the place from which, when the ground is covered with snow, travelers descend on sledges, moving with such rapidity, that, in coming from Italy, they reach Lanesbourg in ten minutes, or in twenty at furthest. This is so favorite an amusement with some people, that a countryman of ours spent several days at Lanesbourg, in order to have the pleasure of being *ramassé* once or twice every morning.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards we arrived at a valley, or rather flat, on the top of Mount Cenis, which covers a space of four or five English miles. In the middle of this plain stands the posthouse, where I changed my horse; and

near it, the hospital for pilgrims and distressed travelers, lately patronised and much improved by Bonaparte. Opposite these houses appears the beautiful little lake so much commended by all persons who have traversed the Alps by this passage. It is indeed a singular and pleasing object, which one scarcely expects to meet with on such an eminence. This lake is formed by the union of the waters which fall from the mountains on the right and left of Mount Cenis, and is filled with trout and other fish. It is almost a universal custom to stop at the little inn adjoining the posthouse, and to eat some of these fish, — a supply of which is always ready.

The valley of Mount Cenis is certainly one of the most lively scenes which can be found; and in remembering that this plain is a thousand fathoms above the level of the sea, one's admiration increases. It is bounded by two mountains, which exceed it by five hundred feet perpendicular: Mont Bar is on the right, and the Rock of Molon on the left. At the extremity of the plain, on the side of Piedmont, stands *La Grande Croix*, a kind of inn, where travelers frequently rest, and whence the descent towards Italy begins.

I ought perhaps, before I proceed, to mention, that I was rather disappointed in the

scenery on the summit of this celebrated mountain. Pleasing as were the objects around me, they were not such as I expected: there was no very grand or striking feature; nor was the view either sublime or extensive.

Having galloped over the plain, I arrived at *La Grande Croix* before the rest of the cavalcade. I was here stopped by a French soldier, who in rather an uncivil manner demanded my passport. As this was in my carriage, I was obliged to await the arrival of the latter; and when at last it came up, to order the muleteers to unfix it (a direction which was executed with no little trouble), in order to satisfy the demands of the fierce *militaire*, who would not allow us to proceed till he had seen the document in question. Though the fellow thus annoyed and retarded us without reason, he was very much offended at receiving from me the epithet of *malhonnette* (uncivil). This is an accusation which above all others enrages a Frenchman, who seems to consider a charge of incivility exactly in the same light in which an inhabitant of our country does an accusation of dishonesty. Though the French have lost their right, they have not forgotten their claim, to the title which they formerly enjoyed, of the civilest nation under the sun.

My passport being duly *visé* by the angry

soldier, and the carriage again arranged, the cavalcade proceeded.

I here dismissed my posthorses, and performed the rest of the passage on foot, keeping pace with Mrs. L.'s porters, who walked uncommonly fast, and expressed their surprise at my being able to accompany them.

We now began to descend; and, in spite of the alarming accounts given of this country, I found nothing which ought to terrify the most timid traveler. Were the porters even to fall, the person whom they carry is held so near the ground that there is no probability of receiving the slightest injury: but these men are stout, and accustomed to their employment; and no instance, I believe, was ever known of such an accident happening to them. The porters who carried Mrs. L. were civil intelligent fellows, and entertained us not a little with the stories they related of the different persons whom they had conveyed over the mountain. Among the rest, they failed not to mention Bonaparte, whom they represented as always taking this mode of traversing the Alps when traveling without his army; and they added, that they themselves had taken him over the Mount Cenis by torch-light after the battle of Marengo. They also gave us a long list of *les milords Anglois* whom they had conveyed

at different periods; and of the red-coated *militaires*, coming from Egypt, who had lately passed this way on their return to England.

I descended on foot, much entertained with the novelty of the scene around me and with the rustic wit of these fellows.

We moved along in well-known paths, on the side of precipices: and after passing *Les Echelles*, or steps, came into the plain of St. Nicholas, where there is a fine cascade, but which lost much of its beauty by not being full of water at this time, owing to the driness of the season. This cataract falls from the summit of a rock above, and forms a canal below, which separates Savoy from Piedmont. This water is passed on a bridge; and having reached the other side, the traveler is already arrived in Italy.

I cannot describe my feelings on learning that the country which I saw before me was Italy. The lines from Virgil quoted by M. Lalande on the same occasion occur so naturally to every one who has read the Æneid, that I shall be pardoned for repeating the citation.—

> Italiam, Italiam, primis conclamat Achates:
> Italiam magno socii clamore salutant.

The soldiers and companions of the Trojan hero were delighted at seeing the country where

they expected to find a place of rest and the seat of future glory: with scarcely less enthusiasm do those whose youth has been spent in the study of ancient literature behold the scenes of those exploits, those virtues, and those talents, which excited the ardor and the praises of their early days. In viewing the country of the Romans—a country which perhaps they never expected to visit—they find what they once considered as a fable become an historical fact; and, identifying the people with the spot, they see, in their "mind's eye," the heroes, poets, orators, and patriots of former times.

From St. Nicholas we proceeded to Ferrieres, a small village containing about twenty houses, which stands between two lofty rocks on the banks of the river Cenis. This village is surrounded with vast mountains, precipices, and roaring torrents; but the valley in which it is placed is sterile, and of gloomy aspect.

We now gradually descended till we reached Novalese, the first village of Piedmont, where the passage of Mount Cenis is considered as achieved. We arrived here at two o'clock. In an hour afterwards our luggage arrived; and, every thing being put together, and nothing lost or injured, we paid the fees (amounting for the whole to about the value of six guineas

and a half of English money), and, setting out again at five in the evening, with four horses and two Italian postboys, reached in an hour Suza, a neat little town, where we found a clean, comfortable, but expensive, inn, called *l'Auberge d'Angleterre.*

The valley on the Italian side of Mount Cenis, through which we traveled this evening, is rich and highly cultivated, yet by no means equal in beauty to many of those picturesque plains which we met with in our tour round Switzerland.

The first thing which I remarked on entering the chamber destined to us at Suza, was the uncommon size of the bed. In France and Switzerland, where husbands and wives seldom occupy the same apartment, the beds are extremely small. It is singular enough that in Italy, where certainly the inhabitants are not celebrated for domestic attachment, the reverse is the fact: a bed in Italy is seldom less than six feet wide, and is often still larger.

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—I saw this morning the celebrated triumphal arch of Suza, which is the first we have met with in Italy, and indeed the only one in Lombardy. The arch stands in the garden of the castle, which has been dismantled by the French and is now uninhabited.

It consists of a single arch, adorned with two Corinthian pillars; and is made of great blocks of marble, a little injured by time. On it is represented a march to sacrifice; and the proportions are said to be well observed: but the architecture is slight, and the sculpture indifferent *.

About nine o'clock we set out again, and passed through a rich but flat country. We traveled rather slowly, and did not reach Turin, a distance of ten leagues, till five in the evening. The road, during the last stage, was fine, and remarkably wide; but many of the trees with which it was once ornamented have been cut down, and it is now but thinly wooded.

The country round Turin is rich, and finely cultivated; and the approach to this city resembles some of the avenues to Paris. The palace of Rivoli, and the church of Supurga,

* The inscription, about which great disputes have arisen, is thus given by M. de Lalande:—

"Imp. Cæsari Augusto Divi F. Pontifici Maximo Tribunicia Potestate XV. Imp. XIII. M. Julius Restis Donni, F. Cottius Præfectus Civitatum quæ subscriptæ sunt Segoviorum, Segufinorum, Belacorum, Caturigum, Medullorum, Tebaviorum, Adanatium, Savincatium, Egdiniorum, Veaminiorum, Venisamorum, Iriorum, Esubianorum, Ovidiavium, et civitates quæ sub eo præfecto fuerunt."

The greater part of these names are unknown to antiquarians.

beyond Turin, are eminences distinctly seen and much admired on this road.

Adieu! I reserve my remarks on Turin till my next letter.

We are comfortably lodged at the hotel of *La Bonne Femme*.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

Population and geographical situation of Turin—Beauty and regular architecture of this city—Suffered much from the late war—Gates pulled down—Great appearance of the effects of revolution—Victor Amadeus the author of the improvements of Turin—Metropolitan church of S. Giovanni Battista—Royal chapel della Santissima Sudone, or St. Suaire—St. Lorenzo—St. Philip de Neri—Jesuits' church—Palace of the former kings of Sardinia, now inhabited by general Jourdan as "administrateur-général de Piemont"—Its present state—Refused permission to see the late king and queen's apartments, because occupied by general and madame Jourdan—Gallery, arcade, and garden—Figure of Liberty placed in the palace by the French—Opera-house—Palais de Cardignan---La Vigne de la Reine---Il Valentino, a summer palace of the late king, now a veterinary college---St. Christine, La Consolata, St. Augustin, Piazza dell' Erbe, Corpus Domini, Le Spirito Santo, St. Theresè, La Concezione, and la Trinita---Il Collegia Reale di Nobili, now a school of natural history—University of Turin: Library, &c.—The hospital---Il Regio Spedale della Carita---Le Château, or Il Castello, now an hôtel de justice---Courts of law---La Supurga, near Turin: church, mausoleum, and view from the top---Opera-dancers of Turin---High mass at the cathedral—Promenade in the king's garden—Ascension of a balloon from Il Valentino---Citadel: barracks destroyed by Suvaroff, rebuilt by the French—General remarks on Turin.

Turin, Oct. 11, 1802.

My dear sir,

BEING on the eve of my departure from Turin, I now send you the result of my visit to this place.

I ought perhaps first to mention, that Turin is supposed to contain ninety thousand inhabitants; that it is situated in the spot where the Alps separate themselves from the Apennines, and near the summit of the triangle which forms the vast and beautiful plain of Lombardy; that it is watered by the river Po; and is mentioned by Livy as an ancient city of Liguria. I need not add, that it was the capital of the king of Sardinia, and is now part of the French republic.

The architecture of this town is singularly beautiful and correctly regular; and the streets, which run at right angles from each other, are wide and handsome. Of all the places which I have yet visited, this seems to have suffered the most from the ravages of the last war. The fine gates by which it was formerly entered have been pulled down; and its splendid palaces, though still standing, are neglected, and turned into public offices. Every thing bears the appearance of revolution: there is no trade, there are no equipages, and apparently few persons of fortune left among the inhabitants.

To Victor Amadeus II. Turin owes that regularity which has procured for it the praise of being one of the finest cities in Italy. The most remarkable streets are, La Rue du Po*, and La Rue Neuve.

* This street was not yet finished when Addison visited Italy. The following are his words:—" The river Po gives

It was estimated formerly, that there were one hundred and ten churches or chapels in this town, ornamented with the rarest marble: and though the number has been greatly diminished, it is still considerable.

The metropolitan church of S. Giovanni Battista disappointed the expectations which we had formed in consequence of its great celebrity in this country. The cathedral is ancient, and has nothing very particular to recommend it but a fine altar. Over this altar stands the royal chapel della Santissima Sudone, or, as it is called in French, de St. Suaire. This chapel forms a separate church, and is built entirely of marble of peculiar beauty, and has a cupola made of the same materials in the most finished style of architecture.

St. Lorenzo, a church which stands very near the palace, is remarkable for a bold and striking rotundo of pink marble, surrounded with pillars of the same, and ornamented with a much-admired cupola. This cupola is so light in its construction, that it seems to stand in the air, and one cannot discover how it is supported. St. Philip de Neri is also a fine church, which is built entirely of marble, and ornamented with some valuable pictures.

a name to the chief street of Turin, that fronts the duke's palace, and when finished will be one of the noblest in Italy for its length."---*Addison's Italy.*

The Jesuits' church is well worth visiting. It is uncommonly rich in its decorations.

Besides these, other churches were pointed out to me as possessing objects of curiosity or interest; but the limited time of my stay at Turin did not allow me the opportunity of seeing many more.

The palace of the former kings of Sardinia is a splendid edifice, forming the western side of the principal place, or square, called La Piazza Castello, the spot from which all the streets run at right angles. This palace is now inhabited by general Jourdan, who, with the title of *administrateur-général de Piemont*, is the proconsul (or, more properly speaking, the viceroy) of the county. We obtained permission to see the palace yesterday evening, and were, on entering it, led into a long suit of small rooms, which formerly possessed some works of the first masters; but the best of these paintings have been removed to Paris, and nothing remains worth remarking. We then visited the hall, which in other days contained the throne of the monarch, and where he was accustomed to receive the foreign ministers and to hold his court. This apartment is now neglected, dirty, and almost unfurnished; but enough is left of former splendor to prove that it must have been (when not so abandoned) a magnificent room.

The saloon, where the queen used to have her drawing-rooms, has still the lustre, gilding, and other ornaments which belonged to it in better days. It is still handsome, but disgustingly dirty.

The king's private apartment, as likewise the queen's, we were refused the permission of seeing, because general Jourdan occupied the former, and his wife, who was expected from Paris the same night, intended lodging in the latter. "Alas!" said our conductor, with a sigh of regret, "it was very different formerly: our good king, instead of denying leave to see his rooms, took great pleasure in showing the palace himself to strangers—*Mais ces parvenus*—." Here prudence stopped the conclusion of his sentence, and he changed the subject by pointing out another object to our attention.

We walked through the gallery, which still contains some good pictures; but we had not sufficient light to examine them,—for general Jourdan only allows those rooms which may still be seen, to be visited after five o'clock in the evening.

From the gallery we descended to the arcade, or piazza, by which the king used to go to the theatre; and thence into the gardens, which are laid out in the French taste, and are now untrimmed and neglected.

I forgot to mention, that, in going to the pa-

lace, we ascended the great stairs, which are handsome, and found there, unhurt, the statue of Victor Amadeus the First:—all the other statues have been removed to Paris. I also omitted to name the antechamber, through which we passed, and which is lofty, large, and decorated with tapestry. In a room adjoining to this antechamber, in which the pages formerly waited, the French have placed a figure of Liberty—perhaps one of Victory would be more appropriate.

The only pictures of any value remaining in the palace, which I remarked, were two great ones by Paul Veronese; the subjects of which were, Moses in the bulrushes, and the queen of Sheba offering presents to Solomon.

The opera-house, or principal theatre of Turin, where we spent the first evening after our arrival, is a magnificent building, and one of the finest of the kind in Italy. It has not suffered from the revolution, except by neglect: nothing has been destroyed: but it is now offensively dirty. In shape, size, and decorations, it resembles our theatre in the Haymarket. As to the entertainments and the appearance of the company, I can only say, that, when we were there, there was scarcely any one in the boxes beside ourselves. The house was dismally dark, the dancing was bad, and the music but moderately good: nothing repaid us for

the trouble of going thither, but the sight of the building.

On the second day of our stay in Turin, we drove to the Palais de Cardignan, one of the finest palaces of this city; but we were not allowed to see any part of it, except the stairs and the court-yard, the apartments being inhabited by two French generals, who, imitating the example of their commander-in-chief, refuse to exercise this lowest act of hospitality to the strangers who come hither. We then drove along the Corso, and saw the outside of the arsenal and of the citadel, but were again refused the permission of seeing the interior of either. The latter has visible, in several parts of its front, the cannon-balls sent against the town while besieged by the Russians under the command of general Suvaroff.

We traversed the beautiful Rue du Po, and, crossing the bridge, ascended the hill. Here, leaving the convent of the Capuchins on our right, we proceeded to La Vigne de la Reine, a summer retreat of the queen of Sardinia, about a mile from the town, of which this house commands an extensive view. The rooms and furniture are both unimpaired, and are at present in the same state in which they were occupied by the unfortunate family of Savoy.

This little palace was saved from the indiscriminate plunder of the French soldiery by

the care and good sense of the steward in whose custody it had been left; who, on the arrival of the conquering enemy, ran to general Jourdan, and put this house under his immediate protection.

The apartments are not large, but lively and pretty. There are several good paintings, principally family portraits, and two door-pieces by Domenichino. The hall, which forms the principal entrance, is of good architecture, is ornamented with several good pictures, and appears to have a gallery supported by marble pillars. Neither the gallery nor the pillars exist in reality, but are painted with such exactness that some minutes elapsed before I discovered the deception. The garden is small, and laid out in bad taste; but the prospect which it commands is extensive, rich, and picturesque.

In the evening of the same day we went to see another royal villa, but which more particularly belonged to the king, called Le Valentin, or Il Valentino. It stands about the same distance from Turin as La Vigne de la Reine, but on the other side of the town, near the road by which one arrives in coming from Mount Cenis.

The avenue which forms the approach to this palace once boasted a long line of splendid carriages filled with the rich inhabitants of the city, who were here accustomed to take the air.

Not one equipage was now to be seen; and the promenade had as deserted and as melancholy an appearance, as the former residence of royalty to which it leads.

The house of *La Valentin* is a pretty light building of white stone, and stands on the banks of the Po. The whole of the furniture has been taken away by the French, and the palace is converted into a veterinary college, where young gentlemen are taught the *noble* art of farriery.

We strolled in the gardens, which are now abandoned and falling into decay. They are delightfully situated on the Po; and the number of country-seats on the opposite bank presents an object which must have greatly contributed to the liveliness of the scene. The moon had risen before we took our departure; and as we drove homewards we allowed the windows of the carriage to be open,—so mild and temperate is this climate even in the month of October.

The third morning was spent in visiting the following places: — St. Christine *, La Consolata, St. Augustin, Piazza dell' Erbe, the Corpus

* In Italy the French names are so often given, that I shall be pardoned for using them indiscriminately with those of the country. I call them as they were named to me. It would be pedantry to translate, where the difference is only in the termination.

Domini, the Spirito Santo, St. Therese, La Concezione, and La Trinita. All these are fine buildings, and several of them are constructed entirely of marble: many, too, are ornamented with pictures of great value.

I next went to Il Collegio Reale di Nobili, where the *noblesse* were formerly educated, and which is now converted to the use of a society for the study of natural history. There is an observatory above, to which I ascended. The establishment is in its infancy, and the number of instruments is as yet but small. The view from this elevated spot is delightful: it commands the whole city, and great part of the justly much-admired plain of Lombardy. The collection of natural history, fossils, &c., which I examined, is but insignificant.

The university of Turin formed the next object of our attention. The *Cabinet des Antiques*, or *Museo del Re*, has had so many of its curiosities removed, that it no longer deserves a visit. The *table Isiaque** has been removed,

* So called because the principal figure of it is a sitting Isis, having in her hand the spoils of the fishing-hawk and two horns of a bull,---emblems of fecundity, or the equinoctial sign of spring, which was formerly a bull. This *table Isiaque* was one of the most celebrated Egyptian monuments met with in Italy: it is a table of dark copper, the color of coffee, on which hieroglyphic figures are engraved. --- *Vide* M. de Lalande, vol. i.

so is the report, to Paris; but as I do not remember to have seen it in any of the public collections of that capital, I much doubt the fact. A mummy in good preservation, and a few statues brought from the staircase of the royal palace, are the only things now left.—The theatre of anatomy is simply a large round lecture-room, without any thing whatever to distinguish it.—We then visited the library, to which many of the books taken from the palace have been added; but the librarian assured me that the greater part of the royal collection was stolen, or lost, when the French army first became masters of Turin. Of the books originally in the library of the university, the French have only taken away the celebrated Polyglot Bible on vellum. We were shown some very beautiful editions of Pliny and Dante; a manuscript of the Scriptures made in the ninth century, very clear and very neat; and several of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We also saw and admired some finely-printed editions of the classics by Boldoni, a modern artist who is still living, a native of Piedmont, but at present settled at Parma.—These different books were shown us, with much politeness, by a young gentleman, who was extremely intelligent, and appeared to be either the principal librarian or his deputy.—The general collection of books is extensive, and seems to have

been made with judgement. The library is particularly esteemed for the valuable editions it possesses of the best classical works.

We afterwards visited the hospital, which is a fine large building, and which (as far as we could judge from a view taken by looking in at the windows), is clean, and well managed. The number of patients was said to be so very great, that I thought it imprudent to go within the walls, fearing the effects of contagion. The same reason prevented my entering the Regio Spedale della Carita, the exterior of which is handsome.

We next saw a large building, formerly a convent, and now converted into a more useful establishment: it is at present a workhouse, where different manufactures are carried on, and in which persons of both sexes are employed.

We went thence to a great building, formerly called Le Château, or Il Castello; in which the younger branches of the house of Savoy usually resided, and which was latterly occupied by the king's brother, in whose favor his majesty has lately resigned all his rights. This palace is now become an *hôtel de justice*, in which the different civil courts hold their sittings. We went into the tribunal of appeal. The judges were respectable in their appearance; the room was arranged much in the

manner of an English court of law; the presidents wore gowns; and great order seemed to prevail. An advocate, without a gown, and not even dressed in black, was pleading from a written paper, the contents of which he repeated very audibly and distinctly. The court seemed to pay him great attention; but I did not know enough of the Italian language to be able to follow the train of his argument.—We were afterwards shown the hall in which the other courts hold their meetings; and the billiard room, and some few other apartments, which are still in the state in which they were left by their last unfortunate and royal owners. —The stairs are wide and handsome.

After viewing the objects which I have mentioned, we set out at twelve o'clock the same day, with an American gentleman and his wife, in a light open carriage drawn by four horses, for the celebrated church of La Supurga, which stands on the summit of a lofty mountain at the distance of about six English miles from Turin. This fine edifice was constructed, as appears by the inscription over it, "*Bello Gallico vovit,*" in consequence of a vow made by king Victor Amadeus after the duke of Vendome had gained the battles of Cassano and Casinato, and nothing remained unconquered of Piedmont but the city of Turin. Prince Eugene came to the assistance of his native

town, and succeeded in repelling the invading enemy; and the pious monarch did not forget to perform the solemn vow which in his distresses he had made. In recollecting this circumstance, in viewing this splendid monument of past triumph over the French*, one's pity for the present vanquished state of the Piedmontese and their deposed sovereign naturally increases, and the mind is forcibly recalled to the strange mutability of human affairs.

The ascent to the church was long and tiresome, but the road was good, and we were not obliged to leave the carriage any part of the way. When we at last arrived, we were delighted with the prospect which presented it-

* The Piedmontese have often had reason to regret their vicinity to France. Addison gives the following account of what they had suffered in his time, and of the antipathy they entertained against their powerful neighbour. I believe I may safely say, that what they have lately endured has tended not a little to increase this sentiment, notwithstanding their nominal union with the French republic.—

"The common people of this state are more exasperated against the French than even the rest of the Italians; for the great mischiefs they have suffered from 'em are still fresh upon their memories; and, notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out several marches that the French armies have made through their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind 'em. I passed through Piedmont and Savoy at a time when the duke was forc'd by necessity of his affairs to be in alliance with France."—*Addison's Italy.*

self. The vast hill on which the Supurga stands commands the whole of the plain of Lombardy, the Apennines, the city of Turin, and all the adjoining buildings.

The church of Supurga, which is of modern construction (having been begun in 1715 and finished in 1731), has lost nothing but its holy canons and its silver ornaments. A great portico, ornamented with pillars, leads to a fine circular church, built entirely of cut stone, and displaying the utmost magnificence. The expense must have been enormous, as all the materials were necessarily brought from below, —the rocky mountain on which the church is placed affording no assistance whatever.

After admiring the ornaments of the altar, beautifully cut in stone; the marble pillars; the lofty roof, which is built after the model of Les Invalides at Paris; and the bas-relievos of Camitti, which here supply the place of pictures; we descended into the royal vault. This mausoleum is entirely built of marble, and is particularly clean, neat, and handsome. We saw here the tombs of Victor Amadeus, of his queen, of Charles Emanuel, and of two princes of the branch of Carignano, and some few others.

After we had satisfied our curiosity about the mausoleum and the church, we ascended, up rather bad and steep stairs, to the summit of the

cupola. We had here a most extensive and beautiful view. On a fine day, even Milan, though distant twenty-five leagues, may be seen on one side, and the vast chain of Alps on the other.

Our journey from Turin to the Supurga occupied nearly two hours; but on our return, being on a descent, we performed the same distance in half that time.

After dinner, we went, for the second time, to the opera, to see a new ballet. The dancing was execrable; and the women thus employed, though uncommonly plain, were prodigal of the charms which no doubt they supposed themselves to possess. The audience, which was tolerably numerous, displayed the utmost indulgence, and received the awkward clowns and naked heroines of their stage with bursts of applause not less euthusiastic than those which reward the graceful activity of Vestris on the Parisian, or that of Hillersbourg on the London, theatre.

We went the next day, being Sunday, to hear high mass performed at the cathedral church. The music did not answer the expectations which we had formed.

In visiting for the second time the chapel of St. Suaire, I was much pleased with the marble rotundo, which is certainly beautiful. After church, we walked on the ramparts, and in the

king's garden. In one of the alleys of the latter we found a considerable assemblage of well-dressed people, the first of that description we had seen since our arrival at Turin. Among them I remarked two or three pretty women; but beauty seems to be here a scarce commodity.

We went, after an early dinner, to the Valentino, or Valentin, of which I have spoken before, to see the ascension of a balloon. The evening was fine, and the sight drew together a considerable crowd. The balloon, which ascended from the garden, rose perpendicularly to a certain height; when the rarefied air having communicated to the paper of which it was formed, set the whole on fire, to the great disappointment of the gaping spectators.

We consoled ourselves for our disappointment by walking through the deserted rooms of this *ci-devant* royal residence. The tapestry which formerly adorned the principal apartments has been removed; but some good paintings, which decorate the wall, still remain. The view from the windows, commanding the Po, the bridge, and the adjoining country, is delightful.

In returning, we were much surprised at perceiving the immense crowd, which filled the road from Turin to the Valentin. It was, indeed, so full of passengers, that it reminded

me of Hyde Park on a Sunday.—I also counted five or six good carriages.

We went the following morning to the hill where stands the now uninhabited convent of the Capuchins, and saw the town and country to great advantage from this eminence.

I also visited this day an artist who cuts out likenesses and figures in wood. He showed us a work in which he has represented all the monarchs, republican states, and generals of modern Europe. Like the *Parnasse François*, in the public library at Paris, this invention is rather to be commended as an example of persevering industry, than as a specimen of superior genius.

I concluded my tour round Turin by a visit to the citadel, which I obtained at length the permission of seeing. The old barracks were entirely destroyed while Turin was besieged by general Suvaroff, and nothing remains of them but a heap of ruins. The French have built new ones within the fortifications, by which they are completely sheltered.

To sum up my account of this place, I can only say that it is a well-built, regular, handsome city; that it stands in a fine country, and must, while it enjoyed its national independence, have been an agreeable residence. It has now lost its native princes and its most wealthy inhabitants. There is no industry, be-

cause there is no commerce, and consequently no spirit or activity among the citizens. Idleness, dirt, poverty, and superstition, mark the appearance of the people; who pass their lives in lounging about the streets, or in crowding the numerous churches, which are constantly open.

The inhabitants of Turin are such devoted bigots, that during my short stay here I have heard frequent complaints about the places of worship which have been reformed; yet so many remain, that in every principal street of the town, and at every hour of the day, mass is said in three or four different churches; and all these services are so well attended, that I have had considerable difficulty in making my way through the vast throngs, which actually stop up the aisles of the large buildings here dedicated to religious purposes. It must not be supposed that this excessive devotion is occasioned, or attended, by any extraordinary degree of morality or superior virtue. I have not heard that the Piedmontese are celebrated for any great severity of principle: and while piously they fall prostrate before the altar, they forget not to stop in the middle of a prayer to solicit charity of a passing stranger. I have also been told (but I do not answer for the truth of the report) that these holy places are sometimes made the seat of a tender *rendezvous*,

and are now and then the witnesses of illicit love. Priests, monks, and friars, swarm about the streets; yet scarcely one third remains of their original number. Indeed, considering the idlers by profession, and the idlers *par necessité*, it is astonishing how the rest of the inhabitants are capable of gaining the subsistence necessary for the supply of so large a town *.

My stay here is too short to investigate the state of society, or even to attempt entering on the subject. I should rather think, that if there be any luxury or elegant pleasures enjoyed in this town, they must be principally confined

* Considering the idleness of the inhabitants, and the dirt of their persons, one is surprised at the cleanliness of the streets. Mr. Addison has accounted for this circumstance :---

" There is one convenience in this city (Turin) that I never observed in any other, and that makes some amends for the *badness of the pavement* *. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarter of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out; for at a few minutes' warning they have a little river running by the very walls of the house that is burning."--- *Addison's Italy.*

* Turin is now very well paved.

to the use of the French generals, as I saw among the inhabitants but very few persons of a superior class. I was told, indeed, that those who have still the means of living with comfort, spend the whole or great part of the year at what they call their *vignes*—that is to say, their villas, which are called so because they are usually surrounded with vineyards. Those who pass their winter at Turin have not yet left their summer retreats.

Adieu! I proceed on my journey early to-morrow morning.

LETTER X.

Journey from Turin to Genoa---Asti---Alexandria---Department of Marengo, and inscription on entering it---Field of Marengo---Village of Marengo---Battle of Marengo---Spot and inscription where Desaix was killed---Reports about the battle---Novi, where Suvaroff gained a battle and Joubert was killed---Novi commencement of the Bochetta---Ottagio---Country infested with robbers---Obliged to take guards---Description of them, and of the country---Top of the Bochetta, the summit of the Apennines---French soldiers---Campo Marone ---Philosophy of a French guard---Road from Campo Marone to Genoa---Miserable cottages and magnificent villas on the road---Beautiful prospect on approaching Genoa---Arrival there.

Genoa, Oct. 15, 1802.

My dear sir,

HAVING reached this place in safety, in spite of the dangers to which we have been exposed, I sit down to give you an account of our journey.

We left Turin on the 12th instant, at five o'clock in the morning. The country through which we traveled in the beginning of the day was flat and uninteresting; but its appearance improved as we approached the town of Asti. I was here recommended to take an escort, as the road was said to be infested by bands of thieves; but as I did not give implicit belief

to the report, I neglected to follow the advice which was given me. Though, as I have since learned, the danger was not so imaginary as I supposed it, I had no reason to repent my imprudence, as we reached Alexandria in safety; where we found a decent inn, a bad dinner, good beds, and extravagant charges, at the *Albergo dell' Italia*.

Alexandria stands, as every body knows, in the immediate neighbourhood of the celebrated village of Marengo, which now gives its name to the whole department. A triumphal arch has lately been erected: having passed under which, one enters the principal *place* of Alexandria. On this arch is written—

Departement de Marengo.
Una sola legga,
alla vittoria di Marengo,
alla pace, alla concordia,
al fraterno amore.

On the gate by which Alexandria is entered in coming from Marengo, and over the fortifications, now in ruins, is the following inscription:

A Bonaparte,
vainqueur de Marengo.

Alexandria is rather a large country town, and has the remains of a strong fortification, in

which the Austrians were quartered the night before the battle.

On the thirteenth we set out from Alexandria; and in a quarter of an hour after leaving the town passed a small river, behind which the imperial cavalry were entrenched on the day of the battle; and we soon came into the ever-memorable field of Marengo.

I need not tell you with how much curiosity I viewed a spot that had so lately been the theatre of an event on which the fate of Europe depended, and which must be handed down to all future ages in the page of history. In the words of Virgil—

> ——————juvat ire, et Dorica castra
> Desertosque videre locos.—
> Hic Dolopum manus, hic sævus tendebat Achilles—
> ——————hic acies certare solebant!

The field where this bloody contest took place is not properly a plain, but an unenclosed, open, level space of ground, cultivated every where except on the high road. There are rows of trees (principally mulberries), in the bodies of which balls are still visible. Near these trees the battle was fought.——The village of Marengo, which adjoins, on the right of the road to Genoa, and in the direct road to Tortona, consists of only eight or nine scat-

tered houses of wretched appearance. In one of them (that which stands nearest to the high road), and the attached farm-yard, the combat raged with peculiar violence; and the French and Austrians possessed and dispossessed each other of the spot several times in the course of the day.

Desaix was killed a few yards from this house; and a pillar (not such a one as the event deserves, but a shabby paltry one) records the fact. The following is the inscription on it, which I took on the spot, in Italian, Latin, and French.

La municipalita
di Alexandria,
il di 25 Pratile
anno 9 republicano,
innalzo questo
monumento
Essendo Jourdan,
ammistratore generale
Bragda,
prefetto del departimento
di Marengo.

Qui, a Marengo,
il giorno 25 Pratile
anno 8, Bonaparte,
primo consule
della republica Francese,
conduse l'armata
alla vittoria.

Hic,
prope Marengumo,
xviii. kal. Jul.,
anno MDCCC.,
Bonaparte,
primo consule
Gallicæ reipublicæ,
exercitus duce
victoria parta.

Ici,
à Marengo,
le 25 Prairial,
l'an 8,
Bonaparte,
premier consul
de la république Françoise,
a conduit l'armée
à la victoire *.

The postboy who drove me said, that he conducted, the night after the battle, general Melas's aid-de-camp to Bonaparte's quarters, in

* In English—

Here,
at Marengo,
the 25th of Prairial of
the 8th year,
Bonaparte,
first consul
of the French republic,
led the army
to victory.

order to make the arrangements for the surrender of Alexandria; and that the number of dead bodies so completely stopped up the road, that the carriage was obliged to pass over them. He said the wheels cracked every moment with the noise of broken bones *.

It is said in the country, that the Austrians had one hundred and twenty thousand men, of which a large number, principally cavalry, remained on the Alexandrian side of the river, unengaged. The French are in the same manner reported to have had but sixty thousand men. Bonaparte arriving with the consular guard from Tortona, which acted as a *corps-de-réserve*, decided the fate of the battle.—Such is the story told by the inhabitants of the country. I do not even pretend to give an opinion.

After passing over this ground, and examining it with all the attention which was naturally excited by the remembrance of the important action which has immortalised its name, we came soon into a spot only one degree less celebrated than Marengo—I mean, that where mareschal Suvaroff gained a victory

* The French were obliged, after the battle, to make a pile of dead bodies, and to set fire to them. This precaution was absolutely necessary, to prevent the danger which otherwise would have arisen from the putridity of these carcasses. Human bones are still found very near the level of the ground. I myself took up several skulls.

over the French, at Novi, and where general Joubert was killed. The latter died in a country-house, which was pointed out to me, just above the town. Novi, the first place which I entered in the Ligurian republic, is filled with churches, monasteries, priests, poverty, and dirt.

We had from Turin traveled, as in the territories of ancient France, with a shaft and three horses: we were now obliged to put on the pole of the carriage, to which four horses, driven by two ragged postboys, were affixed. We soon began to ascend an immense hill, the commencement of the Bochetta, or Bucheta, and traversed abominable roads, in a very wild and romantic country. After traveling for two hours in a most tiresome manner, and at a much slower rate than a man in good health usually walks, we crossed a river, which had been so much increased by the rain which fell this morning, that we had some difficulty in getting over it, and were obliged to have the carriage supported by several men, who for that purpose walked through the water. In two hours more we reached Ottagio *, where we changed horses; and, climbing up a still more difficult ascent, and over roads bad beyond description, found ourselves

* This place is sometimes called Ottagio, and sometimes Voltagio. The former is the more general appellation.

in a country which is said to be the residence of a banditti of thieves and murderers. Salvator Rosa never drew a landscape more descriptive of such a scene than the spot afforded where we now were. Stupendous mountains, narrow paths, deep valleys, and scattered houses, behind the shutters of which we discovered ill-looking fellows, who endeavoured to conceal themselves, and now and then some wrinkled toothless hag, who seemed to be watching for the prey of her companions. In short, every thing conspired to lead us to expect an immediate attack.

It was near three o'clock when we left Ottagio, and from the pace at which we traveled it was evident that night must overtake us before we could reach the next stage. I had been recommended to take an escort at the last place; but, unconscious of the danger, I had neglected to do so. When, however, we had advanced about five miles, I perceived another military station *, and, being now fully persuaded that such protection was necessary, ordered four soldiers to attend us. The appearance of these fellows, who were Ligurians, was not favorable: they were young lads of

* Soldiers are placed, at stations five miles distant from each other, in this road, for the protection of travelers; and the former may be hired, by such of the latter as choose to incur the expense, at an agreed price.

fifteen or sixteen years of age; almost in rags; without stockings; and with nothing soldier-like in their garb except cocked hats and military great-coats. Their arms were muskets, which they threw over their shoulders. Thus accoutred, two marched before the carriage, and two behind. I much doubt whether their pieces were loaded; and, if so, whether, in case of an attack, they would have ventured to use them. They kept, however, a constant look out, and seemed to examine with great care the valleys, as if they expected the banditti to rush suddenly forward from some cavern below. They failed not, also, to relate the frequent robberies which had lately been committed by the "Devil*" and his gang, who inhabit these mountains. The only travelers whom we met were muleteers, loaded with goods; and we learned that a person of this description, carrying silver belonging to a French commissary, had been murdered a few days before.

Alarming as was the danger from ruffians, which was now increased by the hour (for it was soon dark), we also incurred another from the narrowness of the road, which ran on the side of precipices. Rain, thunder, and light-

* *Note written since my return to England.* — This fellow, after committing innumerable robberies, has, I find from the newspapers, been lately executed at Genoa.

ning, soon added additional horrors to this scene: and Mrs. L. became so extremely terrified that I feared she would have fainted in the carriage.

Our guards were changed every five miles, at stations built for the purpose. After two Ligurian parties had attended us, we were happy when we saw them relieved at the third by French soldiers. You cannot conceive how much more secure we found ourselves under the protection of the latter. They were strong men, well dressed, well armed, and extremely good-humored. When they perceived the alarm of Mrs. L., they cried out, with all the vanity of their country, " Ditez à madame qu'elle n'a rien à craindre: elle peut marcher en sureté: nous sommes *François**." Thus saying, they moved on at a good pace, whistling as they went, and unruffled by the rain, which fell in torrents. From them we learned that the dangers of the mountain had not been exaggerated; that robberies were frequent here; and that even their guardhouse had once been attacked by the banditti, consisting of fifty men, while some of the soldiers were absent on duty; but those who remained, though greatly inferior in number, had at last succeeded in driving them away.

* " Tell the lady she has nothing to fear: she may proceed in safety: we are *French*."

It was about six o'clock when we reached the top of the Bochetta, which is itself the summit of the Apennines. It was then completely dark; and two hours more elapsed before we reached, after a long, tiresome, and perilous journey, the village of Campo Marone, which stands at the distance of one stage from Genoa. Here we found a decent little inn, whose humble accommodations were extremely acceptable after the dangers through which we had passed.

In dismissing my guard, I could not help admiring the happy disposition of the French. I asked these men, who had been six months employed on this service, amidst mountains, storms, and banditti, if they were not *ennuyé* with their situation. "Pardonnez," said one of them: "nous sommes tres bien ici. Il faut se rendre heureux partout. Quand on serve, c'est egal où l'on est*."—No truer philosophy could come from the lips of the wisest scholar. Whenever I may in future be inclined to quarrel with my lot, I shall recollect the speech of this poor soldier, and, repeating "Il faut se rendre heureux partout," check the grumblings of discontent.

October 14. — Having taken a few hours'

* "Excuse me: we are very well here. A man should make himself happy every where. When he is a soldier, it is immaterial where he serves."

rest, which was sweet indeed after the fatigues and dangers of the preceding day, we set out again, and soon came into a fine road, passing through the valley of Polcevera. From the number of villages through which we traveled, and the country-seats which appeared on every side, it was easy to foresee that we approached a capital. I remarked, with some degree of pain, that the cottages displayed signs of the most abject misery, while the villas near them were built with the utmost magnificence. Most of the latter had a curious appearance to an English eye,—the front of them being painted with different and tawdry colors.

After about an hour's traveling we came to a suburb of Genoa; where the buildings, though in decay, were so large and so handsome, that I thought myself already in the city. When the carriage turned a little to the left, I perceived my mistake, in bursting on the magnificent prospect of Genoa; which is well said to rise from the sea, with a dignity truly sublime. The position of this town is the finest I have as yet seen.

After passing some superb buildings on the left, and gazing with rapture on the Mediterranean Sea (which runs at the foot of the road), and on the pile of palaces before us, we came to the gate of Genoa. I was here asked whe-

ther I were a military man; and as I answered the question in the negative, a soldier was ordered to attend me to my hotel. The soldier appointed to this duty only followed us a few steps, asked for something to drink, and then disappeared.

The persons belonging to the *douane*, or custom-house, next stopped the carriage; but a present of thirty sols saved us the trouble and the delay of an examination.

We are lodged at an excellent inn, called *Albergo della Villa*, lately set up in a nobleman's house,—the lower part of which, not being let to our landlord, the owner continues to inhabit. The windows command the sea and most of the objects of greatest beauty in this place.

Having conducted you to Genoa, I postpone, according to my general plan, saying any thing about this celebrated city, till I have completed my view of the curiosities which it still possesses. Adieu!

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

Genoa—Houses—Streets—Carriages not allowed to roll—Geographical account of the town, port, &c.—Church of S. Ambrogio—of S. Angelo—of S. Steffano—of S. Maria in Carignano—(St. Sebastian, by Puget)—Height of the houses—St. Lawrence—Altar and ashes of St. John the Baptist—No women allowed to tread on a sacred shrine—Notre Dame des Vignes—Albergo, or Palazzo, di Poveri—La Vierge de St. Nicolas—Galley-slaves—The absence of the Turkish slaves regretted by a laquais de place—Palace of the doge—Palace of Giovanni Luca Durazzo—Former college of the Jesuits, now the university—Palazzo Sera—Church of the Magdalen—of St. Sero—of St. Philip Negri—of St. Luke—Palazzo Durazzo—Pictures of the same—Church of the Annunciation, or "della Nunciazzione"—Promenade of La Cossola—Gardens of Principe Doria—Garden of Lomellino—Country-seat of Giacomo Filippo Durazzo—Museum in the same—View from "La Lanterna," or the great light-house—Genoese theatre—Palace of Principe Doria—Garden and gallery there—Country-house of Giacomo Luca Durazzo—Il Palazzo di Giacomo Filippo Corregia—General observations and remarks on Genoa as it is at present, and on its future probable fate.

Genoa, Oct. 20, 1802.

My dear sir,

FEW places have so completely satisfied my expectations as Genoa. It is a city of palaces, built on the shore of the most

temperate sea in the known world, and enjoying the mildest climate under the sun.

The magnificent churches; superb public and private edifices, many of which stand on an eminence; the towers, domes, and steeples, which seem to rise out of the water—these objects, mixed with the shipping, lighthouses, and other maritime views, present a *tout-ensemble* which really beggars description.

After viewing the town from the sea side, I was rather disappointed in entering the gates. Though the houses, many of which are built entirely of marble, are all of handsome architecture, large and lofty, yet the streets are so extremely narrow that the buildings lose much of their effect. Carriages are not allowed to roll at Genoa, except in entering and leaving the town; and chains are placed in order to prevent the use of these vehicles. I know not whether the law arose from the extreme narrowness of the streets, or the narrowness of the streets was occasioned by the law. It is often difficult to distinguish a cause from its effect*.

* The following is Mr. Addison's account of the houses at Genoa.—"There are many beautiful palaces standing along the sea shore, on both sides of Genoa, that make the town appear much larger than it is to those that sail by it. The city itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of 'em painted on the outside; so that

Genoa, including the fortifications, is said to cover a total of twelve English miles. Its port forms a semicircle of six thousand feet diameter; and the town is built in an amphitheatre, the length of which is estimated at eleven thousand feet. The port is formed by two moles, or piers—one to the east, called Molo Vecchio; and the other to the west, called Molo Nuovo, near the suburb of San Pietro d'Arena. Ships of war carrying eighty guns can enter the port, and lie in the angle of the pier.

One of the most agreeable walks at Genoa, and one of the spots from which the town is seen to the greatest advantage, is found on the ramparts, which cover the whole length of the port, and which extend from the convent of St. Anthony to the Lantern, or lighthouse.

Having given you this general outline, I proceed to speak of the objects of greatest curiosity; and shall do so in the order in which I saw them.

In the church of St. Ambrose (or S. Ambrogio), I distinguished the following very beautiful pictures: St. Frances, by Nicholas Poussin; the Massacre of the Innocents, by Maroni; the Conception, by Rubens; the Virgin, by Domi-

they look extreamly gay and lively: besides that, they are esteem'd the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together."—*Addison's Italy.*

nico Piola; St. Peter and the Guides, by Vandyck; the Assumption, by Guido; an al-fresco painting, by Carloni; San Ambrogio, by the abbate di Ferrare.

San Angelo, whither we next went, is a pretty neat church of elegant architecture.

In the church of San Steffano we saw the magnificent picture of the Stoning of St. Stephen. Rubens painted the lower part of this *chef-d'œuvre*, and Gulio Romano the upper.

Santa Maria in Carignano is approached by a lofty bridge, which unites two hills, and was built by a relation of the founder (Sauli, or de Saulis, a noble Genoese). Here we saw the celebrated and justly much-esteemed statue of St. Sebastian, by Puget. The wounds of his body, pierced with arrows, appear so natural that they almost excite the pity of spectators. The statue of the *blessed* St. Saul (a relation of the founder), also by Puget, is not equally striking, but still well executed. There are also, opposite to these, two other statues—one of St. John the Baptist, and one of St. Bartholomew; but neither of them can be looked at after that of St. Sebastian. The church itself was built under the direction of Puget, a French artist, who by his countrymen is compared to Michael Angelo. The proportions are good, and the whole is constructed in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome.

Santa Maria in Carignano, beside its architecture and statues, deserves to be visited for the pictures with which it is adorned; particularly the following: St. John and St. Peter, by Dominico Piola; the martyrdom of St. Basil, by Carlo Maratti; St. Francis, by Guercino—(the latter is rather damaged by the dampness of the walls); La Pieta (or the Descent from the Cross), by Cambiagi; St. Ignatius and St. Catharine, by Dominico Piola; and the Annunciation, by Michael Angelo Cambiagi.

After admiring these statues and pictures, we ascended, up light and easy stairs, to the top of the church; whence we enjoyed a most extensive and delightful view of the sea, the city, and the whole mass of magnificent buildings which it contains. In going up to the cupola, we found several resting places, or exterior galleries, made entirely of marble.

As we returned over the bridge which I mentioned before, our guide made us remark the height of the adjoining houses, which consist of ten floors.

The cathedral of St. Lawrence *, where we now bent our steps, has a fine front, or *façade*,

* This church was consecrated A. D. 260, and is said to be built on the spot where St. Lawrence once lodged in his journey from Spain to Rome. I do not answer for the truth of this holy tale.

built entirely of black and white marble, the colors of which are placed alternately. The architecture is Gothic. A picture (generally much commended) by Barrocci, the subject of which is Christ attended by the Virgin, St. John, and the Magdalen, appeared to me but an indifferent performance. It is in a chapel to the right.

Over the principal altar there is a fine statue, in bronze, of the Virgin; and in a chapel to the left, a beautiful picture of the Adoration of the Magi, by Cambiagi.

In a chapel near the door are deposited (so at least the Genoese piously believe) the ashes of St. John the Baptist, whose tomb forms the altar, which is supported by four pillars of porphyry.—Mrs. L. was with me when I entered the chapel; and as she happened to approach the altar, a monk, with horror and anger painted on his countenance, rushed forward, and earnestly requested her to retire, adding, that no woman was allowed to tread on this holy ground. I need not tell you how much I was entertained with this curious specimen of ungallant and senseless bigotry. In England, where the fair sex form the ornament of the churches, and afford the brightest examples in the performance of religious as well as every other duty, it will scarcely be credited that there are countries in which the female foot is

considered as contaminating those spots to which a peculiar idea of sanctity is attached. A person unacquainted with the doctrines of the church of Rome might from this circumstance be led to conjecture that among catholics, as among Mussulmans, women were supposed to have no souls.

Notre Dame des Vignes, which we also saw to-day, possesses a fine altar-piece by Puget, and is altogether a handsome church.

The Albergo or Palazzo di Poveri (the Palace of the Poor, as it may well be styled, from the extent and splendor of the edifice), is an hospital which has justly excited the peculiar notice and commendation of philanthropic travelers. After mounting a gentle ascent, I came into an avenue, formerly ornamented with trees (which were cut down during the revolution), and saw a vast pile of building, over which appears the following Latin inscription:

Auspice Deo,
civium providentiâ et
liberalitate,
montes defecti, vallis
coæquata,
fluentum concameratum
alveus derivatus,
egenis cogendis, alendis,
officio pietate
instituendis,
ædes extructæ,
anno salutis MDCIV.

In English—

Under the Providence of God,
by the care and munificence of
the citizens of this state,
mountains were leveled, a plain
was formed,
a river arched over,
a pipe was built for the
conveyance of water,
a house was erected
for
the general reception and maintenance of
the poor,
and for forming them to habits
of moral and religious duty,
in the year of our Lord MDCIV.

The stairs, which are lofty, and of marble, are ornamented, as well as the antechamber, with the statues of the founders and benefactors. In the chapel, which is an elegant specimen of light architecture, an Assumption of the Virgin, by Puget, is much admired. On the left, in entering the chapel, is the celebrated bas-relief, by Michael Angelo, of La Pieta, or Dead Christ in the arms of his mother.

The arrangement of this hospital is extremely good: the men and women have each their separate establishment. Including girls and boys, there are seven hundred and fifty females and two hundred and sixty males, all of whom are fed, clothed, and instructed out of the funds of this institution. The food of each individual consists of a small basin of soup, made of vege-

tables, macaroni, and oil, which is served for dinner; and a similar portion for supper. This provision, however slender it may appear to us, amply suffices for an Italian stomach; and few of the laboring people in this country have so comfortable a meal. I was much pleased with the appearance of the children, who were clean and lively. The females are superintended by a congregation of nuns, who devote their lives to this truly pious service.

On leaving the Albergo di Poveri I went to the church of La Vierge de St. Nicolas, which stands on a vast eminence, and commands a fine view of the Mediterranean and the city.—The church, though not large, is elegantly built, and uncommonly clean. It is likewise remarkable for a handsome flight of marble steps, by which the principal altar is approached.

These objects occupied my first day. The next day, being Sunday, was begun by a visit to the churches of St. Lawrence and the Annunciation; at each of which we heard high mass performed. The music was not good at either; but the crowd of penitents, or spectators (I know not which term is the more appropriate), was very great.

I then walked round the moles, or piers, and witnessed, what M. de Paty * so justly deplores,

* *Vide* his Letters on Italy.

the unhappy state of the galley-slaves. These wretched criminals are chained to each other, and crowded together in the old hulk of a ship, which now contains more than a thousand, consisting entirely of malefactors,—for there are no longer any Turkish prisoners detained here. Some of these had for many years little shops near the vessel, where they were allowed to carry on a kind of traffic. My *laquais de place*, having imbibed the ancient prejudice of his country against the Mohammedans, seemed to regret their enfranchisement, for he said, with an oath, "Do you know, sir, that those madmen who first formed our government after the revolution were so obliging as to give these fellows their liberty! It is a vast pity! You see those empty shops?—they were once filled with slaves. They sold excellent coffee."

I was not able to see any other sight this morning, as the churches were crammed with persons attending mass, which is said at almost every hour in the day; and the palaces for the same reason could not be seen, as the *custodes* (so they call the servants employed in taking charge of galleries) were either praying or amusing themselves.

I was taken in the evening to a *cassino*, or subscription assembly, which I found very dull. There were present only five or six ladies and ten or twelve men, scattered over a long suit

of spacious apartments, which were but imperfectly lighted. There was also a billiard and a reading room. In the latter I perused the newspapers: and returned to my hotel at an early hour.

Monday, Oct. 18.—I visited the palace of the doge, which is now called the National Palace. The first room which I entered was that in which the little council formerly held its meetings. The next is the vast hall which the great council occupied under the old government, and where the provisional administration which was formed immediately after the revolution also sat. This fine room, one hundred and fifteen feet long by forty-two wide, has lately been repaired by the munificence of the present doge, Geronimo Durazzo, who belongs to one of the richest and noblest families of this city. At the end of the hall is a fine picture, representing John de Lusignan receiving his liberty and his crown from the doge of Genoa. The statues of Doria * and other great men, which formerly adorned the staircase, were pulled to pieces during the first moments of democratic phrensy.

The architecture of this palace is by Simon

* "Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the doge's palace, with the glorious title of Deliverer of the Commonwealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its Preserver."—*Addison's Italy.*

Carter. The ceiling of the great room is decorated with a painting representing the family of Gustiniani and the island of Scio receiving independence from Liguria.

In the chapel of the palace is a fine picture, the subject of which is the arrival of the ashes of St. John the Evangelist, and their public reception at Genoa by the doge accompanied by the other officers of state.

From the National Palace I went to the palace of Giovanni Luca Durazzo, a relative of the present doge. The staircase is magnificent, —formed entirely of light green marble. The rooms are handsomely furnished, kept in good order, and ornamented with several fine pictures.

The former college of the Jesuits (now the university) stands near the palace which I have just mentioned. The entrance is magnificent; and at the bottom of the stairs a fine figure of a lion, cut in stone, arrests the attention of passengers.

My next visit was to the Palazzo Sera: and, after M. de Paty's pompous description of this mansion, I was much disappointed. The house is not large, if compared with many others at Genoa; and has nothing very remarkable, but the *salon*, or drawing-room, which is indeed dazzling with gold and glass—but, in my opinion, there is a great deal too much of the former for the decorations to be in good taste;

and the latter consists of so many pieces, that those who have seen the large mirrors which abound in Paris cannot be struck with this.—On the ceiling is a fine painting, representing the triumph of Spinola, a Genoese general.

In the church of the Magdalen I admired a ceiling painted by the indefatigable Carloni, whose works are met with in every part of this town.

S. Sero has also a ceiling by Carloni. This church is not large, but is built entirely of marble, and the architecture is elegant. It boasts a Descent from the Cross, and another good picture; both by Rubens.

The church of St. Philip Negri (or the Oratory of St. Philip, as it is otherwise called) is a handsome edifice. In the chapel to the left of the altar is a beautiful statue of the Virgin, by Puget.

The roof of St. Luke is much admired. I believe the painting is by Carloni.

The Palazzo Durazzo, belonging to Geronimo Durazzo, the present doge, which we next visited, has an immense front,—each floor having twenty-five windows in a row. The entrance, also, is grand and striking. The palace is at present divided into two habitations,—that to the right being occupied by the sister of the doge; and that to the left, by his wife. They are joined on the first floor by a gallery, or

terrace, made entirely of marble, and which commands a very fine view of the sea.

In the former division, on entering the first room I saw the celebrated picture of Susannah at the Bath, by Rubens; and another picture, said also to be by him. In the next room, a fine Roman Daughter, and Abraham Offering up his son Isaac, beautifully painted. In the third room is the original and justly-esteemed picture of the Magdalen at the Feet of our Saviour. This picture is erroneously said by Lalande to be the work of Rubens: it is from the pencil of Paul Veronese.

In the gallery, on the left I remarked an original bust of a Roman emperor in high preservation. There are also here the busts of Darius, Sardanapalus, Augustus, and Ptolemy. —The floor of this gallery is of fine red marble; and at the end is a statue, representing the rape of Proserpine, made of one piece of marble. There are also figures of the cardinal virtues. Over the door, I read the following inscription in golden letters:—

Assyrius, Græcus, Romanus, Persius, alto
Jam stetit, everso nunc jacet, imperio:—
Extulit integritas, gravitas moderatio fortem
Subruit imbellem, Bacchus, Apollo, Venus.

The idea of which lines may be conveyed in the following:

Th' Assyrian, Græcian, Roman, in his day,
Obtain'd, then lost again, imperial sway:—
The paths of Virtue are the paths to pow'r;
Who quits its track for Pleasure, reigns no more.

In the other division of the palace, which I entered by the terrace mentioned before, I contemplated with wonder and admiration the celebrated picture of the Death of Seneca. It is indeed incomparable; and De Paty has for once not been extravagant in his praises, when he observed, that, in seeing this picture, he had seen the death of Seneca. There is, in the same room, a beautiful picture, the subject of which is taken from Tasso.

There are many other pictures, and among them a copy of the Magdalen at the feet of our Saviour, of which original I spoke in my account of the other division of this palace.—After the Death of Seneca, it is impossible to bear any of the other pictures: any where else they would be excellent; but, comparatively, they are nothing.

With the exception of the pictures, I cannot say that the interior of the Palazzo Durazzo answered the expectations which I had formed both from its great reputation and from its external magnificence. There are no very large rooms, and nothing remarkable in the furniture, which is now old and dirty.

From the palace of Durazzo we went to the

church of the Annunciation *, or *della Nunciazzione*, as it is called in Italian. This is one of the finest edifices of Genoa, and the most ornamented of all the churches. I have been there several times already; but I did not mention it before, as it was not till to-day that I was able to examine it with that attention which it deserves. The roof was painted by Carloni: it is extremely rich, but rather tawdry. The ceiling, near the top, has lost its colors, in consequence of the damp. The pillars of the church are large, handsome, and are made of white and red marble.

Over the great door is the celebrated *Cene*, or Last Supper, by Procaccini, which is wretchedly placed. The light is so bad, that it is difficult to distinguish any of the figures in this picture.

In the chapel, to the left of the principal entrance, I perceived an admirable picture of St. Clement on the Rack, by Carloni.

The pulpit, which is ascended by an elegant mathematical staircase, is formed of one block of marble.

The chapels to the right and left of the principal altar have each four pillars of a beautiful

* "The churches," says Mr. Addison, "are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint."—*Addison's Italy.*

marble, taken from Sestri, in the neighbourhood of this town.

In a chapel on a level with the great altar, I remarked an *al-fresco* painting of Christ's Dispute with the Doctors, by Julio Benso, and one of his Presentation in the Temple, by the same artist. The ceiling in this chapel is in the best style of Carloni.

The monk, who acted as our guide, now led Mrs. L. and myself into the *sacristie* * of the adjoining monastery. We found here the following good pictures: — The Marriage of Joseph and the Virgin; the Baptism of our Saviour; the Marriage in Cana; a Baptism in America; a Crucifixion, by Cambiagi; and a Martyrdom in Japan, by Louis Lebrun. There are also in this room a few small pictures from the Dutch school.

In returning into the church, we met, at the door of the *sacristie*, another monk of the same community, who, less liberal than our civil conductor, bitterly upbraided and menaced him with excommunication for allowing a wo-

* The *sacristie* of a catholic church is a kind of vestry-room, in which the priests put on their pontifical robes, and where all the treasures of the church are deposited. It generally forms the channel of communication between the church and the adjoining convent, but it properly forms part of the latter. — As we have no English word which exactly describes the same thing, I must be pardoned for using this French term through the whole of the work.

man to contaminate the holy residence of the fraternity.—This is the second specimen I have met with already of senseless bigotry at Genoa: yet we are in the nineteenth century, and in a republic under the protection of *philosophical* France.

My *laquais de place* well observed, that the holy fathers need not be so scrupulous, since, a few months before, they were not only obliged, while the French soldiers were quartered there, to allow females to enter their walls, but even to sleep there.—Probably the *latter* circumstance did not occur for the *first* time during the invasion of a foreign enemy!

After dinner we strolled into *La Cossola*, the present fashionable walk; but we found but little company there. We afterwards made the tour of the ramparts. The view from this position is delightful.

October 19.—We set out this morning in a hired carriage, a light handsome coach well calculated for the country, with windows on every side, to see the gardens of Principe Doria and those of Lomellino at Peggi, a mile beyond Sestri. The journey thither was very pleasant, the road running the whole way on the shore of the Mediterranean. We stopped first at the garden of the Principe Doria, which is the most distant of the two from Genoa. The grounds are laid out in the true bad French

taste, and have nothing to recommend them but the vicinity of the sea, and the beauty of lemon and orange trees, growing in great abundance and full of fruit, in the open air,—a sight truly new and welcome to an English eye. There were formerly here several pieces of artificial water; but the French having plundered the lead, they are now destroyed, and the ruins only are visible. I cannot say that this loss is much to be regretted, as every person of taste must think that nothing can be more ridiculous than a *jette-d'eau* on the shores of the Mediterranean. Lofty trees afford an agreeable shade; and altogether there is sufficient capability to make of this garden a delightful retreat; but, in its present state, I can by no means recommend it to the notice of travelers. It is, also, neglected, dirty, and out of order. The house is said to possess some good pictures; but the young *principe*, a boy of fourteen, who is lodged here, thought fit to refuse us the permission of seeing them.

We next went to the garden of Lomellino, which M. de Paty has described in such glowing colors. The lady to whom the place belongs (a daughter of the family of Lomellino, —for the male line expired with the last doge of that name) not only permitted us to see her grounds, but received us herself, in a very civil manner, as we passed through the drawing-

room, which opens into the garden.—This much-vaunted spot is laid out in very bad taste, and filled with every thing the least appropriate to the situation. Little waterspouts, not fifty yards from the Mediterranean in all its magnificence; contemptible buildings, in one of which (*such as in our country we carefully conceal*) I was desired to admire the *marble seat;* miniature amphitheatres, where plays and balls are sometimes given; Chinese pagodas not larger than the summer-houses of London citizens; ponds of stagnant water; and a hermitage, where the figure of an old man cut in wood, with a shaking head, is placed, to surprise and terrify simple unsuspecting strangers —these are the ornaments of this celebrated garden. Yet, notwithstanding the labor which has been employed and the money which has been expended in order to destroy the real beauties of these grounds, they still possess many charms: there is an abundance of fine trees; shade may be always found—(no inconsiderable pleasure in a hot climate); and in many places, particularly from a temple to which one is led in coming from the hermitage, the prospect is delightful: I know of no situation in which the Mediterranean is seen to greater advantage. There is also a kind of pavilion, in a circular form, commanding the best points of view, where strangers who have

brought their provisions are allowed to dine, and in the middle of which a large marble table is placed for that purpose.—The grounds are extensive, and, notwithstanding the execrable taste with which they have been arranged, must in the summer months be extremely pleasant.

In returning from this garden, we stopped on our road home at a former palace, now an inn; where we were shown a large grotto, yet imperfect, the completion of which had been prevented by the arrival of the French.

We next went to a country-seat of Giacomo Filippo Durazzo, called Corneliana. The entrance is handsome; and the staircase, built entirely of white marble, is light, easy of ascent, and elegant in its construction. Of the garden, also on the shore of the sea, I shall say nothing, but that it is laid out entirely *à la Française.*—In the rooms above there is a very pretty collection of natural history, called the Museum, which, though not extensive, deserves to be visited. Animals, birds, shells, and insects, are properly classed and correctly named. The whole is kept in good order, and perfectly clean, though the proprietor has not been here since the revolution. This is the more extraordinary, as a party of French soldiers have been constantly quartered in the house.—In the antechamber below I observed a good pic-

ture of Judith, which is said to have been painted by Rubens.

Before we reached Genoa I stopped at La Lanterna, as the great lighthouse is called; and, ascending to the top, enjoyed a most magnificent view of the sea, the shipping, and the town. The ascent was easy.

We dined at our hotel, and went in the evening to the play. The theatre is neither large nor handsome, but the audience was numerous. The pit was completely full, and many of the boxes were occupied. The scene altogether was lively. The piece performed was the "Tartuffe" of Moliere, translated from the French; and the little I understand of Italian being aided by my acquaintance with the subject, enabled me to understand the dialogue. The acting seemed to be far from bad.

Wednesday, Oct. 20.—I went, after breakfast, to see the winter residence, or palace, of Principe Doria*, which stands beyond the gates. I was much disappointed: the house is now a

* "The duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best finished within. There is one room in the first that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced,—as perhaps there is no house in Europe that can show a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country."—*Addison's Italy.*

This tapestry is either destroyed or removed: I did not see it.

complete ruin: there is no furniture, there are no pictures, left: in short there is nothing worth seeing. The gallery, indeed, remains; but it is dirty, and unornamented.

In the garden I saw the figure of Andrew Doria, in the character of Neptune, drawn by three horses, executed in marble; and the celebrated terrace; the view from which is incomparable. Under this terrace is also a kind of gallery, or second terrace, from which the same prospect is enjoyed; with the additional convenience of a roof, which shelters the passenger from the sun in summer, and from the rain in winter. The length of this gallery, supported with lofty pillars, is two hundred and fifty French feet.

In going away from the palace of Doria, I was led to a house belonging to Giacomo Luca Durazzo. The situation is delightful, also on the shore of the sea. The garden is pretty, standing on an eminence. At the highest point is placed a belvidere, whence the extraordinary landscape which this country affords is enjoyed in the greatest perfection. The house is not large; but there are some good rooms in it; and all of them are clean, neat, and handsomely furnished. The ceiling of the principal apartment is ornamented with a painting *al-fresco*, the work of Carloni, representing the Triumphs of Ambrogio de Neri, to whose fa-

mily this villa originally belonged. There is a grotto on one side of the house which also deserves a visit.

I afterwards went to see Il Palazzo di Giacomo Filippo Corregia. Most of the rooms present only the sad remains of former grandeur; and the walls are now naked, where once were seen the masterpieces of the art of painting. There is, however, still perfect, an elegant gallery, rich in gold and glass. The ceiling also boasts a fine picture by the abbate di Ferrare; and on the door-pieces are represented several scenes of the Æneid, by the same artist.

To conclude my account of Genoa*.—Few places in the world so well repay the trouble of visiting them, as does this interesting town. The situation alone is so delightful, and presents a prospect so new and so rich, that a traveler who was to return an hour after his arrival would have no reason to complain—the trouble of his journey, however great, would

* Mr. Addison justly observes, speaking of Genoa, that "a man would expect, in so very ancient a town of Italy, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature, is an old rostrum of a Roman ship, that stands over the door of the arsenal."—*Addison's Italy.*

The bank of St. George, mentioned by Addison and other writers as one of the most remarkable things in the government of Genoa, fell of course with the latter.

be amply compensated by the pleasure of the first *coup d'œil:* but the city itself abounds in objects of curiosity. The churches are, if possible, too beautiful. An ingenious traveler has complained that they look like splendid ball-rooms, and the comparison is just. Many of them are built entirely of marble, and the rest of stone. The decorations within are sumptuous. The pillars which support them are of the most valuable marble, and cut with the nicest art: statues by distinguished artists, and *chefs-d'œuvres* in painting, add their attractions; and while gilded cornices and lofty domes fix the notice of some passengers, the attention of others is arrested by the precious stones which glitter in many of the altars, and by the elegant architecture of the different chapels.

Nor are the houses of individuals (here properly called palaces) less deserving of observation. Though many of the sumptuous mansions of which Genoa is formed lost during the revolution the furniture with which they were once decorated, yet a number still remains untouched sufficiently great to delight and astonish the admiring eye of strangers.

In beholding the public and private magnificence of this city, I reflected with peculiar pleasure on the causes which have produced its prosperity. The riches of the town, and those

of its private citizens, are both derived from the successful efforts of industry and commerce. Nor can that species of luxury be justly censured, of which such splendid monuments are here exhibited, displaying itself in the liberal patronage of the fine arts, and in the decorations of a great and once-flourishing city.

Genoa has suffered much from revolution, and still more from war and the loss of its independence; but, under the auspices of restored peace and internal tranquillity, it now begins to revive. The wild form of government established after the abolition of the old one, and the obscure individuals of whom it was formed, have been dismissed. The office of doge, restored in the person of one of the noblest and wealthiest individuals of the late republic, has recalled to the memory of the desponding Genoese their former glory; and though they have yet but a shadow of their ancient government, it is still dear to them, and the hopes of better days are revived.

The nobles have not forgotten the source of their original wealth; and, rising superior to those little prejudices which have occasioned the poverty and downfall of their order in other countries, still devote themselves to commercial pursuits. Nobility, I need scarcely observe, is not legally allowed in this or in any other of

the republics under the French domination; but I still speak of its members as of a body, because here, as well as every-where else, they remain as distinguished as ever by public opinion, which on such subjects is superior to law. Some of the most illustrious of these (such, for instance, as the prince Doria) have retired from Genoa; but their families remain here; nor have the properties of the absentees been confiscated. Forced loans and requisitions, with the losses of unsuccessful commerce, have ruined some and impoverished others; but there are still many rich individuals at Genoa; among whom the present doge and some others are distinguished examples.

The future state of this country must entirely depend on the fortune of Europe. If peace* continue between England and France, Genoa (or the republic of Liguria, as it is now called) may recover some portion of its former prosperity; but, on the other hand, should war be rekindled, the unhappy citizens of this once-flourishing commonwealth, compelled to contribute

* This was of course written long before the present war. --- I fear that the Genoese are at this moment in the wretched state which I here foresaw: nor will their late forced union with France either improve their political advantages or increase their happiness. What evil can be greater to a nation which was once free, than the loss of independence?

to the expenses of the French government, and prevented by our ships from carrying on their usual trade, can see nothing before them but ruin and beggary.

The fortifications and other military positions taken during the memorable siege, have been often pointed out to me; but, as I am not a military man, I will not tire you with attempting to relate what really I did not understand.

The stagnant state of trade in this place prevents its presenting so bustling a scene as it must have afforded in other days; yet, on the piers and near the shipping, the scene even at present is very lively.

The women of Genoa are handsome and well made, certainly the best looking of the sex whom I have yet seen in Italy; and persons who have completed their tour assure me that the ladies of this place greatly exceed the rest of their countrywomen in the advantages of beauty. The *mezzaro*, or long veil, which the females of Genoa are celebrated for putting on with so much grace, is still in use. They have not any other peculiarity of dress; nor is the short cloak, mentioned by several travelers as worn by men of a certain rank, any more to be seen.

The principal streets are still called La Strada

Balbi, and La Strada Nouva *. They have, indeed, some new revolutionary appellations, but which, like those of the same derivation at Paris, are totally disregarded. They are handsome in length, and in the houses which compose them; but their want of breadth takes from their beauty.

The fountains, which supply the town with water, are formed by an aqueduct which comes from Scaffara, five miles to the east of Genoa. It passes by the gate of St. Bartholomew, gives motion to several mills within the town, and divides itself into separate canals in different quarters of the eastern part of Genoa. In the western, there are cisterns and reservoirs.

Most travelers embark from this place, in a felucca, for Leghorn, and go by land from the latter town to Florence; but the bad accommodations of those boats, united to Mrs. L.'s dislike of sea voyages, have decided us, spite of the dangers and difficulties which attend the passage of the Bochetta, to return to Novi, and to proceed thence to Milan, Florence, and Rome.

Adieu! You shall hear from me very soon. —I leave Genoa to-morrow. I am, &c.

* "The new street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit."—*Addison's Italy.*

LETTER XII.

Return over the Bochetta to Novi—Journey to Pavia—Passage over the Po—Passage over the Tesin—University of Pavia—Cabinet of natural history—Horto Botanico—Chapel of S. Maria in Pertica (made entirely of human skulls and bones)—Collegio Borromeo—Church of La Chartreuse, between Pavia and Milan — Different chapels of the same — Journey thence to Milan—Arrival there.

Milan, Oct. 24, 1802.

My dear sir,

WE arrived at this place yesterday evening, having visited on the road the city of Pavia and the celebrated church of the Chartreuse. I now send you an account of the journey.

On the morning of the 21st we left Genoa. The weather was fine when we first set out, but it soon changed: the rain began to fall as we ascended the Bochetta, and increased to such a degree of violence before we reached the summit, that we found ourselves almost in the dark, though it was scarcely noon. We were attended by the same guards who accompanied us in crossing the mountain before; and, after a long and tiresome journey, we arrived without accident at Novi. Here, though the town is small, we had the good fortune to procure very com-

fortable accommodations at an inn called *La Porta della Piazza.*

We did not set out the following morning till nine o'clock, supposing that our journey to Pavia, where we purposed sleeping, would be short and easy. In this expectation we were much disappointed. The roads were heavy; the postillions were indolent in their manner of driving, and insolent in their language; we lost a vast deal of time in changing horses; and the stages were tiresomely long: in short, this was a very fatiguing day's journey; and the weather was abominable. At the second custom-house on the side of the (*ci-devant* Piedmontese) now French territories, we were stopped, and the officers insisted on examining our trunks. After detaining us some time in the rain, we were obliged to give them money to prevent any further interruption, and were at last allowed to proceed.

It was almost night when we crossed the river Po, in a large ferry-boat, so constructed that ten carriages may pass at a time without taking off the horses. It is supported by a string of small boats, and joins a floating bridge on the other side. When we had finished this passage, the custom-house officers of the "Italian republic" (into the government of which we now entered) came to visit our carriage; but a little piece of silver softened every diffi-

culty, and we were allowed to continue our route without further interruption.

We did not reach Pavia* till seven in the evening. At the gates of the town (at which we arrived after passing the Tesin on a bridge, and another river in a boat) we should again have been stopped by the officers of the *douane*, but my courier had had the precaution to show my passport, and to give the fee, which is the real cause of the zeal of these gentry. We were therefore only asked for our names, and, having given them, were allowed to proceed.

We found a comfortable apartment and a wretched supper at *La Croix Blanche*, the principal inn of Pavia.

October 23.—I set out this morning, accompanied by a *laquais de place*, to see the curio-

* "Pavia is the Ticinum of the ancients, which took its name from the river Ticinus, that runs by it, and that is now called the Tesin. This river falls into the Po, and is excessively rapid. The bishop of Salisbury says that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I don't know, therefore, why Silius Italicus has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description that he has given of it.—

'Cæruleus Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso,
Perspicuus servat turbari nescia fundo.'

Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows,
And through the crystal stream the shining bottom shows."
Addison's Italy.

sities of Pavia. I went first to the university *, and saw with great pleasure the collection or cabinet of natural history formed by Spallanzani. The arrangement is admirable, and the manner in which the institution is conducted deserves every praise. A respectable and well-informed person showed and explained the whole. The cabinet consists of human forms, of monkeys, quadrupeds, bipeds, birds of every kind, reptiles, and fossils; and two other rooms contain a valuable collection of mineralogy; and a third is filled with optical and other mechanical instruments, mostly English. The theatre is a handsome room, ornamented with eight antique pillars of marble, and with the busts of Franklin, Galileo, and another Italian philosopher whose name I have forgotten. It is here that the lectures given by the professors of the university are read. There is in the same building a large public library, and an anatomical school; but these rooms were locked up, the present being the season of vacation, and I was not able to see them.

* "In Pavia is a university of seven colleges, one of 'em call'd the college of Borromee, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue, in brass, of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of Pavia call Charles the Fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great."—*Addison's Italy.*

This statue is no more—*vide* p. 237.

The Horto Botanico, or botanical garden of Pavia, is large, and appears to possess many valuable plants.

The chapel Di Morti, which is seen in the church of S. Maria in Pertica (originally an ancient temple), is formed entirely of the skulls and bones of the French and Spaniards who in the famous battle of Pavia were drowned in attempting to cross the bridge. These skulls and bones are arranged, like the tiles of a house, with horrid precision; and a single lamp gives a glimmering and melancholy light. A box is handed to those strangers who are led hither by curiosity, into which the pious and charitable are desired to drop a few *sous* towards the expense of masses for the souls of those whose relics are here deposited. The chapel has thus become a source of revenue to the priests of the church in which it is situated.

The Collegio Borromeo (where I next went) is a fine building, which, like all the other colleges of Pavia, was filled during the war with French soldiers; but I was told that it is about to be applied to its original purpose. The great *salle*, or principal hall, possesses many fine paintings by the two Zuccaris, in *fresco*, representing the Nomination of St. Charles Borromeo, the founder, to the cardinalate. The ceiling is ornamented with a painting representing the

Procession of St. Charles round the city of Milan in the time of the plague, by Cæsare Hannibale di Orvietto. A fine statue of the founder of the college, in bronze, is still seen near the gate of the college.

The cathedral of Pavia has never been finished, but even in its present state it has a venerable appearance. There are some good pictures here; but I was prevented from examining them, as the different altars, over which they are suspended, were occupied by priests saying mass.

The fine statue of a Roman emperor, mentioned by Mr. Addison, and which formerly stood near the cathedral, was destroyed during the Vandalism of the late revolution, because it had attached to it the epithet of *imperial.*

The bridge over the Tesin still bears the marks of the celebrated battle in which so many French and Spaniards lost their lives; and the part which was blown up is only repaired with boards. This bridge, like the bridges in Switzerland, has a penthouse or tiled covering attached to it, under which travelers pass—an excellent invention, preventing the damage so often done to such edifices by the melting of the snow from the mountains.

We left Pavia about twelve o'clock, and drove thence to the celebrated church of La

Chartreuse *, five miles from Pavia, and fifteen from Milan. It stands at a short distance from the high road, on the right coming from the former city. The church is approached by an avenue of fine and lofty trees; and, after entering the gates, one beholds a majestic marble front in Gothic taste, promising the splendor which is contained within.

In the first chapel, to the right of the principal gate, is a fine picture of S. Neronica, by Camillo Procaccini. The altar is of beautiful marble worked in Mosaic, and the pillars which support it are of oriental granite.

The second chapel on that side remains in the same state in which M. Lalande † found it

* The church of the Chartreuse was founded by John Galeas Visconti, first duke of Milan, who died in 1402. In 1765 fifty Carthusian monks inhabited this building. This order was suppressed by the emperor in 1782. A certain number of other monks have since performed the functions of the church.

Mr. Addison says --- "I saw between Pavia and Milan the convent of the Carthusians, that is very spacious and beautiful. This church is extremely fine, and curiously adorn'd out of a Gothic structure."—*Addison's Italy.*

† See M. Lalande's *Voyage en Italie,* vol. 1.—I must be pardoned for frequently appealing to this work, as I traveled with it in my hand, considered it as my universal guide, and found it highly useful. It not only pointed out to me the objects most worthy of notice in every part of Italy, but, in making me acquainted with the appearance of

thirty years ago. The pictures of Macrino, a contemporary of Perugino, are not much commended by that accurate traveler. The altar has a bas-relief, representing the history of St. Hugo, cut out in marble. The walls are ornamented with paintings al-fresco by Carloni.

In the third chapel is a picture of St. Benedict, by Scornaro of Venice. The altar is decorated with Mosaics, and the pillars are of French marble.

In the fourth chapel there is a fine old picture of our Saviour, by Fossani. There is also a beautiful bas-relief by Volpeno. I was much pleased with the al-fresco ornaments of the walls.

In the fifth chapel, the picture of San Siro is by Fossani; and the walls are painted al-fresco by Antonio Basci. The pillars of the altar are of black marble taken from Rome. The altar itself is of rich Mosaic.

In the sixth chapel Guercino's picture of the Virgin, with St. Peter and St. Paul, is now nearly spoiled by the damp. Had it been in a better state probably the French would not have left it here. The pillars of the altar are of French

these before the late war, enabled me to judge of the changes which this event had occasioned.

marble. The altar itself is particularly beautiful, in rich Mosaic,—the work of eighteen years. The paintings al-fresco represent St. Peter crucified, by Stefano Montelli.

In the seventh chapel, the Annunciation, by Camillo Procaccini; a bas-relief of the Nativity, by Lello; an al-fresco painting of St. Joseph, by Stefano Montaldo; and the pillars of the altar, of Genoese green marble; are the objects which deserve notice.

From the sacristie, the French have taken four pictures of Procaccini: four still remain, but two of them are quite spoiled by the damp. There are also left the following: — the Annunciation, by Giulio Cæsare Procaccini; the Crowning with Thorns, by Pagi; the Ascension of the Virgin, by Bernardini Campi; and the Birth of our Saviour, by John Baptist Gwalhera, cut out in stone.

The French have taken away all the lead of the church, by which the roof has been materially injured.

The principal altar, which fronts the door, is magnificent beyond description. Over the altar stands a model, in miniature, of the church, made in marble: and a bas-relief, by a pupil of Michael Angelo, deserves notice. Superb agates, lapes lazuli, and other stones, are profusely scattered about this altar. There

is also a beautiful picture of St. Paul and St. Anthony, by Crespi.

In the first chapel, to the left of the altar, I remarked a picture of St. Bruno and St. Christopher, by Crespi, and some ancient bronze candalabra. The other chapels on this side are in the same state as they appeared thirty years ago. In the last, I admired a beautiful Mosaic altar, the work of which is said to have consumed the labor of eighteen years.

The great gates, which lead to the principal chapel, or altar, are of copper, and have the appearance of gold.

The *voute*, or ceiling, of the church is of blue and gold. The blue is of a beautiful composition, and cost even more than the gold. The roof is a model of that of the cathedral of Milan.

Over the gate of the church, on the outside, is written—

Marie Virgini,
matri, filie,
sponse Dei *.

* I copy literally the inscription, without altering the orthography: the æ diphthong is not used. The inscription is in English:—

To the Virgin Mary,
the mother, the daughter,
the wife of God.

Such is this magnificent church, justly esteemed one of the finest in Italy. I make no apology for troubling you with so particular an account, as this is an object which generally excites a considerable portion of public curiosity. I wish it had been in my power to convey to you, however imperfectly, some idea of the extreme richness displayed in the decorations of the different chapels, which indeed are truly superb.

The road from the Carthusian church to Milan is wide and handsome; but, from the rains which had lately fallen, we found it very heavy. Rice grows in the fields on each side. I remarked its verdure, which is uncommonly fine.

As we approached Milan, we saw several stage-waggons, each drawn by four horses, and carrying twelve or fourteen persons, who were seated on suspended benches.

We did not reach Milan till five o'clock,—the posting being uncommonly bad. At the gates we were asked for our passport; and, after driving through a large, populous, and not very handsome city, we stopped at *Albergo della Citta*, to which we had been recommended; but that house being full, we were obliged to go to another inn, and drove to *Albergo Imperiale*, where we found large, dull,

uncomfortable apartments: but, as my philosophical guard said on the Apennines, "Il faut se rendre heureux partout."

Adieu! When I have seen something of Milan, you shall hear from me again.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIII.

Geographical account of Milan—General appearance of the town—First view of the cathedral—Palace of the vice-president—Review there—Public garden, and Corso di Orientali—Pedestrians and equipages there—Chapel of Santo Bernardo di Morti, made of human bones and skulls—Visit to the cathedral—Exterior ornaments—Pictures and statues within—View from the top of the church—Chapel of St. Charles Borromée, or Borromeo—Note containing the history of that saint—Body of St. Charles—Baptistery—Archives of Milan—Ambrosian library—Its various curiosities—Casa Borromea—Church of Le Grazie, and the adjoining convent, where, in a refectory (made a stable by the French), appears the celebrated picture by Leonardo da Vinci, of the Last Supper—Visit of an impromptu poet—Opera-house, or principal theatre, of Milan—Signora Corforini—Il Monasterio Maggiore—S. Ambrogio—S. Agostino—S. Francesca Maggiore—San Vittore, or St. Victor—Church of St. Jerome—La Casa Litti—The castello, or castle, of Milan—S. Simpliciano—S. Marc—College of Brera—Botanical garden—Casa Clerici---Archeveche, or archiepiscopal palace---Pictures there---L'Ospedale Maggiore---Prisons, or Carceri---Lazaretto---Ramparts, or Corso---Casa di Correzione---Count Belgiosa's palace, now the residence of general Murat---Palazzo Ducale---Helvetic college---Seminarium---Casa Arese---Gallery of pictures there---Canals---Church of S. Alessandro---Cathedral lighted preparatory to the fête of St. Charles Borromée ---Ceremonies of the same fête---S. Alessandro---S. Fidele---General account of Milan.

Milan Nov. 4, 1802.

My dear sir,

I HAVE made a longer stay in this city than I originally proposed, owing to the

long continuance of rain. This circumstance has increased the rivers over which we must pass in going to Florence, to such a height, that it was only to-day I learned they were again become fordable. This delay has enabled me to view the curiosities of this place with some attention; but I fear you will still think the account which I am about to give you very imperfect.

Milan (in Italian *Milano*, in Latin *Midiolanum*), a city containing one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, is situated in the plain of Lombardy, between the Adda and the Tesin. In point of population, it is the fourth city of Italy,—being only exceeded by Rome, Venice, and Naples; of which the latter is by far the greatest.

Having recalled to your memory the geographical position and reputed number of the inhabitants of this place, I shall proceed to give you a diary of my proceedings.

October 24.—I was able to see but little this morning, as it was Sunday; and on Sundays, in Italy, the churches are so crowded that it is impossible to examine either the pictures or the statues which they contain; and the palaces of individuals are shut,—the persons employed to show them being absent, either at their devotions or their amusements.

I spent the greater part of the day in wan-

dering about the town. Most of the streets are narrow, and far from handsome; but there are a few, particularly the one which runs towards the Corso, which is long, filled with fine houses, and worthy of notice.

My first visit was to the cathedral, which is venerable in its appearance, and seems to deserve its celebrity. I shall not speak of it at present, as I mean to make it the subject of another day's attention. I found here assembled a numerous congregation, listening to the discourse of a preacher, whose delivery was so clear, and whose action so forcible, that, though I have made but little progress in the Italian language, I understood every word which fell from him. The cathedral stands in the principal piazza, or square; to the left of which is the palace of the vice-president of the Italian republic.—In going away from the church, I was present at a review of the troops of the new government. The whole was an humble but exact imitation of the consular review at Paris. The French are aped in dress, in marching, manœuvring, &c. The only difference I perceived was, that the uniforms of the Italians were of dark green, instead of dark blue; and that the cockade was green, red, and white, instead of blue, red, and white. There were some very well-looking men among them; and all were handsomely clothed.

My *laquais de place* next conducted me to the public garden, and to the Corso di Orientali, both of which were crowded,—the former with well-dressed pedestrians, and the latter with carriages, many of which had a respectable appearance. The garden is not large, and is laid out in the French taste. It communicates with the Corso, which is a kind of rampart, running along a great part of the town, and planted on each side with trees. Under these trees there is a walk for foot passengers; and the road near it constitutes the fashionable place of exercise for gentlemen on horseback and ladies in carriages. I remarked some very pretty women, both among the pedestrians and among those of a higher class, to whom the equipages belonged.

After walking some time in this spot, and being well amused with the lively scene which it presented, I returned to dinner at my hotel; and in going thither visited the chapel of Santo Bernardo di Morti, which, like that of Pavia, already mentioned, has a singular and melancholy appearance, being entirely made of the bones and skulls of human beings.

In the evening I went again to the Corso, which was fuller of company, and consequently gayer, than in the morning. The population of this town seems very great indeed. The principal streets were actually crowded.

Oct. 25.—Mrs. L. and I began seeing Milan in detail. We went first to the cathedral, or, as it is commonly called, *Il Duomo*. Unfortunately for us, it was twelve o'clock before we came to the church; and it is a provoking circumstance in Italy, that, between that hour and four in the afternoon, it is impossible to see any of the objects of public curiosity, or even to make a purchase at a shop. At noon all business ceases: the sextons of churches, the *custodes* of palaces, and the venders of all articles of merchandise, shut their doors, dine, and sleep: nor will the consideration of emolument tempt them to change this habit, which is extremely inconvenient to strangers, and greatly retards their progress.

The outward door of the cathedral not being yet shut, we were allowed to see that part which at the usual hours is open to the public. It is a magnificent church, and rich in every part. The exterior, which is Gothic, and ornamented with figures, has never been finished*; but even in its present state it is very

* The following is Mr. Addison's account of this church, which applies exactly to its present state.—"The front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished; and the inside is so smutted with dust and the smoak of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver nor brass works, show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have bee

beautiful. The pictures representing the different events of the life of St. Charles Borromeo *, by Cerano Morrazzone and Giulio

of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building."——" This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country which has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said that there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure of the history-pieces, and several little images, that make up the equipage of those that are larger."---*Addison's Italy.*

* St. Charles Borromée, or Borromeo.---This is a saint of which many protestant readers will never have heard before. He is, however, one of the "blessed" to whom the Italians are particularly prodigal of their prayers. More masses are said at his shrine, more pictures exhibited of his pious works, and more appeals made in his name, than in that of any other of the many sanctified personages who crowd the Roman calendar. He may, indeed, be called the most fashionable of the catholic saints. His history is shortly this:---Born of a noble and wealthy family at Milan, he early devoted himself to the church, and became distinguished for his zeal, devotion, and pulpit oratory. On taking orders, he sold his property, and divided the produce among the poor. After many acts of piety, he became archbishop of Milan, and a cardinal. A plague happened during his episcopal government; and, fearless of contagion, he made a solemn procession round the town, carrying with him the most esteemed relics. This his countrymen of course considered as a certain and infallible mode of eradicating the fell disorder to which they were at that time subject. He died young, and was soon afterwards canonised,---contrary to the general rule of the Ro-

Cæsare Procaccini, still remain, and decorate the body of the church. The fine statue, descriptive with anatomical propriety of the person of St. Bartholomew, is still here; and the vain inscription of the artist is not effaced—

"Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrati*."

The chapel of the marquis Marignano, brother to pope Pius IV., of the house of Medici, praised by Lalande and other travelers, has suffered no loss but that of the title of "marquis," which the rage of republican zeal has eradicated from the inscription.

In the treasures (or, in other words, the jewels) of the church, there have been great losses; but I was still shown some fine and weighty silver crosses, some valuable rings and precious stones; also some specimens of beautiful needle-work, given to St. Charles by Peregrina, the ingenious female artist of these

man church, which does not ordinarily confer that honor till fifty years after the death of the person on whom it is proposed to bestow it. "His merit, and the importunity of his countrymen," as Mr. Addison observes, overcame this difficulty. The Milanese, in their prayers, require his mediation much oftener than that of our Saviour.

I take these particulars from M. Lalande, from Mr. Addison, and from the reports of the inhabitants of Milan.

* Thus Englished by Mr. Addison:—

"Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis Mark Agrati, not Praxiteles."

pieces, and with which, on festivals, the church is ornamented.

We next mounted, up stone stairs, which, notwithstanding the vast height, were far from difficult of ascent, to the top of the church. The work which has been employed to embellish this building is surprising; and the figures placed about the spires are innumerable. Five hundred years have elapsed since the cathedral was first begun, and yet it is not now half finished: probably it never will be completed. —The height of the church is five hundred and twelve steps, or four hundred and four feet, taken from the highest spot to which it is possible to mount. A golden figure of the Virgin, which stands on a spire still higher, is four hundred and fifty-four feet from the ground; and the figure itself is seventeen feet high. Henrico Gomodeo, a German, was the architect who first gave the plan of this building.— The view from the summit is grand and extensive: every part of the town is seen as in a panorama; while the Alps and Switzerland form the distant and magnificent objects with which the prospect is completed.

When we descended into the church, an abbé offered to show us the chapel of St. Charles Borromée, and with lighted torches led us still lower, into this spot, which is directly under the principal altar of the cathedral.

The chapel is ornamented with representations of the actions of the saint, cut out in solid silver. The body of St. Charles lies in a case of rock crystal, covered with another made of silver and richly gilt. The latter was removed at our desire. In doing so, our holy conductor did not forget to light the wax tapers on the altar, and to fall on his knees. We then saw the remains of this much-loved and far-worshipped prelate. His head is now a hideous skull, and forms a curious contrast to the magnificent robes, decked with gold and precious stones, with which it is surrounded. His episcopal crook lies by his side, rich in rubies; and a fine cross of emeralds is suspended over his breast. Vain attempt of human vanity!—all these costly ornaments are thrown away—they take not from the horror of Death; while the skeleton of St. Charles, though thus covered over with dazzling stones, presents but a disgusting and offensive sight.

Before we left the cathedral we examined the baptistery, or font of baptism. It is not of an extraordinary size, but curious, as being made entirely of porphyry.

Several additional pictures, historical of St. Charles, are now suspended about the body of the church, preparatory to the *fête* in honor of that saint, which is to be celebrated here on the fourth of the next month.

From the cathedral we went to see the archives of the town, which are well worth visiting. They are deposited in a handsome room, and arranged with wonderful order. From the windows of this room there is a fine view of the town.

From the archives we proceeded to the Ambrosian library, founded by cardinal Frederic Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, and nephew of St. Charles. For a particular account of this institution I must refer you to M. Lalande, who calls it the most interesting object at Milan after the cathedral, and states it to possess forty thousand volumes, besides a collection of pictures, statues, medals, machines, and natural history. I shall only speak of its present state.

The manuscript copy of the Antiquities of Josephus, translated by Ruffin, which was considered as the most valuable article in the library, has been taken away by the French. This manuscript was written on Egyptian papyrus, and was eleven hundred years old. The French have likewise removed another manuscript which used to excite no little curiosity, as the subject of it was the lives of the popes, and the author was said to have reported the election of a female pope (commonly known by the name of pope Joan). But M. Lalande, who enters into a digression on the subject,

seems not to believe the story, and declares, with all the faith of a good catholic, that it was a scandalous invention of the heretics *. He also asserts, on the authority of Mabillon, that the ceremony of the *chaise percée*, used at the consecration of the popes, was not occasioned by the supposed election of a female, but was adopted a century before the invention of this tale, in allusion to the words of the Psalmist—" de stercore erigens pauperem."—Were we (excommunicated heretics) to enter into the discussion of this delicate question, a pious Romanist would exclaim " Procul, procul, este profani." I therefore drop the subject, feeling no inclination to penetrate the secrets of the holy *chaise percée*. The manuscript in question is now at Paris.

The cabinet or museum of Manfredo Settala, an ingenious Milanese, much celebrated for his

* When M. Lalande wrote his book on Italy, the old government existed, and of course he then thought it prudent to defend the doctrines of the predominant religion. I understand that since the revolution he has shown no particular partiality for the opinions of the catholic church, and that he is considered as a decided freethinker. Perhaps it would be difficult to decide whether the first or the last of these sentiments was occasioned by political events. It is possible, indeed, that in both cases the learned Frenchman has only complied with the fashion of his country; and, as the Christian religion is now restored, it is not impossible that he may have again become a pious catholic.

learning, and who was the first person in Europe who formed an extensive collection in natural history, antiquities, machinery, and experimental philosophy, is still in the Ambrosian library.

In an apartment used as a school of sculpture I saw the colossal toe of St. Charles, copied from that of his statue in bronze, and which was elevated at Areno, near the Lago Maggiore, in honor of the saint. Copies of the works of Michael Angelo, and of the Apollo Belvidere, Hercules Farnese, &c., in plaster of Paris, are also seen here.

In the picture-gallery I found the Virgin, by Hannibal Caracci. The picture of a doctor, reported to be by Corregio, also remains; but it is not certain whether it comes from the pencil of the celebrated artist to whom it has generally been attributed. Raphael's cartoon of the School of Athens, of the same size as the well-known picture in the Vatican, has been removed. The Adoration of the Magi, by Sciavoni, is still here; as is likewise the Basket of Fruit, by Michael Angelo Carravagio, which has been so much commended by different travelers. The following pictures, by Leonardo da Vinci, still remain—viz., a Duchess of Milan, a St. John, and a Young Woman. The celebrated manuscripts of that painter (which were so highly valued by the Milanese that they

were seldom permitted to be seen, and for which the patriotic donor of them to this library refused three thousand guineas offered him by our James the First) were too valuable to escape the grasp of the conqueror. The beautiful picture of the Repose in Egypt, said to be by Bassano, is still here.

The picture of the Elements, by John Breughel, the Flemish painter, which was once seen in this library, has been removed; as have been all his other great works. Some small pieces by this artist remain. The statue of David holding the head of Goliath remains. The French have possessed themselves of the manuscript letters of Pope Pius the Second.

From the Ambrosian library we drove to the Casa Borromea, the mansion of the family of St. Charles, and where that prelate once resided. We were told at the porter's lodge that the furniture had been removed, and that nothing was left in the house worth observing.

Our next visit was to the church of Le Grazie. The cupola is beautiful, and deserves being seen; but the admirable picture of the Crowning with Thorns, by Titian, has been carried to Paris, and the original is now replaced by a copy. The St. Paul of Goddenzio Ferrari of Novarre, has also been taken away. The adjoining convent has been destroyed; and the French, during their stay at Milan,

made a stable for their horses of the refectory, which contains the most esteemed of all the works of Leonardo da Vinci, being an al-fresco painting on the wall of the Last Supper, and from which picture the well-known print, by Morgan of Florence, was taken. This charming original has suffered much from the damp, and from the use to which the room has been converted; but the figures are still beautiful, and the countenances speak the hand of a master. Unless this picture be soon recovered, I fear it will not much longer be visible. In a few years it must be totally effaced.

The excessive rain, which continued to fall, induced us to give up the attempt of seeing any thing more this morning. We returned to our inn; and were not a little surprised, after dinner, by the visit of an impromptu poet, who, rushing into the room, vociferated in a loud tone of voice, and with all the gestures peculiar to his countrymen, a long chain of complimentary verses.—Mrs. L. was at first rather alarmed, supposing that this son of the Muses was insane. She soon, however, perceived her mistake, and then shared the amusement which I received from the conversation and poetical effusions of my new acquaintance. He of course offered me his works*, which I

* Among some manuscript sonnets which this fellow sent me a few days after, was one in honor of the English nation.

thought myself bound to accept. He talked as poets, and indeed authors of all descriptions, are apt to talk,—more of himself and his own productions than of any thing else.

He compared his compositions with those of Tasso and Metastasio: at one moment repeated verses from these writers, and at the next from his own works; and by no means seemed to consider the productions of his muse as inferior to those of his illustrious predecessors. He told me of dukes, princes, and consuls, with whose protection he was favored: yet in the same breath hinted that a few livres from *il signore Inglese* would not be unacceptable. —On several subjects, chosen by us, he made extemporary lines; and if his verses were not completely Virgilian, they were by no means bad. During the first hour of his visit I was much entertained; but as the wine which I gave him raised his spirits, he at last became noisy and troublesome. I had some difficulty

addressed "alla leale e generosa Nazione Inglese Sonnetto.---An expression in this production affords such a happy specimen of the "*bathos*, or art of sinking," that I must be permitted to cite it. Speaking of our countrymen, he says---

"---e per la loro massima prudentia
Nella guerra son grandi e in pace Eroi."

Which may be Englished thus---

"In war they gallantly defend the state,
And are in *peace* heroically great."

in persuading him to retire,—an attempt in which, with the assistance of a dollar, I at length succeeded.

After laughing at this adventure, and at this strange fellow, who was the very picture of a "half-starved poet," we went to the opera-house. It is a fine theatre, nearly as large as ours in the Haymarket. Each box is elegantly fitted up, with glass chandeliers, card tables, and all the other conveniences of a drawing-room; and has a curtain, which may occasionally be dropped, to keep off the prying eye of impertinent curiosity. The house was full; and I remarked among the audience many elegant women and well-dressed men. The opera was comic, and of course nonsensical. The principal singer, la signora Corforini, is handsome in her person, graceful in her manner, and possessed of a delightful voice. The ballet was splendid, and the stage crowded with men and horses. The whole appearance of this theatre is respectable, and such as becomes a great capital.

Oct. 20.—The weather was very unfavorable, and the rain fell in torrents. This circumstance prevented me from going out till the evening, when I went to the spot where the Porta Ticinese formerly stood. This gate is to be replaced by a bridge and a gate, now erecting, to which the name of La Porta di

Marengo is to be given. The following inscription is already placed on a white stone very near the intended building.

Al primo console
della republica Francese,
per intentati successivamente le Alpi e
la Natura,
Sfetteggiati Eserciti Imperiali
constritti a cedere le Piazze forti
di
Piacenza, Fortubano, Pizzighetta,
e
Milano,
Alessandria, Tortuno, Cavalumeo,
Torino,
Serivalle, Savona,
Genova,
in meno di tre decedi,
ridona la Liberta
l'Independenza
alla republica Cisalpina,
Segno questo del suo
ritorno trionfante
offre la pace ai Nemici
Scorrazzanti
ai popoli desolati
la Gioja
xxvii. Pratile, anno 8, rep. Fran.

I had scarcely finished copying this inscription when torrents of rain again forced me to take shelter in my carriage. I returned, and spent the rest of the day at home.

Oct. 27.—The weather continued to be bad;

yet, despairing of a favorable change, I determined to continue my visits to the different objects of curiosity which Milan possesses. I accordingly set out, notwithstanding the rain, which continued to fall with such unceasing violence that it came through my carriage, and I was scarcely less exposed than if I had been on foot.

I went first to Il Monasterio Maggiore. It was built on the site of an ancient temple dedicated to Jupiter; was formerly a convent; and is inhabited by nuns,—though they are not allowed to wear their religious habit. In the chapel I saw the Adoration, by Antonio Camei, painted al-fresco. It is rapidly falling into decay.

My next visit was to S. Ambrogio. It is an old church, without much to distinguish it. The pillars of porphyry which decorate the principal altar are handsome. The gates of the church are of bronze. I remarked a picture of St. Bernard; and, in a subterraneous chapel, a bas-relief of San Ambrogio, whose ashes are believed by the pious Italians to be here deposited. Many councils have been holden in this church; in which also the emperors formerly received their iron crowns as kings of Italy. The copper serpent, placed on a marble pillar, is still here. By some it is said to be the serpent of Moses; by some, that of

Æsculapius; and by others, the symbol of the salvation of man.—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

San Agostino, where, according to popular belief, that saint was baptised, is a miserable little chapel, which only bigots will find their trouble repaid in visiting. The garden of the convent is destroyed. The library formerly belonging to this house is also no more: part of it has been removed to the college of Brera, and the rest taken away.

S. Francesco Maggiore has been reformed as a place of worship, and is now a barrack for soldiers. It was once esteemed the largest modern church in Milan, and was ornamented with pictures by Leonardo da Vinci and other good painters.

San Vittore, or St. Victor, which I next saw, is much ornamented in the roof, but in other respects far from being a handsome church. The picture of St. Bernard is still here. It is the work of Batoni, esteemed in the year 1765 the first painter of Rome. The picture of Paul the Hermit, by Daniel Crespi, also remains.

The church of St. Jerome, which formerly contained a model of the tomb of Christ, has been destroyed.

La Casa Litti, which is still the residence of the family of that name, I visited to-day. The

stairs, made of colored marble, are large and handsome; but, as they do not front the entrance of the house, they are not placed to the greatest advantage. There is nothing, either in the rooms or the furniture, worth observing, except the pictures, many of which are extremely valuable,—particularly two Titians, a fine St. John the Baptist, and a Siege of Troy on copper.

The Castello (or *ci-devant* Castle) of Milan stood on a large plain, or square. Most of the buildings which constituted it have been pulled down, and are to be replaced by a new erection, which, when finished, is to assume the name of "Forum Bonaparte."

S. Simpliciano is one of the principal churches (or *basilicks*, as they are called in this country) of Milan. I saw nothing there worth recording.

S. Marco is a very large church, but far from a fine building. I asked in vain for the two pictures of Paul Lomazzo, mentioned by Lalande: the young abbé who showed the church knew of no such works; and his account of the others was so imperfect, and the light, owing to the badness of the day, was so unfavorable, that I did not attempt taking any notes of what I saw here.

I next drove to the college of Brera, originally a convent of Jesuits, and dignified with

the name of a university. It is still a college, and unhurt. The stairs are handsome; and a gallery of apartments on each floor is supported by fine pillars. At the foot of these stairs is seen the colossal statue of the Virgin, mentioned by several travelers.

The library is large, and apparently well chosen. The medals, with the heads of the Roman emperors, which were formerly here, were lost in the beginning of the late troubles. We were shown some beautifully illuminated paintings, which ornament a book of manuscript music destined for the service of the mass, and which were the work of the monks of Certocini. In the school for engraving, we saw some good specimens of that art. In the school of architecture are suspended drawings and designs for buildings of every description; and in the school of painting, among other works, there are three full-length pictures allegorical of the foundation of the Italian republic. The portrait of Bonaparte, which appears in each of them, is by no means a good resemblance; nor did the idea of the whole work appear to be very ingenious.

I likewise visited the observatory attached to this college. I could not see the view properly, owing to the badness of the day; but the town must, in fine weather, be seen from this elevation to much advantage. The celebrated

French instruments are still here; to which have been added many fine quadrants, &c., by Harrison and other English mathematicians. I was also shown a time-piece of great value, which strikes the minutes. It was made in London, and given by Bonaparte to this observatory.

There is, adjoining to the college of Brera, a botanical garden, lately formed. I suspect that this is the very garden which formerly belonged to a convent, the holy sisters of which made a formal remonstrance against the establishment of the observatory, lest, as they strolled on their lawn, they should be overlooked by the curious eyes of the philosophers, who, instead of examining the stars, might now and then direct their glasses towards the calm retreat of self-devoted beauty. It was in vain answered, that the addition of a curtain to their respective cells would prevent all discovery there, and that in their garden nothing could be supposed to pass which required concealment.

The writer from whom I take this anecdote says, that, in spite of these strong arguments, the objection was strongly urged and seriously examined. Probably the good nuns had more serious reasons for their opposition than the world supposed. The garden, in losing its pri-

vacy, might perhaps, in the ideas of these fair friends of solitude, lose all its charms.

We drove next to Casa Clerici, formerly esteemed one of the best furnished palaces of Milan; but, under the excuse of the key being in the pocket of the absent master, I was refused admittance.—Perhaps it would be uncharitable to conclude that the pictures and furniture had been sold.

I spent my evening at the opera. The theatre was full. We had the same performance as on the former occasion. We continued to be much pleased with La Corforini. She is an elegant woman, and a charming singer.

October 28.—I was not well to-day. My illness, and the continued rain, confined me to the house.

October 29.—The weather having become better, I proceeded in my view of Milan, accompanied by Mrs. L.—After seeing for the second time the cathedral, we went to the Archeveche, or archiepiscopal palace. I was very agreeably surprised in finding that the gallery of pictures still remains unimpaired. The only loss which it has suffered, is that of a small Guido and another picture, given by the late archbishop to madame Bonaparte. Besides the pictures enumerated by Lalande, there is a St. Joseph, by Guido; two Children, by Leonardo da

Vinci; and two small heads, the one representing an Old Man and the other a Boy, by Titian; our Saviour at the Mount of Olives, by Corregio; a fine sketch of the Crucifixion, by Morozoni; a drawing in ink of Titian, done by himself; a St. Jerome, by Morozoni; a sketch of Raphael, done by himself; an Adoration, supposed to be by Titian; a fine picture of Pope Julius the Second, also by Titian; a fine Head, by Bassano; a sketch of the Virgin and our Saviour, by Leonardo da Vinci; the Dispute with the Doctors, by Tintoretto; the Murder of the Innocents, by Morozoni; a sketch of an Archery Scene, by Michael Angelo; a small Crucifixion, by Titian; a Descent from the Cross, by Bernardo Campi; a small Dead Christ, by Titian; a beautiful S. Ambrogio, by the same; and Pontius Pilate, by Guercino.

The picture by Georgio, of Moses saved from the Bulrushes, so much praised by Lalande, deserves all his encomiums: nothing can be finer. There is vast variety in the countenances and dresses of the persons represented. The head of a man in a velvet cap, standing near Pharaoh's daughter, is particularly beautiful. The Dwarf and the Monkey are alive on the canvas.

The picture of the Holy Family, by Paul Veronese, is in his best style. The same subject, by the same painter, in his second style, is also here. The Adoration of the Magi, by

Scarloni di Ferrare; and two Old Men (probably misers), by Daniel Crespi; deserve notice: as do likewise a head of an Old Man, and that of a Young Man, by the same painter; a St. Laurence, by Barogio; a Nativity, by Bassano; and many others too numerous to mention.

From the palace of the archbishop we drove to the Hospital Maggiore. It is a magnificent building, and has by no means the appearance of an hospital. I did not go into the different wards; but, as far as I was able to judge from a distant view, they seemed clean and airy. The porter of this establishment assured me that there were at present two thousand patients in the house. The apartments above are devoted to the wounded, and those beneath to the sick. The chapel still possesses the Virgin, by Guido; but it has suffered much from the dampness of its situation, being placed on a wall immediately adjoining the canal. There are some other pictures in this chapel, which the person who showed them highly commended; but I did not perceive any particular merit in them; and they were the work of obscure artists.

The prisons (or *carceri*, as they are called in the language of the country) have the appearance of a large public building, but by no means of a place of confinement.—I only speak of the exterior, for I did not enter the walls.

We went next to the Lazzaretto, a little beyond the gate called La Porta Orientale. This hospital was built by Louis Sforce in 1489, and finished by Louis XII. in 1507, for the reception of persons attacked with the plague. The plan of this humane establishment is admirable. A vast plot of ground is surrounded with chambers; each of which, destined for a patient, has a large door towards the yard, and a window towards the road; thus admitting the air on both sides. A chapel in the middle enables the sick to hear mass, without leaving their respective chambers.

In going from the Lazzaretto we drove along the ramparts, which form the Hyde Park of Milan. Here the carriages of the rich move in procession every evening about sunset. After taking several turns, the ladies usually order their coachmen to stop near the walk, where they remain motionless for some time. I believe the object of this halt is to enable their *cicesbeos*, and other beaux, to speak to them at the door of their respective carriages, and to make the arrangements of the evening,—for from the ramparts it is the fashion to proceed at once to the opera.

To a stranger, unacquainted with a reason which gallantry must allow to be so very satisfactory, it appears strange to see several carriages filled with elegant women standing per-

fectly still, while the night is rapidly advancing; but, having once learned the cause, we can only exclaim—

"Omnia vincit amor, nos et cedamus amori."

At the end of this promenade, which is sometimes called the Ramparts and sometimes the Corso, stands the Casa de Correzione. It is a large and handsome building.

We drove next to the house formerly belonging to the count Belgioso, one of the finest palaces of Milan, and surrounded by an extensive garden, now the residence of general Murat, brother-in-law of Bonaparte, and commander-in-chief of the troops of the Italian republic. We were refused the permission of seeing this house; and experienced a *similar act of politeness* at the Palazzo Ducale, now the seat of government; and at the Helvetic college, at present occupied by a regiment of soldiers.

The Seminarium is a fine college; and the quadrangle is ornamented with handsome pillars.

We were very civilly permitted to see the gallery of pictures in the Casa Arese, and which has not suffered during the revolution. The house belongs to the same family as formerly. Unfortunately for me, a superannuated servant showed the pictures, who could not un-

derstand my questions, and whose own account was perfectly unintelligible. He offered me a catalogue, but the numbers in it did not correspond with the pictures. I can therefore give but an imperfect account of the collection. Suffice it to say, that there were several excellent pictures, which might be justly attributed to Titian, Guido, Raphael, and Vandyck, whose names ornamented every page of the catalogue. I was particularly pleased with a Laura of Petrarch, but I could not discover from what pencil it came.—The house is old, and has nothing either in its architecture or furniture worth observing.

In returning, I passed by the canals, which run round every part of Milan,—an admirable contrivance, by which the inhabitants of this city are supplied with every kind of commodity by water-carriage. If you wish to inquire into the particulars of this useful invention, I must refer you to M. Lalande. The canals fall into the rivers Adda and Tesin.

October 30. — I strolled about the town on foot, and went into several churches the names of which were unknown to me. That of S. Alessandro has a fine cupola richly painted. I lost my way, and consumed the greater part of the morning in getting home again. The violent rain which fell in the evening confined

me to the house. Mr. S., an American gentleman with whom I was acquainted at Paris, arrived at our hotel. The unfavorable account he gave me of the present state of the rivers over which it is necessary to pass in the prosecution of our journey, determined me to postpone my departure. I had intended to leave Milan to-morrow.

October 31.—The weather was so extremely bad, that it was impossible to leave the hotel. I heard from every body that the Po had risen to such a height that it was quite impassable. I became consequently a prisoner.

November 1.—The rain continued to fall in torrents; and the non-arrival of the mail convinced us of the impossibility of continuing our journey.

November 2.—Still bad weather, and no appearance of a favorable change.

November 3.—The morning, though gloomy, had some appearance of better weather. I hailed with joy this favorable change. I took advantage of the first moment of cessation from rain, and walked in the public garden and on the Corso. About two o'clock the sun burst through the opposing clouds, and confirmed our hopes of being able to leave Milan, of which we were heartily tired. After dinner I strolled into the cathedral; which was lighted

with torches this evening, preparatory to the *fête* of St. Charles, which is to be celebrated here to-morrow. The night was fine; the stars shone in all their brilliance; and our expectations of being relieved from our present imprisonment were hourly strengthened.

November 4.—We went this morning to see the ceremonies in honor of St. Charles's *fête* at the cathedral. We were somewhat disappointed. There was no procession or striking spectacle of any kind. The church was, however, crowded with persons of every description, many of whom were on their knees on the ground, and it remained full the whole of the day. The altar was dressed with the remaining treasures of the church; and the music, which accompanied the high mass sung on the occasion, was tolerably good.

That service was also performed in the subterraneous chapel of St. Charles; and wax lights were kept burning round the glass casement which separates the sepulchre of this favorite saint from the rest of the church. Towards night the whole cathedral was lighted up with torches, and even after these were consumed, crowds of persons were still on their knees.

From the cathedral we went to S. Alessandro, the second finest church of Milan, and S. Fidele, celebrated for its six lofty pillars of red granite. We drove before and after dinner on

the ramparts, which, notwithstanding the improved state of the weather, were not crowded.

We went to the opera at night, which was extremely full. The same performance as I had seen twice before was repeated. La Corforini is a delightful singer, and deserves the applauses which she receives from an enraptured audience.

Having thus brought my diary while at Milan to a conclusion, you will perhaps expect I should add some general remarks on this city. I must beg leave to sum up the result of my observations in a few words.

Milan is a large, populous, dirty, town, with some good streets, and a fine public promenade. Among its numerous inhabitants it still boasts of many wealthy and respectable individuals; and the well-dressed persons, and handsome carriages, which one meets with every minute, prove that it is not one of those places in Italy which have most suffered from the united evils of war and revolution.

The cathedral, though unfinished, is a splendid and venerable edifice; and many of the other churches deserve the attention of strangers.—The Ambrosian library will excite the curiosity of the learned, but has nothing attractive

for the generality of travelers. The college of Brera, both for its architecture and for the many interesting objects which it contains, deserves a visit. The refectory of the reformed convent adjoining the church of Le Grazie, of which the French made a stable while they were masters of Milan, ought to be seen by all travelers of taste, as Leonardo da Vinci has left on its walls his best work, which, painted al-fresco, is rapidly falling into decay. The theatre is a fine building: the boxes are elegantly fitted up, and the performances are respectable. The hospitals afford refuge to a long list of sick, indigent, and wounded; while they ornament the town by the splendor of their exterior appearance.

Among the private palaces, there are many of good architecture and of considerable extent. Few are open to the inspection of strangers. Probably several of the owners, born subjects of his imperial majesty, have either emigrated, or ceased to reside here since the change of government; and have consequently removed the furniture and pictures which formerly rendered them objects of curiosity. Those which the French generals occupy, are shut to foreigners. The same reason prevents my saying any thing of the public palace: I was refused the permission of seeing it.

The present vice-president, Melzi, is a man

of fortune and family, and much respected by the Milanese. He is likewise distinguished as a scholar; and I heard him spoken of in Paris (where he resided some time before his election to his present office) in terms of high commendation.

As to the government, it seems a complete counterpart of the consulate of France. The uniforms of the army, of the legislators, and of the officers of police, are servile copies of those worn by persons in similar situations at Paris; and the only difference I could discover was, that the color of blue was changed for that of green. The vice-president has his guards, his reviews, and his audiences: at the latter of which, strangers in the full dress of the old court are presented, as in France, by the prefects of the palace. An American gentleman, who has gone through this ceremony, expresses himself much pleased with the affability and liberal conversation of M. Melzi.

The commander-in-chief, general Murat, " our brother-in-law " (as Bonaparte would describe him), lives with distinguished splendor: and the assemblies of madame M. are crowded with the best company of Milan.

Of society in this place I can say nothing from my personal knowledge, as, meaning to stay here but a few days, I had not provided myself with letters of recommendation;

but I hear that there are several houses where strangers, properly introduced, are received with elegant hospitality.

The country round Milan is rich and fertile*; and in fine weather the environs must be delightful.

Among the inhabitants, more ease and comfort seem to reign than are generally met with in the towns of Italy: nor have I here been disgusted, as it has happened to me too frequently since I crossed the Alps, by the appearance of squalid Poverty.

The length of this letter must be pleaded as my excuse for an abrupt conclusion. Adieu! I shall proceed on my journey to-morrow morning; and, if we are not drowned in crossing the Po, you may depend on hearing from me again in the course of a few days.

I am, &c.

* "The state of Milan," says Mr. Addison, "is like a vast garden surrounded by a noble mound work of rocks and mountains."—*Addison's Italy.*

LETTER XIV.

Departure from Milan—Marignano—Lodi, and its celebrated bridge—Passage of the Po—Placenzia, and the equestrian statues there—French just taken possession of the town—Cathedral of Placenzia—River Taro—Parma—Cathedral of the same, and its cupola by Corregio—Madonna della Scala—Library of Parma—The Crowning of the Virgin, by Corregio—Great theatre at Parma—Academy in the palace—Statues found at Velleia—Modern productions which have gained the prize of the Academy Palazzo dell' Giardino—Body-guard and citizens in mourning for the late prince—Modena: its elegant streets and buildings—Il Palazzo Ducale—Library of Modena: editions: manuscripts—La Galleria di Belle Arte—Skull of Corregio—Cathedral of Modena—Secchia Rapita—Chapel formerly called Ducal—Botanical Garden—Arrival at Bologna.

Bologna, November 9, 1802.

My dear sir,

WE arrived here last night. I proceed to give you an account of our journey, having passed through Placenzia, Parma, and Modena.

Our first post from Milan brought us to Marignano, celebrated for the great victory gained by Francis the First against the Swiss in 1515, and which rendered him master of all the Milanese; and our next, to Lodi, now become no less famous, by Bonaparte's well-known passage over the bridge of that name. The

latter is on the road to Cremona, and was consequently out of my direct route to Parma; but, leaving my carriage at the posthouse at Lodi, I proceeded on foot to view this newly but much distinguished spot.

The bridge is of wood, and has nothing in itself to draw attention; yet I certainly beheld it with much interest, and would not have failed visiting it on any account whatever*.

After walking over the ground, and satisfying

* As the name of Lodi has become familiar to every English ear, I think it will perhaps not be unacceptable to most readers to receive an account of the place.—

"Lodi (in Latin *Pompeia*, or *Laus Pompeii*) is a town of nearly ten thousand souls, situated in the Milanese, on the Adda, at seven leagues from Milan and ten from Placenzia. It was founded by the ancient Gauls, when they overran Italy like a torrent. The town was originally built at four miles' distance from the Adda, where there is still a village called Lodi Vecchio, or the old Lodi. This town owed its name and its prosperity to Pompeus Strabo, father of the great Pompey. The Milanese burnt and destroyed the town of Lodi in 1158; but the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, having destroyed Milan, gave the citizens of Lodi a piece of land, in which they might rebuild their town, on the banks of the Adda. It soon became a considerable city; kept its republican form; and was exposed to the civil wars of the Guelfs and Gibelines; till at length it was obliged to fall under the power of the dukes of Milan."—*Vide Lalande.*

At Lodi the roads separate,---the one leading to Parma, and the other to Cremona. In taking the latter the bridge is passed.

my curiosity on the subject, I returned to Lodi, and continued my journey towards Parma.

When we arrived on the banks of the Po, we found that the ferryboat in which carriages are usually conveyed had been carried away by the overflowing of the river. We were consequently obliged to hire a common boat; and, placing our carriage on it, in rather a tottering situation, effected the passage in safety.

The town of Placenzia stands at a distance of a quarter of a mile, on the other side. On our arrival, I went immediately to the Piazza, or principal square, and saw there the equestrian statues of two princes of the house of Farnese, so much praised by travelers of taste, and so celebrated all over Europe. These statues are indeed beautiful, and deserve the commendations which have been lavished on them.

The French have just taken possession of this city, as well as Parma, in consequence of the death of the late duke, who, on the appointment of his son to the kingdom of Etruria, agreed by treaty that his hereditary dominions should be at the disposal of the republic "one and indivisible" whenever he died. I found a party of French soldiers collected near these statues, and accompanied by a band of military music, who were playing *Ca ira*, the Marseillois hymn, and other national songs,

in order to attract and amuse their new subjects, who listened in crowds to this harmony, and were expected in return to take off their hats and cry "vive la république."

The carriages of the old nobility of this place were still rolling about, adorned with full quartered arms and attended by servants in laced liveries, reminding one of the expiring government, while the ceremony I have just mentioned announced the one about to be established.

The cathedral of Placenzia has a cupola of much repute, painted by Guercino; but it has suffered so much from damp and the hand of Time that it is almost effaced.

I saw nothing else in this town worth observing: whatever other curiosities it formerly possessed have been taken away by the French.

We slept at a decent inn.

November 6.—We continued our journey about nine o'clock this morning. The weather was fine, the country rich, and the road excellent; but the posting was far from good. We passed the river Taro on a floating bridge, made by the junction of several boats.

We reached Parma about three; and I proceeded immediately to see its curiosities. I am sorry to add, that the French have taken away nearly all the valuable pictures which

once adorned this town, excepting those which, being painted al-fresco, could not be removed.

The cathedral* (here called Il Duomo) still possesses its esteemed cupola, the work of Corregio; but the damp has injured it so much that it is scarcely visible. The same thing may be said of the cupola of the church of St. John the Evangelist.

The Madonna della Scala, a small chapel at the extremity of the town, is ornamented with a lovely Madonna and Child, painted by Corregio on the wall of his father-in-law's house. This picture is still in high preservation and perfect beauty. Such was the reputation of this work of Corregio, that it drew from the purses of its pious admirers a sum sufficient to buy the house, which now constitutes the chapel.

The other churches have lost all which once excited the attention of strangers.

November 7.—After sleeping at the little inn of Parma, where the young prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz, nephew to our queen and bro-

* In this cathedral Agostino Caracci was buried, and his epitaph is still seen here. He died in 1601. There is also the curious epitaph of a man who in his life-time made his own mausoleum, with this inscription: --- "Jo. Martinus Maraica, J. M. doctor et eques, nolens discretioni hæredum stare, vivus posuit."

ther to the queen of Prussia, lodged the same evening (he having passed the Po immediately before us), we proceeded to see the remaining curiosities of Parma.

We went first to the library, a fine edifice, with two galleries adjoining to each other, and containing many valuable editions. The picture of the late prince is in one of the rooms.—At the extremity of a gallery in this library is placed a beautiful picture, by Corregio—the subject of which is the Crowning of the Virgin—painted al-fresco, but with the finest and most striking colors. It was cut out of the wall of a church at Parma, which it originally adorned, and removed to its present situation.

After admiring this picture, which is truly beautiful, we visited the celebrated theatre*. It grieves me to add, that this vast room is falling into decay. Its proportions are admirable: and I distinctly heard at one extre-

* "We procured a licence," says Mr. Addison, "of the duke of Parma, to enter the theater and gallery, that deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in Italy. The theater is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw; and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the furthest part of the audience, as in a whispering place; and yet, if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an eccho, to cause in it the least confusion."---*Addison's Italy.*

mity of it the voice of a person who spoke in a whisper at the other. Some travelers say the theatre would hold twelve or fourteen thousand persons; while others assert that not more than four thousand could sit with ease in it. It is three hundred and fifty feet long, by ninety-six wide.

On one side of the great theatre, which has not been used for many years, is a small one, where the court formerly gave concerts, and which is pretty and of good architecture.

The palace, where we next bent our steps, has nothing remarkable in it except the academy. This was formed by the last prince, who died only three weeks ago, and who (if I may be permitted to express an opinion founded on the tears and universal praises of his subjects) did great credit to his tutor, the abbé Condilliac.

The Virgin, by Corregio — once the glory of the cabinet, and the favorite possession of this prince — was the last sacrifice which he made for peace, and is now at Paris; whither most of the other valuable articles formerly seen in this collection have also been removed.

There is still, however, a fine picture, by Parmaganeno, of Christ, the Virgin, and St. Michael; and a small Judgement of Paris, by the same artist (or rather Apollo giving Venus the

apple decreed her by the judgement of Paris). In the adjoining cabinet, the admired miniature of a Sibyl, by the *marquisse de Cassini*, is still seen.

The statues found at Velleia remain in the academy. The figure of Agrippina, though without head and arms, is beautiful, and conveys a just idea of the perfection to which the arts were brought by the ancients. To these have been added, within these few years, some other statues; particularly two colossal figures of women, one supposed to be the wife of the emperor Augustus, and the other the infamous Messalina. There is also a very pretty statue of Nero in his infancy, and a fine head of Jupiter. These were all found at Velleia.

I saw in one of the rooms a curious specimen of ornamental painting, originally attached to the wall of a house in that ancient town. The table of bronze has been removed to Paris.

In the academy are collected some good copies in plaster of the most celebrated statues; some marble busts of the relations of the prince; and a good portrait of the latter, accompanied by his favorite dog. This picture is placed at the top of the room, above the chair of state in which he sat while distributing the annual prizes.

The pictures which gained these prizes are preserved in another room; and many of them

give one reason to hope that the art of painting may again revive at Parma, which was long considered one of its favorite haunts. I saw among the modern productions a Nativity by Biago Martino, a young artist born in this town. His work would not disgrace the pencil of the first masters. The heads of several of the figures are admirable, and in the style of Domenichino; and a wrinkled old man seems alive on the canvas. It is only to be regretted that the face of the Virgin Mary is not well drawn: her countenance is downcast, ill formed, and inexpressive. Had he not failed in that part of his subject, the work might have been placed by the side of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Raphael, Guido, and Corregio. The same artist has painted a Diogenes, also in this room; but though beautiful, it is not equal to the picture which I have just mentioned. The Diogenes was painted at Parma, before the artist had been at Rome; but the Nativity after his return. I also saw in the modern collection another Nativity, which deserves every praise, by Dietrich, a Saxon student. An old head, by a Portuguese called Vienca, also arrested our attention. On the whole, we were highly pleased with the academy, which reflects much honor on the memory of the prince who established it, and on the names of those who by their genius and industry have contributed to its ornament.

From the library we went to the Palazzo Giardino. One of the rooms still possesses the paintings al-fresco of Agostino Caracci and of Cignani. The palace is not large, but the apartments are handsome, and run *en suite*. —The park, or garden, is pleasant and extensive.

The body-guard of the late prince, whose sudden death is the theme of general regret through all his dominions, wear still the uniform of their deceased sovereign, with crape on their arms as mourning; and all the principal inhabitants are dressed in black.

The citadel is not given up; and Moreau de St. Mery*, the French administrator, has contented himself with taking possession of the government, without interfering for the present with the private property or military establishment of the late prince. Strange reports are propagated about his death, attributed, by the populace, to the crimes of France; but the

* This gentleman has experienced the reverses which are so frequent in the history of those persons who were concerned in the French revolution. A member of the constituent assembly, he was afterwards obliged to emigrate, and retired to America, where he kept a little bookseller's shop, and by the profits of this trade gained a precarious subsistence. He was at last permitted to return to France, and, coming into favor, was sent minister to Parma. He is now administrator, a character which answers pretty nearly to what we should call a viceroy.

good opinion generally entertained of the present administrator of that country, who was minister of the republic at the time of this fatal event, and the trifling advantage which his government was to gain by the perpetration of so great an enormity, ought to make one hope that the charge is unfounded. It is injurious to the cause of morals lightly to admit the supposition of crimes, which we must suppose, for the honor of humanity, happen but rarely.

It seems that the prince of Parma (who was also, as every body knows, infant of Spain) set out on a journey; and, before he had passed the limits of his own dominions, he was seized with a complaint in his stomach. He ordered himself to be conveyed to an adjoining convent, and was taken to bed. Before morning he expired.—The abbé in whose arms he died, only three weeks ago, was pointed out to me in the streets of Parma.

When private individuals are thus suddenly snatched from the theatre of life, we are satisfied at being told that they died "by the visitation of God:" but when sovereigns and princes experience a similar fate, we are apt to suppose that some artificial and criminal cause has hastened the termination of their existence; not recollecting that the highest as well as the lowest are subject to the general doom, and that the sudden death of the first potentate of Eu-

rope does not require more explanation than that of the most abject beggar; for—

> "Pallida mors equo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
> Regumque turres."

Though every body whom I met at Parma asserted that the French had poisoned this much-lamented prince, I could trace no proof whatever of the truth of the accusation. Neither the person who administered the deadly potion, nor the manner in which it was given, nor the effects by which it generally shows itself, did any one attempt to demonstrate. I think myself therefore bound, in common charity, to disbelieve the whole story *.

The public walk at Parma is pleasant; and I saw there many well-dressed persons, all of whom were either in uniform or in mourning. The carriages of the nobility, adorned with arms and attended by servants in livery, roll about the streets, and nothing yet bears the appearance of a republican government. It seems to be the general wish of the people here

* This letter was of course written long before the murder of the duke d'Enghien. After the conduct of Bonaparte on that occasion, one might without much injustice be inclined to suspect him, on very slight evidence, of crimes the most enormous; but as at the time when the duke of Parma died he had not given any indisputable proofs of a sanguinary disposition, I conceive the reasoning on which I acquitted him of the supposed murder of that prince was fully justified.

to escape, if possible, the honor of being united to the republic "one and indivisible." Had they their choice, they would remain under the government of the son of their deceased sovereign, the present king of Etruria; and reports are spread (probably without any foundation) that some arrangements for that purpose are in agitation, by the interposition of Spain, and the payment of a large sum of money. If they must not remain subjects of their hereditary prince, they would then wish to become part of the Italian republic: in short, they would rather be any thing than French citizens. Such seemed to be the universal sentiment of all the persons with whom I had any conversation during my short stay at Parma.

We left this city about eleven o'clock, and reached Modena at five. We found at the latter place a comfortable inn, formerly called *Albergo Ducale*, and now *Il Grando Albergo*.

November 8.—I proceeded at an early hour this morning to view the curiosities of Modena. Modena, though a small city, is remarkable for the elegance of its buildings; and the principal streets, in which several handsome public edifices are collected, might vie with some of the most celebrated in the largest capitals of Europe.

What was formerly called Il Palazzo Ducale is the most distinguished of these buildings. It

has a fine front, a vast court surrounded with handsome pillars, and a beautiful staircase. The library, which forms part of the palace, was the first object which I visited. M. de Lalande mentions that there was in this library a valuable collection of books printed in the earliest period after the discovery of that art; and that there were two hundred editions from the press of Janson and other printers of the fifteenth century. I was assured by the librarian that no such editions had ever been here, and that the report of this generally accurate writer was on this subject incorrect. The manuscripts which were formerly in the library have been removed, and are now at Paris. The Greek copy of the Evangelists made in the eighth century, and the *Miscellanea* of Theodorus, a Greek manuscript of the fifteenth century, never printed, have experienced the same fate.

Pere Pozzetti is the present librarian. He received me very politely; but, as he did not think fit to show me any of the books, I cannot speak of the collection: it seemed large, and well arranged. The best pictures were taken from the different churches, to which they originally belonged, by the duke, and removed to his palace, which is indeed a splendid edifice. These pictures (that is to say, those which the French did not take away) are now in what is

called La Galleria di Belle Arte. I went thither, and was much pleased in finding some from the pencils of the best masters; among which I remarked the following:—A fine large picture of the Circumcision, by Procaccini (very beautiful); the Crucifixion, by Guido; the Adoration of the Magi, by Giulio Romano; a fine Cene, or Last Supper, by Simon Pesaro; a Presentation in the Temple, by Boulanger; a portrait of a Prince of the House of Est, by Guercino; the family of St. Francis d'Est, by Guercino; four Salvator Rosas, a Titian, and a Caravaggio; a Cene, or Last Supper, by Bassano; the Crowning of the Madonna, by Di Ferrare; a Presentation in the Temple, by Palma Vecchio; the Communion of St. Francis, by Jessi; the Assumption of the Virgin, by Corregio; the Virgin and a Saint, by Guercino; a fine Portrait, supposed to be by Titian; the Marriage of St. Catherine, by Elizabeth Sirani; the Adoration of the Magi, by Procaccini; &c. &c.

The skull of Corregio is preserved in this room, under which the following lines are written.—

"Corregio caput hic, Romæ est Raphaelis, ubique
Nomen, et ut Romæ compar honos Mutinæ;
Sic victam Natura pavet Raphaelis ab arte,
Corregio vinci pertimeat Raphael."

Which may be Englished thus:—

You who respect the meritorious dead,
At Rome view Raphael's, here Corregio's head:
The world at large records their honor'd name;
Nor less than Rome is Modena in fame.
Nature by Raphael fears to be surpass'd—
Corregio almost triumphs o'er the last.

The cathedral, where we next went, is an ugly Gothic building. The tower of this church, called La Guerlandia, is one of the highest in Italy, and built entirely of marble. I descended with a guide, carrying a lighted torch, into a cavern beneath, to see the *secchia rapita*. It is simply a log of wood, with an iron hoop (probably the remains of a bucket), placed at the bottom of a dark and damp hole; but having given rise to an Italian poem of much celebrity by Tassone, which derives its name from it, it is generally visited by strangers.

The chapel formerly called Ducal is handsome. There are also several other churches, the architecture of which deserves notice.—The botanical garden still exists, and is in good order.—The town may justly be called one of the prettiest of its size in Italy. It contains from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants.

The duke of Modena is still living; but he

has been dispossessed, and his dominions have become the prey of the victorious French.

We set out again about eleven o'clock; and, after a very pleasant journey along a fine and even road, arrived at Bologna about four. I shall now take my leave, and reserve for my next letter my observations on that city.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Bologna—Geographical and historical account of this town—Statue of Neptune, by John of Bologna—Palazzo Zambecarri—Has not suffered by the war—Pictures there—Church of San Paolo—Il Duomo, or S. Pietro—Palazzo Sampieri—Finest pictures there now left in Italy—Chef-d'œuvre of Guido, or St. Paul reproving St. Peter — Palazzo Tanari—Pictures there — Former convent of S. Vitale, now a national museum of pictures taken from the churches—Palazzo Bontiglioli—Palazzo Ranuzzi—Palazzo Caprari—Palazzo Monti, Favi, Magnani, and Aldrovandi—Palazzo Lambertini—St. Michael in Bosco—The Capucina—The Madonna di S. Luca, and in a note the history of the sacred picture from which the church is named—Church of Scalzi—The Chartreuse, now a burying place—The Madonna di Galiera, and the chapel of Il Oratorio — S. Bartolomeo di Reno — Gesu e Maria—The Mendicanti di Dentio — S. Francesco, now the custom-house — S. Salvatore; and in the sacristie St. Sebastian, by Guido—S. Paolo—Corpus Domini—Santa Agnese, now a barrack—S. Domenico—Church of the Inquisition destroyed—Church of I Servi—S. Giovanni in Monte—S. Gregorio — S. Benedetto — S. Martino Maggiore — S. Leonardo —Capucine convent — St. Nicolas de St. Felix — S. Giovanni Battista — S. Giacomo Maggiore — La Carita — Towers of Bologna, called Di Gli Asinelli and Di Garisendi—Il Duomo, or the cathedral of S. Pietro — S. Petronio — University and anatomical school—Piazza Maggiore—The Palazzo Publico —Palazzo di Podesta — Torazzo—Church of S. Maria della Vita—Institute of Bologna—Anatomical collection there—Il Pelegrino, the principal inn.

Bologna, Nov. 11, 1802.

My dear sir,

AFTER passing three days most agreeably, in contemplating the beautiful pic-

tures which still remain in this town, I am just preparing, not without regret, to take my departure. I now send you a rough sketch of what I have seen.

I ought, perhaps, to begin with giving you a short geographical account of this place. Bologna (called in Latin *Bononia* *) is a city containing nearly seventy-five thousand inhabitants; situated at forty-four degrees thirty minutes of north latitude, and nineteen degrees one minute of longitude east of Paris; was reckoned the second city in the papal state †, and one of the first in Italy for the degree of eminence to which the arts and sciences have been carried within its walls.

As to its history, after having been successively subject to Charlemagne, to the king of the Lombards, and the archbishop of Ravenna, it became an independent republic; and remained so till the year 1327, when the inhabitants voluntarily submitted themselves to the dominion of the pope. In 1376 they threw off the papal yoke, and were for some years exposed to all the storms and vicissitudes of faction. John Bentivoglio ruled for some time

* "——— parvique Bononia Rheni." *Sil. Ital.*

Bologna water'd by the petty Rhine.

† Bologna now forms part of the Italian republic.

with sovereign sway in this little commonwealth. In 1402 John Galeas Visconti, first duke of Milan, rendered himself master of the town; but, in the year following, his son and successor, together with the garrison which he had left here, was driven away; and Bologna again placed itself under the protection of his holiness.

After several revolutions, during which the family of Bentivoglio and the pope were alternately sovereigns of this city, Julius the Second, an ambitious and warlike pontiff, succeeded in fully re-establishing the government of the papal see: under which it continued uninterruptedly till the arrival of the French and Bonaparte, by whom it was afterwards united to the Cisalpine or Italian republic.

Bologna is not a very handsome city; and the convenience which the inhabitants enjoy, of walking in the streets under piazzas, or porticos, attached to the houses (which afford a constant shelter against the inclemencies of the weather), throws a considerable degree of gloom over the appearance of the town. I was indeed little disposed to believe (judging from the exterior of the houses) that they possessed the treasures which I found within.

I proceed to speak in detail of my tour round this place.

The first object which arrested my attention,

was the celebrated statue of Neptune, the work of John of Bologna. This is justly esteemed one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture: and it was fortunate that this statue was of so colossal a size that it could not be carried across the Alps: it would otherwise have long since adorned the streets of Paris, instead of the city which produced the artist to whose skill it does such infinite credit.

After examining attentively this Neptune, which stands in a conspicuous part of the town, I went to the Palazzo Zambecarri, which is one of the most remarkable in Italy for a choice collection of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the first masters. I was very happy to find that this gallery had experienced little, if any, loss from the war and the revolution.—The following admirable pictures are still here:—the Descent from the Cross, by Paul Veronese; a Female Head, painted on stone, by Guido; our Saviour on the Cross between Thieves, by Jessi; Chase of the Boar (very fine), by Sneider; a Cene, or Last Supper, by Di Ferrare; St. Peter, St. James, and St. John visiting the Virgin after the Death of Christ, by Ludovico Caracci; the Descent from the Cross, by Luca Giordano; a fine Old Head, and the Head of a Child, from the Venetian school; a Magdalen, by Guido Cagnacci; the Virgin, our Saviour, and St. John, by Elizabeth Sirani; the

Head of St. John, by Valentin; Judas betraying Christ, by Torelli; a Dead Christ and Virgin (mentioned by Lalande), by Tiarini; a Nativity (very beautiful), by Ludovico Caracci; portrait of an Old Woman (extremely fine), by Vandyck; an Old Head, in the style of Titian, by Prospero Fontana; an Old Woman and a Girl in the Dress of the Country, and an Old Woman and Boy, by Guercino; portrait of an Old Woman, by Guido; a Cardinal of the House of Medici, by Domenichino; an Old Head, by Paul Veronese; a fine Head of a Young Monk, by Tintoretto; Head of Charles the Fifth, by Titian; an Old Woman, with Children, by Tintoretto; an Antiquarian, by Carlo Cignani; the Marriage of St. Catherine (a delightful picture), by Albani; the Assumption of the Virgin, by Ludovico Caracci; St. Jerome, and a Magdalen, by Elizabeth Sirani; a Holy Family, by Palma Vecchio; Prometheus, by Spagnoletto; Judith cutting off the Head of Holofernes (a magnificent picture), by M. A. Caravaggio; Lot and his Daughter, by Guercino; a Crucifixion, by Tintoretto; David holding the Head of Goliath, accompanied by Saul, by Guercino; Virgin and Child (in the chapel), by Franceschini; St. John in the Desert, by Simon Pesaro, a pupil of Guido; the Denial of St. Peter, by Tiarini; Icarus putting his Wings on the Back of his Son,

by M. A. Caravaggio; a fine Old Head, by Spagnoletto; the Magdalen Asleep, and St. Paul the first hermit (a delightful picture), by Guercino.

Some small drawings are shown in a cabinet, by the first masters.—Our Saviour Crowned with Thorns (in small, but very pretty), by Albert Durer. St. Francis, by Domenichino. Three pictures mentioned by Lalande, and very celebrated—*viz.*, the Golden Calf, the Repast of the Angels, and Jacob's Ladder—are still here, by Ludovico Caracci. Death of St. Jerome (in small), by Hannibal Caracci; St. Peter (very beautiful), by Guido; St. Francis, by Guercino; a fine Old Head, by Guido; our Saviour and an Angel, by Tintoretto; St. Francis (justly esteemed one of the best pictures in the collection) by Guido; Jesus Christ, the Virgin, St. Francis, and St. Jerome (truly beautiful), by Albani; Virgin and Christ, by Solimene; Two Children, by Simon Pesaro; a Boy writing Verses dictated by Homer, by the chevalier Calabrese; the Virgin, Jesus Christ, St. Clare, St. Augustin, and St. Anthony, by Corregio; St. John, St. Joseph, and St. Elizabeth, by Benvenuto Garofalo; an Old Woman, and a Girl with Cherries, by a scholar of Ludovico Caracci; St. Sebastian (a very famous picture), by Titian; the Maid Servant of Leonardo Spadi, by that artist; St. John, by the same; St. Philip,

by Guercino; the Martyrdom of St. Ursula, by Pusinelli; a Paradise, by Ludovico Caracci; St. Gregory, by Guercino.

If you are tired with this long list of pictures, the fault is in the abundant riches of the collection, not in me. It was impossible, among such very superior specimens, to select a smaller number, without doing absolute injustice both to the gallery and the artists.

From the Palazzo Zambecarri I went to the church of San Paolo. The Paradise, by Ludovico Caracci still remains; and likewise the St. Gregory, by Guercino. The church deserves a visit, not only for its pictures, but likewise for its style of architecture, which is extremely good.

Il Duomo, or San Pietro, is not the largest church of Bologna, but still a handsome building. I saw there the Annunciation, painted al-fresco (his last work) by Ludovico Caracci; the ceiling painted by Prospero Fontana; and, in another part, St. Peter receiving the Keys of Heaven, by Cæsare Aretusi, after a drawing by John Baptist Fiorini.

The Palazzo Sampieri, whither I next went, contains perhaps the finest pictures now left in Italy. Here, beside the works of the first masters, and the celebrated al-fresco ceilings of Hannibal Caracci, I saw the *chef-d'œuvre* of Guido, called St. Paul reproving St. Peter, or

St. Peter weeping, as it is commonly called. This is certainly one of the most beautiful pictures in the world, and not unjustly counted among the ornaments of Italy. The expression of the countenances, and the richness of the coloring, are beyond description admirable. St. Peter is not actually weeping, but the tear of repentance seems ready to fall from his manly eye.

I gave myself the trouble of writing down the names of the pictures which struck me most, together with those of the artists from whose pencils they came; but I find the list so extensive, that, fearful of rendering my letter unreasonably long as well as tiresome, I have not ventured to copy it. I received, in going away, a catalogue of the pictures, which boasts all the first names in the art of painting: and the works which I saw here fully proved themselves, by their superior beauty, to be the real productions of the masters to whom they are attributed. Having giving up my original plan of adding a detailed account, I shall only specify the following:—Abraham sending away Hagar and the Child Ismael, by Guercino, in his second style; the Descent from the Cross, by John Bellini, the master of Titian; St. Jerome and the Madonna, copied from Corregio by Ludovico Caracci; the Birth of Hercules (in the chapel), by Guercino; a Philosopher,

by Tintoretto; the Holy Family (small size, but extremely beautiful), by Raphael; and a Child (also of a small size), by Corregio.

There are, beside the numerous and valuable pictures, some excellent statues in this palace,—particularly a Grecian figure of a Female, made of one block of marble; and a Christ on the Cross, by John of Bologna, also formed of one block.

M. de Lalande mentions this palace, and enumerates many of the pictures; but in addition to those which he has praised, all of which are still here* (particularly the work of Albani,

* To prevent the surprise which the English reader may feel at discovering that such superior pictures have escaped the grasp of the French government, I beg leave to mention, that the republicans made a distinction, from which they never deviated, between the property of churches or religious houses and those of private individuals. The former was seized without mercy, but the latter was, with few if any exceptions, respected by the victorious enemy. It is true that many proprietors, in consequence of the enormous contributions which they were called upon to pay, were obliged to sell some or all of their pictures and statues, and thus private palaces have occasionally undergone the same fate as churches, public buildings, and convents; but where the possessors found other means of paying their quota of taxation, their collections escaped unhurt. This sort of moderation in the French (which will perhaps be thought to resemble the honesty of thieves) has preserved to Bologna in particular, and to many other towns besides, some of the most interesting objects by which strangers are attracted.

in which, as that writer observes, the painter has lavished with a prodigal hand those graces which he knew so well how to bestow), there are many others, of equal if not superior beauty.

I next went to Il Palazzo Tanari. Opposite to one of the gates of this mansion, in the open street, appears on a wall an al-fresco painting of Hercules, one of the first attempts of Guercino, and which obtained for him the patronage of the noble family to whom the palace belongs. It is said, that, till by this specimen he proved his title to superior reputation, he worked as a common painter in the town of Bologna, at the wages of four *pauls* (or two English shillings) a-day.

The collection of paintings in the Palazzo Tanari is extremely rich. The following are the pictures which I most observed:—the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, by Domenichino, copied by Jessi; the History of Hercules, painted in four door-pieces, by John Joseph del Sole, pupil of Guido; the Assumption of the Virgin (a most lovely picture), by Guercino; St. Augustin (admirable), by Guercino; St. Roche, by Ludovico Caracci; S. Antonio, by Ludovico Caracci; the Toilet of Venus, by Hannibal Caracci; Alexander, &c., by Ludovico Caracci; the Kiss of Judas, by Ludovico Caracci; a Magdalen, by Simon Pesaro;

the Negation of St. Peter, by Elizabeth Sirani; the same subject, by Hannibal Caracci (a charming picture); the Virgin giving Milk to Christ, by Guido (a *chef-d'œuvre*); the Bath of Diana, by Agostino Caracci; St. Cecilia, by Franceschini; Apelles making from different Forms a Model of Female Beauty, by Agostino Caracci; a Sibyl, by Ludovico Caracci; the Virgin (called the Virgin of the Rose—copied from the original at Dresden of Parmaganeno), by Ludovico Caracci; a clock, ornamented with a beautiful little picture of the Flight into Egypt, by Carlo Maratti; a very fine Cene, or Last Supper, by Agostino Caracci; St. Charles Borromeo, with a Cross in his hand (very fine), by Carlo Dolce; a Madonna (in little—copied from an original of Regio), by Ludovico Caracci; the Evil Spirit driven from Paradise, by Albani; a Magdalen, by Torri, a pupil of Guido; the Marriage of Zachariah and Elizabeth, by Ludovico Caracci; a beautiful little Madonna, painted on copper, by Albani; the Death of Abel, by Lorenzo Sabastini, a pupil of Raphael; the Birth of Alexander the Great, by Ludovico Caracci; a Holy Family, the first work of Hannibal Caracci; the Decollation of St. John, painted on stone, by Marteletti; St. Sebastian, by Hercules di Ferrare; another St. Sebastian, from the school of Titian; the Mistresses of the Caracci,

painted by those artists while they were employed in this palace about the pictures already enumerated.

From the Palazzo Tanari we went to the former convent of S. Vitale; in which building are now deposited the pictures of those churches and religious houses which have been reformed since the revolution. Here it is proposed to form a national museum, or gallery, but the arrangement is not yet complete; and many of the best pictures are not seen to advantage. There are also many very indifferent pieces, mixed with some of the best works of the first masters. I add a list of the pictures which pleased me most:—the Eternal Father (this picture was painted in one night!), by Guercino; St. Jerome in the Desert, by Simon Pesaro; St. Francis and the Angels by Jessi*, a pupil of Guido; St. Lewis, St. Alexis, and other Saints, by Hannibal Caracci; the Preaching in the Desert, by Ludovico Caracci; the Flagellation, by the same; the Crowning with Thorns (much damaged), by the same; the Martyrdom of St. Thomas, by the same; Three Friars, by the same; the Conversion of St. Paul, by the same; Jesus Christ, the Virgin, St. Jerome, and St. Francis, by the same; the Assumption of

* There are several other pictures by this painter in the collection.

the Virgin, by Hannibal Caracci; the Nativity (very fine), by the same; the Transfiguration (a beautiful picture), by Ludovico Caracci; St. William in the Desert, by Albani; Sampson (an excellent picture), by Guido; St. Andrew Corsini, by the same; our Saviour appearing to his Mother, by Albani; St. Catherine, and St. Barbara, by the same; the Resurrection, by the same; the Crowning of the Virgin, accompanied by St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. Catherine, and St. Bernard, by Guido (done when the artist was only eighteen years old); St. Roche and his Dog, by the same.

After viewing these collections, I inquired about the others named by M. Lalande:—the Palazzo Bontiglioli is locked up, and no strangers are admitted: the Palazzo Ranuzzi is no longer shown; nor is the Palazzo Caprari: the Palazzo Monti is locked up; as are also the palaces of Favi, Magnani, and Aldrovandi. The three last were spoiled by the French soldiers who were quartered there during the war. The Palazzo Lambertini exists no more as a place of public exhibition.

It has been remarked by former travelers, that the palaces of Bologna cannot vie with those of Genoa, either in point of architecture or of tasteful decoration; but if the buildings here be less magnificent, the pictures are infinitely

more beautiful: and I do not think, if we except Rome, Paris, and Dresden, that any town in Europe possesses so vast and rich a collection of originals by the first masters.

Of the present state of the churches I received the following account.—

St. Michael in Bosco has been reformed, and is now a prison.

The Capucina, after being completely spoiled by the French, has been pulled down.

The Madonna di S. Luca*, of which M. Lalande gives us so lively an account, still exists, with its holy picture, and vast gallery, extending from the town to the top of the hill, built

* This church was built in 1106, by a holy virgin called the "Hermita;" rebuilt in 1481; and again, with additional magnificence, in 1760. It derives its celebrity, as well as its name, from a picture of the Virgin and infant Christ, which, as the Italians are fully persuaded, was the work of the evangelist St. Luke, and taken from life.

The church stands on a mountain about three English miles from the town; and the piety of the inhabitants has displayed itself in the erection of an arcade, or gallery; towards the expense of which all classes of the people contributed, from the proudest nobles to the humblest peasants; and which runs from the town to the summit of the hill. Under this gallery, or covered way, the sacred picture is carried to Bologna on certain days, with becoming pomp, without being subject to the inclemency of the weather: and the holy pilgrims, who flock hither from all parts of Italy, enjoy the same convenience. The picture itself is never shown but with

by the piety of the Bolognese. My curiosity did not lead me beyond the beginning of the arcade.

The church of Scalzi still exists.

The Chartreuse is reformed as a church, and has now become a burying-place. The pictures formerly seen here are now at S. Vitale, and at the Institute.

The Madonna di Galiera (or Eglise des Péres de l'Oratoire de St. Philip Neri) exists, and the pictures in the church remain; but from the *sacristie*, or vestry, the French took away no less than fourteen fine pictures. In a chapel separated from the church, called Il

lighted tapers and accompanying prayers, and to none but prostrate visitors.

M. de Lalande quotes from M. Grossley, that when that writer went to see the picture the *sacristain* spoke of it in the most enthusiastic terms; and, after commenting on its various beauties with all the warmth which an Italian climate and the zeal of religion could dictate, assured the smiling traveler that the Virgin would not permit herself to be copied; and that whenever a presumptuous artist attempted to paint her heavenly countenance, she contrived, by turning her head, or shutting her eyes, to render his profane attempt abortive. M. Lalande adds, that only truth was wanting to the pious report of the good *sacristain*, as in various parts of Italy there are exact copies of this virgin picture.

Both the face of the madonna and that of the child are of a black color.

Oratorio, is still seen the Ecce Homo of Ludovico Caracci, painted al-fresco on the wall.

In the S. Bartolomeo di Reno is still seen the Nativity of Agostino Caracci; but it is spoiled; as are the Adoration and Circumcision, by Ludovico Caracci.

From the Gesu e Maria, the St. William of Albani has been removed to S. Vitale. The Circumcision of Guercino, which was formerly over the principal altar in this church, was taken away by the French. The Eternal Father, also by Guercino, which was originally here, is now at S. Vitale.

The Mendicanti di Dentio has been destroyed, and the pictures are at Paris.

S. Francesco has been reformed. The church is now the *douane*, or custom-house. The pictures are at S. Vitale.

S. Salvatore still exists, and is one of the finest churches at Bologna. The Assumption, by Agostino Caracci, and the little picture of our Saviour holding the Cross, formerly seen over the door of the third chapel, have been removed. In the *sacristie*, the St. Sebastian of Guido, and the David holding the Head of Goliath, remain; as well as the picture of the Saints, by John Viali. The precious manuscripts and rare editions formerly admired in this convent are at Paris.

S. Paolo is uninjured. It has not lost any of its pictures.

The Corpus Domini has nothing left worth observing, excepting the ceiling, the figures on which are by Franceschini. The Resurrection, by Hannibal Caracci, formerly seen in the fourth chapel of this church, has been carried away.

S. Agnese is converted into a barrack. The Martyrdom of the Saint, by Domenichino, is at Paris. The Holy Family, by Tintoretto, formerly here, is at S. Vitale.

S. Domenico is still adorned with the picture of S. Vincent di Ferrare, by Donato Creti; and with the paintings al-fresco in the sixth chapel, by Guido. From the fifth chapel the celebrated Massacre of the Innocents, by Guido, has been removed. S. Giacinta, by Ludovico Caracci, has experienced a similar fate.

The chapel of S. Rosaire has not suffered; and the tombs mentioned by Lalande, and the statues in the *sacristie* made of cypress wood, are still to be seen here. The convent formerly attached to this church is now a barrack.

The church of the Inquisition is destroyed.

The picture of Frederic Bencovich, formerly seen at the Madonna del Plombo, followed the victorious army.

From l'Oratorio the French have removed

the Virgin, of Albani; and the Sibyls, and the Angels, of Guido, are at S. Vitale.

The church of I Servi, and the paintings al-fresco, still exist. The great picture, by Albani, of St. Andrew adoring the Cross, continues to be seen in the fifth chapel; and in the third, Jesus appearing to Magdalen, by the same painter.

The S. Giovanni in Monte, and the picture of the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, still remain; as do the two circular pictures of St. Joseph and St. Jerome, by Guercino. The other pictures are lost.

St. Felix, by Guercino, formerly seen at S. Gregorio, has been carried to Paris. The Baptism of our Saviour, by Albani, is still seen in this church.

S. Benedetto and its pictures are unhurt.

S. Martino Maggiore exists; but some of its pictures have been removed to S. Vitale, while the rest have been spoiled by the damp.

S. Leonardo is still standing, and the picture of St. Anthony is here. In the fourth chapel of this church, the Virgin encouraging St. Catherine, by Ludovico Caracci, remains.

The Capuchin convent has been destroyed; and the picture of Albani, formerly there, is at Paris.

The walls of St. Nicolas de St. Felix have not

been pulled down, but the interior is completely spoiled.

The pictures formerly seen at S. Giovanni Battista are now at S.Vitale.

S. Giacomo Maggiore is unhurt.

La Carita exists, but the picture by Franceschini has been removed.

S.Vitale is now the gallery, museum, or general receptacle of the pictures taken from the other churches and religious houses.

The towers of Bologna, called the Tower di gli Asinelli, and the Tower di Garisendi, are still standing, notwithstanding their apparently tottering position. For a particular account of these singular buildings I must refer you to M. Lalande. I went to the top of the highest of them, and enjoyed from this eminence a delightful prospect.

The Duomo, or cathedral of S. Pietro, is still adorned with the last work of Ludovico Caracci.

S. Petronio is unhurt.

The university, with its anatomical school, is uninjured. In the chapel is seen the al-fresco painting mentioned by many travelers.

The Piazza Maggiore has not been hurt.—Of the Neptune of John of Bologna, I have before spoken. It adorns the principal place or square of this town.

The Palazzo Publico has not been injured,

but the pictures formerly there are at S. Vitale. The St. John in the Desert is at the Institute.

The Palazzo di Podesta is converted into a prison.

The tower called Torazzo still remains.

The church of S. Maria della Vita has not been pulled down, but the picture of Louis XIV., of France, is no longer here. I could hear no account of its fate.

I visited next the Institute of Bologna, so celebrated in every part of Europe. It did not quite answer the expectations which I had formed from its great repute. For a general description, I must refer you to former writers. But the arrangement has been much changed; and a fine anatomical collection in wax, formerly belonging to the late earl Cowper, and made at Florence, has been added, containing models of *accouchemens* of every kind. The only things which the French have taken from the Institute, are its precious medals, and the ancient instruments of sacrifice. The Hercules, a beautiful statue, is still in the court of the Institute; and the painted ceiling of one of the rooms, by Peregrino Tibaldi, remains unhurt. Some few good pictures ornament the Institute; but many which were formerly in this building have been removed to S. Vitale.

Before I conclude my account of Bologna,

I ought to mention that I spent an evening at the opera-house. The theatre is a dark, dirty building. Madame Banti, so well known in London, and who is a native of this town, whither she lately returned, was the principal attraction. I cannot say that she exerted the utmost powers of her voice to please her countrymen, and she certainly received not less applause than she deserved.

The principal inn of Bologna, called *Il Pelegrino*, is very comfortable in its accommodations, though far from promising in its outward appearance the conveniences which it affords. It is, indeed, so far characteristic of this town, which, though one of the least attractive of Italy in point of exterior, is certainly the richest, next to Rome, in the works of art contained within its public and private buildings.

I regret very much that my other arrangements will not allow me to spend some more time here, as the pictures still remaining deserve a much more particular examination than I have been able to pay them.

I recommend it very strongly to you, and to the rest of my English friends who may hereafter visit this country, to pass if possible some weeks at Bologna,—a place often neglected by tourists, because of its dull and unpromising exterior: but it is a mine replete with precious stores; and whoever is fond of

such subjects will find a delightful employment in exploring it.

As I purpose setting off to-morrow morning, on my road to Florence, I shall now take my leave. I offer no apology for this lengthened account of the *chefs-d'œuvres* which ornament Bologna, as you will hear with pleasure that Italy, robbed and plundered as she has been, still possesses so many treasures. From the pictures which I have named as still remaining here, and from those which I have mentioned as taken away by the French, you will be able to estimate the extraordinary degree of perfection which the art had attained in this little city, and the numerous specimens which it presented in a place not larger than a country town of England.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Journey from Bologna to Florence — Pietra Mala — General account of Florence — Porta di S. Gallo — Il Duomo, or the cathedral — The Baptistery, and its bronze gates — Statues in the open streets unhurt — La Loggia — Gallery of Medici — Theatre of Niobe — The Hermaphrodite — Bust of Brutus — Palazzo Pitti, now inhabited by the king of Etruria — Museum or cabinet of natural history, under the care of the abbé Fontana — Botanical garden — Pictures of the Palazzo Corsini — S. Lorenzo, and the mausoleum of the princes of the house of Medici — Library of S. Lorenzo — Palazzo Riccardi — Note containing the history of Bianca Capello — Pictures of the Palazzo Riccardi — La Nunziata, and the requiem performed there for the soul of the late duke of Parma — The Madonna del Sacco of Andrea del Sarto in the cloister of that church — Church of Santa Croce — Palazzo Gerini, and pictures there — Pergola, or principal theatre of Florence — Mattucci, a celebrated soprano singer heard there — Delightful promenade near the gates of Florence, called the Cassino — Academia di Belle Arte — Church of S. Marco — Il Palazzo Vecchio — Fountain of Neptune, by John of Bologna, and equestrian statue of Cosmo of Medici — Manufactures of alabaster and marble — General account of Florence, of its manners, conveniences, society, government, &c.

Florence, Dec. 13, 1802.

My dear sir,

I HAVE passed a month in this beautiful city, and intend leaving it to-morrow. I now send you an account of my journey hither, and of my general observations on the

place. I shall not do so in the form of a diary, as I have had the misfortune, during my stay here, to be confined several days with a severe intermittent fever: and, being unwilling to plague you with a detail of my sufferings, I shall only speak of the more agreeable part of my residence in this interesting town.

We went from Bologna to Florence with post horses,—a mode of traveling which I have always adopted in preference to that by *voiturier*. Though the postillions are insolent, and inclined to put on more horses than necessary, yet it is infinitely preferable to have a dispute three or four times in the course of a day with these fellows, than to be exposed to the continual impertinence and provoking foot-pace indolence of the muleteers. As to myself, I am attended by so excellent a courier that I have been saved all kind of trouble, and have escaped even the lesser evil which I have just mentioned.

We were obliged once or twice in this journey, on account of the height of the Apennines, to add an additional pair of horses to the four with which we are usually drawn; and even to these it became necessary to yoke at one place a pair of oxen; but the regulations were produced by the postmaster ordering these assistances.

We slept the first night after leaving Bo-

logna at a small inn about four posts from Florence, and arrived just before it was dark. We just perceived at a distance the light or exhalation of the Pietra Mala,—a natural flame issuing from an adjoining mountain, mentioned by Lalande as a great natural curiosity. We obtained a comfortable bed and a good supper at our little rustic inn; and, setting out the following morning at no very early hour, found ourselves at the gates of Florence at four o'clock.—I now proceed in my account of this place.

Florence is a very beautiful city, built on both sides of the river Arno, and joined by three or four handsome bridges. The houses are of stone, lofty, and of handsome architecture. The streets are paved entirely with flag stones, so cut, that, while foot passengers walk on them with the greatest ease, persons in carriages have not the least fatigue, and horses are not, as might be imagined from this circumstance, subject to fall. The gate by which the town is entered in coming from Bologna, called La Porta di S. Gallo, is a kind of triumphal arch, erected in honor of the emperor Francis the First, then but grand-duke.

Il Duomo, or the cathedral, is a very handsome building as to exterior appearance, being formed entirely of black and white marble. I cannot say that I thought it equally beautiful

within. The church is rather dark, and by no means rich in ornaments.

The Baptistery, said to have been formerly a temple of Mars, and now employed for the baptism of all the Florentines, is near the cathedral. It is celebrated for its bronze gates, which Michael Angelo said were worthy of being the gates of Paradise. I thought them handsome, yet certainly the residence of Adam and Eve did not occur to me in beholding them. The pillars of porphyry, and the chains attached to them, taken from Pisa by the Florentines, are still seen on the outside of the church.

Florence is adorned with statues scattered about the streets; and an Englishman sees with wonder such beautiful specimens of the art of sculpture thus openly exposed to the view and dominion of a numerous populace. Were they to be placed in a similar situation in London for as many hours as they have been years at Florence, they would probably be covered with advertisements and rubbish, and mutilated, if not entirely destroyed. The Italians, indeed, seem to have a kind of natural respect for works of this kind; and I have never seen, nor heard, of an injury done to any of those numerous statues which are met with in their cities.

La Loggia (opposite the Palazzo Vecchio) a kind of open portico, is still decorated with

several celebrated figures; particularly those of Judith cutting off the Head of Holofernes, by Donatelli; Perseus holding up the Head of Medusa, which he has just cut off, by Benvenuto Cellini; and the beautiful group of the Rape of a Sabine Woman, the work of John of Bologna—the three figures of which are meant to represent Youth, Maturity, and Old Age. The statue of David Conqueror of Goliath, by Michael Angelo, is also much admired.

The gallery of Medici, or Florence, that celebrated collection so well known in every part of Europe, exists with little alteration,—except the loss of its great treasure, the Venus de Medici, now at Paris. I went through all the different cabinets; but as the catalogue is published, I do not think it necessary to specify either the pictures or statues which are seen here. The cabinet or theatre of Niobe, containing the celebrated statues of the unhappy family of that name, is now the most striking object in the collection *. The pictures of Ru-

* *Note written after my second visit to Florence.*—One of the figures of Niobe's children had been removed, but it is now restored. Several valuable pictures and statues were sent by the grand-duke to Sicily, where they remained, under the protection of the king of Naples. They have lately been claimed by and delivered up to the king of Etruria, who has had them replaced in the gallery; which is now exactly in the same state as before the war, with the single but great exception of the Venus de Medici. I heard on this occasion,

bens are in the same room. The celebrated figure of the Hermaphrodite is still seen in the hall which bears its name.

There are several valuable pictures in the different cabinets, for which I must refer you to the catalogue, to M. Lalande, and innumerable other travelers. I was particularly pleased with a picture in the Tuscan school, of Joseph tearing himself from the Wife of Potiphar. The coloring is admirable; and the faithless wife is drawn in so beautiful a form, that the virtue of Joseph becomes still more conspicuous.

Among the statues I remarked the unfinished bust of Brutus, by Michael Angelo, with the following slavish inscription:

"Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit*."

The late lord Sandwich, while traveling in Italy after leaving the university, felt that disgust which, as an Englishman, and consequently a friend of liberty, it was so natural to expe-

with no little surprise, that the king of Etruria has never yet seen this magnificent collection, of which he is now become the master.

* Which may be rendered thus—

As Brutus' form the sculptor's fancy plann'd,
He recollects the crime, and checks his hand.

rience on reading these lines, and immediately wrote the following verses, which ought, both in honor to the Roman patriot and the modern artist, to take place of those which now so unworthily are seen under the bust:

" Brutum effecisset sculptor, sed mente recursat
Tanta viri virtus, sistit et abstinuit*."

The Palazzo Pitti is still a magnificent palace, containing a vast suit of rooms almost equal to those of Versailles. The pictures have all been removed, excepting the painted ceilings, which remain unhurt, and are extremely beautiful. The garden, and the statues which adorn it, are uninjured.

The king of Etruria and his family inhabit this palace. The apartment of his majesty is very simply furnished.

The Museum, or cabinet of natural history, still exists, and continues under the care of the celebrated abbé Fontana.—The anatomical collection, or Specula, is dreadfully fine, and perhaps unequaled in the world. There is likewise a representation in wax of the Plague, so well done as to make one shudder in beholding it. The collection of insects, worms, shells,

* Which may be translated thus—

Though Brutus' form the sculptor's art began,
He stopp'd—nor could achieve the godlike man.

coral, petrifactions, seeds, fruits, minerals, and flowers, is magnificent. I saw here some white iron from Hungary; tables of agate, granite, and precious stones of all sorts; a Patagonian skeleton, found in captain Byron's voyage; a cloak from the Sandwich Islands; the dress and arms of an inhabitant of Otaheite, &c. Attached to this institution, is a good botanical garden.

The pictures of the Palazzo Corsini, though only a private collection, are very fine indeed; particularly the lovely figure of Poesy, by Carlo Dolce; a Venus, by Titian; a Lucretia, by Guido; an Eternal Father, by Lanfranco; two pictures of Cupids, by Albani; a Crowning with Thorns, by Andrea del Sarto; a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself; St. Nicholas, by Luca Giordano; some cartoons, by Raphael; Riches and Philosophy, by Guido; St. Sebastian, by Carlo Dolce; an Old Head, by Lanfranco; two pictures—the subject of one a Kitchen, and the other an Old Woman Spinning—by Caravaggio; a scene of Enchantment, by Salvator Rosa; and a Spanish Prince, by Vandyck; &c.

I next visited S. Lorenzo, and the celebrated chapel, or mausoleum, of the princes of the house of Medici. As it has not been injured during the revolution, it would be presumptuous in me to attempt describing it after the

full account given by former writers. Suffice it to say, that the tombs are adorned with the rarest and most precious stones, and that the chapel conveys no imperfect specimen of the magnificence of the house of Medici. It has never been finished; yet the family whose honors it was intended to commemorate is extinct*. — Such is the history of human vanity!

From the library of S. Lorenzo the French have taken away the very valuable manuscript of Virgil mentioned by Mr. Addison and by Lalande. This collection still possesses many early editions and curious manuscripts.

The Palazzo Riccardi, in which the family of Medici lived after they left the Palazzo Vecchio, and before they settled in the Palazzo Pitti, still contains many objects highly worthy of notice. The ceilings, painted al-fresco by Luca Giordano, retain all their beauty unimpaired. The picture of Cupid in a Blacksmith's Shop is still here; as are also the four pictures, by Frederic Zuccheri, representing landscapes,

* Mr. Addison, who wrote a hundred years ago, seems to have foreseen this circumstance.—

"The chapel of St. Laurence," says he, "will perhaps be the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth when completed; but it advances so very slow, that 'tis not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial-place is finish'd."—*Addison's Italy.*

in each of which Bianca Capello * is introduced. —Beside these, there are many excellent pictures, particularly the following:—the Four Evangelists, by Carlo Dolce; a Madonna and Christ, by the same painter; an old Woman picking a Fowl, by Rembrandt; St. Paul the first hermit, by Luca Giordano; St. Jerome, by the same; a beautiful little likeness of that

* The name of this celebrated beauty induces me to add a note, containing the heads of the story, founded on fact, which M. de Lalande gives as a digression.—

Thomas Buonaventuri, a young Florentine of no fortune and of obscure birth, was placed, at the end of the fourteenth century, as apprentice in the family of a countryman of his own, who was a tradesman at Venice. He there became enamoured of Bianca, the lovely daughter of Bartolomeo Capello, a noble Venetian, whose palace was opposite the windows of his master's house. By signs he contrived to make his passion known to the object who had excited it. She yielded to his entreaties; and, by means of a back door, came every night to his lodgings. The intimacy had existed some time, when Bianca, returning one morning at the break of day, found the door shut by which alone she could regain her apartment undiscovered. In this dilemma she took a decided part; returned to the chamber of her lover, and determined to elope with him. After being concealed for some time at the house of a Florentine friend at Venice, the lovers escaped together, and arrived at Florence; where they were married, and lived at first in great retirement. The beauty of Bianca at last drew notice, and reached the ears of Francis, grand-duke of Tuscany, son of Cosmo the First, and father of Mary of Medici, queen of France, an amorous prince, who was not much attached to his then wife, Joanna of Austria, and

artist, done by himself in crayons; and also original cartoons, or plans, whence he afterwards painted his ceilings: two Madonnas, by Luca Giordano, deserving particular notice on account of the freshness and beauty of the colors; a Madonna (in little), by Carlo Dolce; two small drawings of the same; and, likewise done by himself, a small likeness in crayons of

widow of the king of Hungary. He saw and admired Bianca; and having, by dint of money, satisfied the scruples of the husband, and formed what the Italians call *un triangolo equilatro*, found no remaining difficulties in the lady, who soon became his acknowledged mistress. The queen of Hungary tried in vain to rekindle the affection of her husband, whose attachment to his new favorite increased every day. The grief and jealousy of the queen preyed on her constitution, and she did not long survive the love of the grand-duke. The latter, more and more enamoured of his Venetian mistress, whose first husband died about this time, at length married her,—to the great disappointment of his brother, the cardinal Ferdinand, who was the next heir, if the elder died without issue. Bianca, having passed some years in marriage without children, determined to secure her power over the mind of Francis, by producing as her own a supposititious child. After declaring herself in labor, an infant was introduced by her confessor; but the fraud was discovered, and published by the cardinal.—To punish and revenge this insult, Bianca prepared a poisoned dish, which she offered to her brother-in-law; but the latter, having discovered the meditated crime, refused to partake of the fatal food, which was swallowed by the unsuspecting grand-duke. Bianca, in despair, ate of the same dish, and expired a few hours after her unfortunate and doating husband.

that painter: St. Jerome, by Paul Veronese; our Saviour, by Carlo Dolce; a Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto; a Madonna, Jesus Christ, and St. John, by Mic. Angelo; a small Saviour, by Carlo Dolce; a small Madonna, by the same; a drawing, by Mic. Angelo; some door-pieces, in crayons, by Luca Giordano; &c. &c.

The exterior ornaments of this palace were the work of Michael Angelo. The library is said to be very extensive and valuable.

La Nunziata is one of the finest churches in Florence. I was present at the requiem performed there on the 20th of last month (Nov. 1802) for the soul of the late duke of Parma, father of the king of Etruria. The church was magnificently lighted with innumerable wax tapers, and all the chapels were covered with black velvet edged with gold. In the middle of the church was erected a kind of temporary tomb, on which were written some miserably bad Latin lines in honor of the deceased prince. This tomb was blessed by the legate of the pope, accompanied by three bishops, by whom it was purified with holy water.—The ceremony, though rich in pageantry, was long and tiresome. The church was crowded with the military in full uniform, with the nobles and the ladies of the court in deep mourning and full dress, and with innumerable priests in various ecclesiastical habits.

In going away, I saw in the cloister of this church the celebrated Virgin of Andrea del Sarto, called the Madonna del Sacco, which is painted al-fresco on the wall. It is said that Michael Angelo and Titian never ceased to examine and to admire this picture. It has in some degree suffered from the damp of the situation in which it is placed, but it is still beautiful.—I have not seen the other pictures of this church, as they were all covered on the day of the ceremony, and my subsequent illness deprived me of the opportunity of paying a second visit.

I was much disappointed at not seeing the Casa Buonaroti, in which Michael Angelo lived. I went thither the morning of my departure from Florence, and then found, most unfortunately for me, that it was necessary to ask permission one day before it could be seen.

I visited the church of Santa Croce the day when I was taken ill; and I suffered so much at the time from indisposition, that I fear my account will appear very imperfect.

The tomb of Michael Angelo is still there, and uninjured. The three figures of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, by all of which sister sciences Buonaroti was eminently favored, are very beautiful. I add the epitaph.—

Michæli Angelo Buonarotio,
evetusta Simoniorum familia,
Sculptori, Pictori, et Architecto,
Fama omnibus notissimo.
Leonardus Patruo amantiss. et de se
optime merito, translatis Româ
ejus ossibus, atque in hoc templo
major. suor.
conditis, cohortante Seren. Cosimo. Med.
Magno Etruriæ Duce, P.C.
Anno salut. MDLXX.
vix. ann. LXXXVIII.

Most of the objects mentioned by Lalande are still here, but some of the pictures have changed places. Since his time, a plain and handsome monument has been erected to the memory of the celebrated Machiavel, of which writer such opposite opinions have been entertained at different times. The epitaph is simply expressive.—

Tanto nomini nullum
par elogium
Nicolaio Machiavelli*.

The chapel of Niccolini is very beautiful, and deserves the praises so often lavished on it. I was much pleased with a figure of Christ, by Donatelli, in the third chapel.

* No praise can be sufficient
to do justice to the
great name of
Nicholas Machiavel.

Ill as I was when I visited this church, I did not fail to view with veneration and respect the tomb which contains the injured ashes of the illustrious Galileo. Though the town of Florence has thus atoned for its error, by raising this monument, and burying in the vault of the church the remains of that distinguished man, it rests on record, to the disgrace no less of human reason than of this city, that he was originally buried in the public street, because his opinions, the result of the discovery of truth, were declared heretical. The bust of Galileo is also here, the work of Foggini.

The Palazzo Gerini contains some of the finest pictures at Florence. I visited it the morning before my departure. I was particularly delighted with the following pictures:—an Old Head, by Titian; a Madonna, with little Angels, by Vandyck; two landscapes—the one a water scene, and the other a Conversation between Four Philosophers in a Wood—by Salvator Rosa; a Madonna and Child, by Pietro di Cortona; Vandyck, by himself; a Vulture tearing out the Entrails of Prometheus, by Salvator Rosa (terribly fine); St. Dominick, by Cigoli; the Day of Judgement, by Zuccheri; the Adoration (a delightful picture), by Caravaggio; St. Denis carrying his Head, by Rubens; Mary Magdalen and St. John, by

Carlo Dolce; a Man, Woman, and Child, by del Empoli; six landscapes, by Claude Lorraine; a Holy Family, by Zuccheri; a Head, by Caracci; an Old Head, by Michael Angelo; the Crucifixion of St. Andrew, by Carlo Dolce; St. Peter and the Madonna, by Albani; St. Francis, by Cigoli; a Holy Family, in small, by Raphael; an Adoration, by Paul Veronese; a Flight into Egypt, by Albert Durer; St. Jerome (very beautiful), by Spagnoletto; a St. Sebastian, by Guido; Adam, Eve, and the Eternal Father, by Francesco Furini; our Saviour and St. Joseph, by Guido; a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself; a landscape, by Agostino Caracci; a Madonna, by Vandyck; the Crowning of the Virgin, by Rubens, in small; a Saint, by Spagnoletto; a Madonna and Child, by the same; a Battle, in small, by Salvator Rosa; a Woman dressed in a black Cloak, by Paul Veronese; a Madonna, by Fra. Bartolomeo; a small Head, by Furini; St. Peter (extremely beautiful), by Guido; &c. &c.

Pergola, the principal theatre of Florence, and which is generally devoted to the performance of operas, is a dirty and not very handsome building. It is the fashion to go very frequently to this theatre. When the opera ceases, tragedies and plays are acted at another house.

I have heard here several times an excellent

soprano singer, whose name is Mattucci. He has been received with much applause; and though young, his reputation, I understand, is generally established through every part of Italy. His benefit was honored with the presence of all the *fashionables* of Florence. On that occasion I saw, in the box of an Italian lady, the prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz, whom I met on the road in coming hither. He is traveling for improvement, and seems to be a well-informed, civil, intelligent, and unaffected young man.

M. Lalande complains, without reason, that there is no public promenade at Florence. He forgets the Cassino, just at the gates of the town, and on the banks of the river Arno, one of the most beautiful and most romantic spots ever seen near a great city, and which is crowded every evening with carriages, equestrians, and foot-passengers.

I visited, before my departure from Florence, the Academia di Belle Arte, founded, I believe, by Leopold. In this college three hundred young men are initiated in the study of the fine arts; and, in viewing the different apartments, I saw the students occupied with their respective pursuits. In one of the rooms are models of all the finest statues yet discovered. At the end of the great or principal hall appears an al-fresco painting of the Flight into Egypt, by Giovanni di S. Giovanni; which

was cut out of a chapel formerly standing in the garden of a convent, and brought hither by order of Leopold, without suffering at all by the removal. In the room appropriated to the distribution of prizes, I saw the following pictures: — the Descent from the Cross, by Bronzino; Poetry and Painting, by Giovanni di S. Giovanni; a Cene, by Barocci, in crayons; a King of France, by Del Empoli; an Eternal Father, by Carlo Dolce; the Assumption, by Lorenzo Lippi; our Saviour and his Apostles, by Jacobo del Empoli; &c.

I also visited the church of S. Marco. It contains some good pictures.

I next drove to Il Palazzo Vecchio. The principal hall is a fine large room, suited to the magnificence of the family of Medici, who long inhabited this palace, and whose statues are still seen here. The statue of Victory, by Michael Angelo, is beautiful; and that of Virtue defeating Vice, by John of Bologna, is equally striking. There are likewise some Grecian statues highly worthy of notice.

Near the Palazzo Vecchio is the celebrated fountain of Neptune, in bronze, accompanied with nymphs and tritons, by John of Bologna; and the equestrian statue of Cosmo of Medici, first grand-duke of Florence. Both are esteemed *chefs-d'œuvres*.

Before I conclude my account of the curio-

sities of Florence, I ought to mention a visit which I paid to M. Fabre, a French artist of eminence, long settled at Florence. At his house I saw several specimens of genius and professional excellence; particularly a copy of the Madonna della Sedia, once the ornament of this place, and now at Paris in the possession of madame Bonaparte. The expression of this picture was so admirable, and the coloring so chaste, that I could easily have mistaken the copy for the original.

The brother of this painter is equally skilful in his profession, which is that of a physician. I speak with experience of his abilities. I had the good fortune to be recommended to his care, and I experienced from him the utmost attention and friendly kindness. Under his very able directions I recovered from a severe illness; and truth as well as gratitude induces me to add, that he is a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of sense. His manners inspire confidence; and his plan of practice is simply to assist, without attempting to force, the operations of nature.

In the sights to be viewed at Florence, it is scarcely necessary to name the manufactories of alabaster and marble, as every stranger on his arrival is sufficiently importuned by the agents of those shops. The statues, lamps, and vases made here are indeed beautiful; and as

these are generally modeled after the finest originals of antiquity, they never fail to excite admiration.

Having thus given you a general account of the objects of public notice, allow me to add a few words on Florence and its inhabitants. — This city is certainly one of the prettiest, though not one of the largest, capitals of Europe. Its situation, on each side of a beautiful river, in a rich country, and surrounded by the picturesque Apennines *, is delightful. Its streets are superiorly well paved, wide, and handsome. Its ordinary houses are lofty and regular, and its palaces magnificent. The markets are abundantly supplied, not only with all the comforts, but likewise with all the luxuries, of life. Its happy climate and fruitful soil † af-

* " Umbrosis mediam qua collibus Apenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo qua vertice tellus
Altius intumuit, propiusque accessit Olympo."
Luc. lib. 2.

Thus translated by Mr. Addison :—

" In pomp the shady Apennines arise,
And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies :
No land like Italy erects the sight
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height."

† Of this country one may well say, in the words of Virgil,—

" Sed gravidæ fruges, et Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere, tenent oleæ armentaque læta."

ford, without any foreign aid, whatever the wants or wishes of the people can desire; and provisions are consequently reasonable.

The Arts and Sciences long made this place their favorite residence; and for many years the protection of the magnificent princes of the house of Medici, and, after them, that of Leopold and his worthy successors, contributed to bring them to the highest perfection. Notwithstanding the robberies committed by the French in this as well as in every country which their armies have entered, enough remains of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the first masters to astonish those who have not seen Florence before, and to prove what it must have been in better times.

As to the inhabitants—they are generally civil, honest, and obliging; and even the lowest classes are distinguished for urbanity of manners. I hear, too, that the crimes which are said to disgrace some parts of Italy are unknown in Tuscany. M. Lalande exculpates the Florentines from a charge brought against them by "the Swedish Travelers," of a practice too detestable to name; and I have had no reason, from my observation and inquiries, to doubt the truth of his remarks. Assassination is unheard of; and I believe even robberies but rarely happen. Poverty, which, unhappily! is

the parent of a thousand other evils, wears here a less disgusting appearance than in the neighbouring countries. I have seen but few miserable objects; and the inhabitants in general are well dressed, and apparently well fed.

The higher orders are uncommonly polite; and, notwithstanding the losses which they have experienced from the effects of the last war, are still remarkable for their hospitality to strangers. Never shall I forget the kindness which I have experienced in this city,—a kindness which is rendered still more honorable to those who displayed it by this circumstance, that I arrived here without any particular title to their notice. Coming hither with only letters of recommendation to a banker (Mr. Donato Orsi), we were immediately introduced by that gentleman, who himself received us with great cordiality at his own house, into the society of the first nobility.

I ought particularly to mention, among those who show marked attention to English travelers, the marquis Torregiani, who lives in a very handsome manner, and gives evening entertainments consisting of music, cards, conversation, and dancing. His house is elegantly furnished; and refreshments are given in profusion,—a kind of hospitality which is remarked

in Italy; in all the societies of which country it is a rare thing to taste at any assembly more than a glass of water.

The countess of Albany, the widow of the English pretender, in whose family resides the celebrated count Alfieri, collects at her house once a week the best company of Florence; to which strangers of character may easily gain admittance. She is an elegant woman, *d'une certaine âge*, and receives her guests with that urbanity which may be expected from a lady who has passed her life in the first circles of different capitals. As to the society of this house, I did not find it very entertaining. Cards are not admitted; and there is much of that form, and pedantic dialogue, of which I so often complained when I visited persons of the old *noblesse* at Paris.

I am also disappointed with count Alfieri*. I have been twice at madame Albany's parties without hearing him speak. Disgusted with the crimes and excesses committed at Paris, it is said that that distinguished poet, who was once the advocate of revolutionary principles, is become so decided an enemy to France, that he now refuses even to speak the language of that country, and even in his own converses

* Count Alfieri is since dead.

but rarely. He sits by the fireside, in a state of musing melancholy.

Beside the houses of madame Torregiani, and madame Albany, there are those of madame Sentini (the mother of the former), and some others, at which foreigners are well received.

Here is likewise a *Cassino Nobile*, for the exclusive use of the Florentine *noblesse*, and of such strangers as they may choose to introduce; and a cassino of which persons in all ranks may be members. There is, at each of these, a billiard room, and a *salon* for cards, in which also balls are sometimes given. Ladies as well as gentlemen are admitted in these cassinos, which (with this difference) may be compared with the subscription houses of London.

You will expect that I should say something of the new kingdom of Etruria. The king is at present absent: I have therefore had no opportunity of seeing him*; but I am informed that he is a sickly young man, not more than twenty-two years old; and that he is subject to fits of a dreadful kind, with which he has been

* *Note written since the author's return.*—On my return to Florence I saw this unfortunate prince, who died a few months afterwards. I found him exactly what he had been reported to be: he was slim in his figure, and unhealthy in his appearance: his countenance bore the marks of great depression.

once or twice attacked during the performance of an opera. His attendants dropped the curtain of the box, but a hideous scream betrayed to his subjects the unfortunate situation of their youthful monarch. His queen, daughter of the king of Spain, is said to be a very amiable and worthy princess*. They have already three or four children.

As to the power of the king of Etruria, it is, I need scarcely say, entirely dependent on the pleasure of France; and general Clarke, the ambassador of that republic, is considered as the efficient minister of the country. But what the new sovereign may want in authority, he endeavours to make up for in show and pageantry; and I understand that his court has all the pomp and ceremony of that of Madrid, on which it is modeled. Over the public offices, in every part of the town, his arms are suspended: the military are splendidly dressed in blue and red uniforms, with epaulets and lacings of gold; and the Spanish cockade *(red)* is worn in the hats of the army. All the pub-

* Every English reader will join in these praises, when it is mentioned, that she refused, after the late declaration of war, to comply with the demand of France, in issuing a proclamation, as regent, for the arrest of such British subjects as might be found in her dominions. "France," said this virtuous princess, "may by force execute this act of tyranny, but I will not lend my name to a measure of cruelty and injustice."

lic functionaries have appropriate dresses; and the pages and other officers of the palace, as well as those of the customs and police, have each their regimentals and military hats. I heard, indeed, some of the most respectable citizens of Florence complain of the useless expense which these tawdry specimens of royalty occasioned, and of the absurdity of a little state, like that of Etruria, aping the costly ceremonials of Spain.

Attached to the family and person of the grand-duke of Tuscany, their late sovereign, the inhabitants of this town speak of him as his virtues and constant endeavours to promote their happiness deserved. The tyranny exercised over them by France, in changing their government without their consent, is generally felt and openly complained of; but, forced to yield to the power of arms, the Florentines prefer the government, however nominal, of the king of Etruria, to a junction with the republic "one and indivisible." They have a shadow of independence; to which, deprived of the reality, they fondly cling: and I am sure the Tuscan people would see with regret a French proconsul take the place of their present sovereign. They, sometimes, led on by their hopes, indulge the thought of recovering their ancient government and much-loved prince; and I have heard, since I have been at

Florence, several reports of such a plan being in agitation,—reports solely founded on the wishes of those by whom they were propagated.

I ought to add, while on the subject, that Etruria is so far an independent country at this moment, that the French troops have been withdrawn, with the single exception of one regiment, which still remains at Leghorn. But this is but a slight advantage, as this territory is surrounded on all sides by the dominions of France, whence she can at any time send an army into Etruria.——But this letter is grown unpardonably long: I will therefore now put rather an abrupt conclusion to it.

I intend setting out on the continuance of my tour to-morrow. I shall leave Florence with much regret: it is the seat of plenty, hospitality, and politeness. To men of letters, it recals a thousand delightful ideas, as the spot where learning first revived: to those whose pursuit is pleasure, it offers at an easy expense all the conveniences and elegancies of life, accompanied with those of polished society: and the students and admirers of the fine arts find here every thing which taste can require or genius afford.

Perhaps I ought to add, that strangers, beside these advantages and those of a mild and

healthy climate, find better accommodations here than in any other town on the continent. Schneiderff has a splendid hotel superbly furnished, the principal windows of which command the river Arno; and at his house every thing is served with the comfort, cleanliness, and style which distinguish an English inn. But, while I give this praise, justice compels me to add, that though our countrymen were generally highly satisfied with the treatment they received from the landlord, I had personally proof that he was not a person in whom it is safe to place implicit confidence.

Besides Schneiderff's, which however is incomparably the best, there are some other good inns at Florence. Gasperini, at the *Arms of England* (whose wife is English), keeps a very respectable hotel; where the customs of our country are also strictly observed, and the accommodations are clean and comfortable. Pio, at *L'Aquila Neva*, has large apartments, which have lately been newly furnished: and there is an inn on the opposite bank of the Arno from that where Schneiderff's is situated, which commands the same view.

I bid you for the present adieu.

My next letter will probably be dated from Rome. I need scarcely add, that I look forward with much impatience to the pleasure of

seeing that city, once the mistress of the world, and perhaps still one of the most interesting spots on the continent of Europe.

The fever with which I have been attacked, and from which I am scarcely yet recovered, has been the cause of my abandoning my original plan, of going to Pisa and Leghorn,—neither of those places being in the direct road. It affords me some consolation to learn, that Pisa, beautiful in summer, is only visited for its climate at this season of the year; and that Leghorn, highly interesting at all times to commercial men, has few attractions for such *drones* as myself.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

Departure from Florence—Description and history of Sienna—Piazza del Campo — Palazzo del Eccelsi, or di Signori — Column ornamented with a group of Romulus and Remus—Tower of the Virgin—Il Duomo, or the cathedral—Façade —Inscription—Pavement—Chapel of Chigi—Library, or sacristie—Al-fresco paintings, by Raphael, in which he has introduced his own portrait — Radicofani, built on an extinguished volcano—Entrance into the territories of the pope—Miserable post-horses — Scene with the same — S. Lorenzo—Lake and town of Bolsena —Viterbo --- Lake of Vico --- Arrival at Rome---Porta e Piazza del Popolo.

Rome, Dec. 18, 1802.

My dear sir,

WHEN last I had the pleasure of writing to you, I was preparing to leave Florence. I set out, as I intended, on the following morning, and reached the town of Sienna the same evening.

Sienna (in Latin *Sena*, *Sena Julia*, *Senæ*, or, according to Pliny, *Colonia Senensis*) is a city containing fifteen or sixteen thousand inhabitants, situated in the middle of Tuscany, twelve leagues from Florence, forty to the north of Rome, and thirteen from the sea side. It is esteemed the third city of Tuscany; and the inhabitants are reputed to speak the Italian language in greater perfection than any of

their countrymen. Sienna boasts of a Roman descent,—Augustus having established a colony here, and given it the name of Sena Julia; in proof of which, part of an ancient wall is shown, with which the town was once surrounded; and in the principal piazza, near the cathedral, and in other quarters of the city, are placed groups representing Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf.

As to the history of Sienna: it was once celebrated for the number of inhabitants which it contained, and for their industry, commerce, and love of liberty. It was for some time an independent republic, and victoriously repelled the united attacks of Florence and Pisa. Faction at length found its way into this little commonwealth, and Pandolso Petrucci usurped the sovereign authority. His heirs kept possession of the government for some time; till foreign powers, taking advantage of the internal dissensions of the city, interposed, and Sienna became successively subject to France and to Spain. The latter of these nations surrendered its conquest to Cosmo the First, grand-duke of Tuscany, whose successors continued masters of Sienna till the arrival of the French armies in the last war. This place has of course experienced the same fate as the rest of Tuscany, and now forms part of the newly-erected kingdom of Etruria.—Having given you this

general sketch of the history of Sienna, I proceed to speak of what I saw there.

The Piazza del Campo, or principal square, is one hundred and fifty-six French feet in circumference, and is the point where eleven streets meet. In the middle of the place appears a fine fountain of marble, ornamented with figures in bas-relief, and abundantly supplied with water from various springs. The houses are of Gothic architecture; but the town-hall, called the Palazzo del Eccelsi, is a handsome building, in which are several spacious apartments ornamented with pictures, and appropriated to the use of various public offices.

Near the great piazza stands a column of granite, on which is placed a group, in gilt bronze, of Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf. As I had before occasion to mention, there are several other such statues in the town, but this is the most remarkable.

I was next taken to a tower attached to a chapel built of marble, and dedicated to the Virgin at the time of the plague. From this tower I enjoyed an extensive prospect of the town, the environs, and the whole chain of Alps.

Having seen these and some few other less important objects, I visited Il Duomo, or the cathedral. The *façade* is a fine, rich, Gothic

pile of architecture; and the church is approached by lofty steps of marble, which, as M. de Lalande remarks, "gives the entrance an appearance of magnificence worthy of the building to which it leads, and which may even excite the admiration of those who have seen St. Peter's at Rome."

Over the threshold of the door the following words are written:—

"Castissimum Virginis templum castè memento ingredi*."

If none but those whose chastity was unsuspected were to enter this church, I am inclined to think that the holy ceremonies celebrated here would be but thinly attended.

The length of the building is three hundred and thirty feet; and the plan is excellent. The interior, as well as the outside, is decorated with black and white marble. The painted ceiling has not been injured: it has a blue ground, on which golden stars are scattered. The pavement of this church is reckoned one of the greatest curiosities of Italy. It is a kind of Mosaic; and several scenes of the Old Testament are represented, by an arrangement of

* "Remember to be chaste, when you presume to enter this very chaste temple of the Virgin."

It is singular enough that this inscription should appear on the cathedral of a town considered as the least chaste of the *chaste* cities of Italy.

differently-colored marbles, which produces the effect of a picture, and has some resemblance to the plan of the old Etruscan vases. The whole is covered with boards, part of which is occasionally removed to satisfy the curiosity of strangers.

The chapel of the Virgin, which belongs to the family of Chigi, is esteemed the finest in the cathedral, and appears not to have suffered from the war or the revolution. It will perhaps entertain you to be informed, that pope Alexander the Seventh built this chapel in commemoration of a miraculous appearance of the Virgin, to which the citizens of Sienna attributed a great victory gained over their enemies, and in consequence of which the syndic of the town was instructed, by the pious and grateful inhabitants, to deliver over their persons and habitations to the dominion of the Virgin by all the proper forms of law. The altar is decorated with *lapis lazuli*, and has pillars of green marble. There are also here the much-admired statues of St. Jerome and the Magdalen, the work of the chevalier Bernini. The pictures, by Carlo Maratti, of the Virgin and of St. Anne, retain their old situation in this chapel, and are uninjured. The pulpit, or gallery, where the Gospel is chanted, is supported by pillars of granite, with figures of lions, and has a circular staircase ornamented with basso-

relievos.—The baptistery is an octagon building, of marble, decorated with statues and other works of art.

The church formerly possessed a valuable library; but the books were taken away by the Spaniards, while they were masters of Sienna. The room which contained them is now converted into a *sacristie*, and deserves to be visited on account of the *al-fresco* pictures painted on the walls by Bernard Perugino, from drawings by Raphael. The coloring is quite fresh and beautiful. The subject of the work is an ecclesiastical procession. The figures are as large as life; and among them Raphael has drawn his own portrait, carrying a torch, in the costume of a priest. He appears young, and the countenance is handsome.

The cathedral is likewise celebrated as having been the seat of several general councils, and particularly of that which was afterwards adjourned to Basle, and in which the pretended heresies of Wickliffe and John Huss were condemned.

I viewed the church and other curiosities of Sienna at an early hour; and, continuing my journey the same day, reached the posthouse at Radicofani in the evening.

Radicofani is a lofty mountain, wild in its appearance, and remarked by naturalists as the

first spot on the Apennines in which vestiges of an extinguished volcano are discovered. The inn is supposed to stand where lava once flowed. The house looked forlorn and desolate; but we procured a tolerably decent room, where, with the assistance of a good fire, and the provisions which we had brought with us, we soon became not less comfortable than if we had occupied a more splendid apartment.

We passed the night here; and on the following morning recommenced our journey, in fine, cold, and frosty weather.

At the next posthouse we entered the territories of the pope, and, after undergoing the usual ceremonies of an examination at the custom-house, were allowed to proceed. We had soon reason to remark, that the accounts given by former travelers, of the miserable manner in which the post is served in the ecclesiastical states, were by no means exaggerated. Six animals, dignified with the name of horses, scarcely as large as asses, half starved, and mangled with the whip, were tackled to the carriage, and driven by three fellows who did not appear either stronger or better fed than the wretched creatures submitted to their power; while their torn hats and ragged coats were in exact unison with the rest of the equipage.

We had scarcely counted three English miles,

when the poor animals refused the collar, and could not be persuaded to draw the carriage up a small hill, which it was necessary to pass. The postillions swore, flogged, and prayed alternately. Neither the lashes of their whips against the lean sides of the unhappy horses, nor all the oaths which the Italian language affords, nor the most pious appeals to every saint in the Roman calendar, could avail them any thing;—the carriage remained unmoved. In this distress, we of course got out; and though provoked at losing so much time, and pitying the miserable beasts who were thus made the victims of their master's avarice, I could not help smiling at the grotesque scene which presented itself.—Had I possessed the pencil of Bunbury, I could from life have drawn a caricature which might have vied with the choicest of his productions.—After great exertions, much flogging, much swearing, and no less praying, we at last succeeded in getting to the top of the hill; and, without any other accident than the fracture of the dragstaff of my carriage, reached the next stage in safety.

After passing through S. Lorenzo, the first town of any size in the pope's dominions, and which proved its dependence on his government by the filth and poverty of the inhabitants, we found ourselves in a fine country,

and saw at our feet a delightful valley, at the extremity of which stands the pretty lake of Bolsena. It is three leagues in diameter, and has two little islands in it; but the navigation is sometimes rendered dangerous by violent winds which occasionally prevail.

The town near it, of the same name, is the *Volsinium* of the ancients, whence the Romans took two hundred statues, and where the twelve nations of Etruria used to hold their national assemblies. At three leagues' distance to the left stands the town of Orvietto, which gives its name to a favorite wine of the Italians.

We arrived at Viterbo an hour after sunset, having been escorted from the preceding post by a party of dragoons. We thought it prudent to require their protection, as the courier carrying the bag of letters from Florence to Rome had been robbed near the lake of Bolsena only the night before.

We found at Viterbo a comfortable inn (*Albergo Reale*), and on the following morning continued our journey. I say nothing of the town, having arrived there when it was already dark on one day, and left it again before the sun had risen on the next. Will you blame me for this want of curiosity, when I inform you that the principal attractions of this place consist of the preserved body of Santa Rosa di Vi-

terbo, and of the house in which that maiden saint resided during her pilgrimage in this world? — The mineral waters of Viterbo, I ought to add, are celebrated for their medicinal qualities.

I need not tell you with how much impatience I traveled the last day towards Rome,— an impatience which rendered every mile doubly long, and which made the journey appear unusually tiresome.

After leaving Viterbo, we ascended for some time; and then, by a sudden descent, approached the lake of Vico, supposed to be the

"Cimini cum monte lacum*"

of Virgil.

The mountain of Viterbo, which stands immediately above it, is formed of stones once thrown from a volcano; and matter is found in the neighbourhood resembling cinders mixed with charcoal, and little pebbles almost calcined. There prevails also an ancient tradition, which records the existence of a city which once stood where the lake now is. Some authors have even pretended that the ruins of the town might be seen in the lake, when the water was clear. — My eyesight is tolerably good, but I could not make this discovery.

* *Æn.*, lib. vii. l. 697.

In the latter part of our journey, I anxiously looked for the dome of St. Peter's; but, notwithstanding the assurances of many travelers that it may be perceived at a vast distance, I did not see it till we came very near the gates of Rome.

It was yet light when we stopped at the *Porta del Popolo;* and finding that a friend, to whom I had written for the purpose, had left there a *liceat passare* *, or order of the government, permitting our carriage to pass without being detained for examination at the custom-house, we proceeded at once to the lodgings which, by the kind attention of the same gentleman, had also been prepared for us.

The entrance of the city, on this side, is extremely striking. The *Porta del Popolo*, itself a beautiful object, leads to the piazza of the same name; on each side of which stand two churches, with corresponding and beautiful *façades;* between which runs the *Corso*, or prin-

* Persons of character, on writing to their bankers, or any other respectable residents at Rome, may procure such an order; and which, being left for them at the gates, prevents on their arrival all trouble or delay. The luggage is in such case only examined at the lodgings of the traveler. Those who neglect to take this precaution are conducted to the custom-house, where they are obliged to wait while every part of their equipage is strictly examined.

cipal street of Rome. In the centre of the *place* is erected an Egyptian obelisk, no less remarkable for its height than for its vast antiquity.

I have now been a whole day at Rome, and have yet seen nothing but the streets through which we passed in the way to our apartments. This is, indeed, a loss; but the weather has been so extremely bad, that it has been impracticable to leave the house the whole morning.

Sleep was a stranger to my pillow last night, so occupied was I with the idea of this extraordinary and ever-memorable city. The scenes of the Roman history recurred to my mind; and I could scarcely bring myself to believe that I inhabited the spot where Virgil wrote and Cicero harangued; where Liberty and Despotism each in its turn ruled triumphant; where every virtue and every vice reached its utmost point; where Cæsar forged the chains of his countrymen, and where Brutus revenged them; where Nero exercised his cruelties, and where Cato in theory and practice was a patriot and a philosopher. In the language of Horace—

> "Romulum post hos priùs an quietum
> Pompilî regnum memorem, an superbos
> Tarquinî fasces, dubito, an Catonis
> Nobile lethum."

I have given you no little proof of my friendship, in having sufficiently collected my thoughts to write to you while my mind is filled with these and a thousand other reflexions, which a first arrival at Rome necessarily engenders.

As soon as I have to a certain degree gratified my curiosity about the innumerable objects which demand my attention, I will write again. In the mean time, believe me, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Diary of my first residence at Rome—St. Peter's—Approach to it grand beyond description—Coliseum, or Flavian amphitheatre—Anecdote of Michael Angelo—Arch of Constantine—Piazza Navoni—Duke Braschi's palace—The Capitol—Steps leading to it—Castor and Pollux—Marcus Aurelius—Senatorial palace—Museum of antiquities—Tarpeian Rock—Campo Vaccino—Arch of Septimius Severus—Ruins of the Temple of Peace—Front of S. Lorenzo in Miranda—Villa Borghese—Roman assembly—Fountain of Trevi—Monte Cavallo—Celebrated statues there—Egyptian pyramid and inscription—Fountain of Termini, now called the Fountain of Moses---Church of S. Vittoria---St. Theresa Dying, by Ch. Bernini---Church of Madonna delli Angeli, built out of the Baths of Dioclesian---Church of Santa Maria Maggiore---Obelisk of the same---Church of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme---Church of St. John de Lateran---Baptistery of Constantine---Le Scale Sante, or steps by which our Saviour ascended to the throne of Pontius Pilate---Sealing of the relics by the pope---Adventure at the church where we went to see that ceremony---Equipage, guard, and servants of the pope---The pope---Palazzo Doria ---Church of the Capuchins---Pictures there---The Belvidere of the Vatican---Palazzo Borghese---Church of the Madonna del Popolo---Statue by Raphael the painter---Villa Borghese ---House, statue, and pictures there---Palazzo Rospigliosi--- Celebrated Aurora of Guido in the summer-house of that palace, and other pictures---High mass performed by the pope at St. Peter's, on Christmas-day---Account of that ceremony ---The pope carried through the aisle of St. Peter's---Character of the present pope---Angelica Kauffman's pictures---Preparations for leaving Rome.

Rome, December 25, 1802.

My dear sir,

HAVING spent the Christmas week at Rome, I purpose setting off to-morrow for Naples. I therefore now send you my diary for this time. Before you begin perusing it, I must beg you to understand, that, meaning to return to Rome at Easter, and then to pass here six or eight weeks, in order to examine in detail the curiosities of this wonderful place, I have only visited the most striking objects, and those without any plan or arrangement. My sole reason for sending you this imperfect account at present is, to allay the impatience which I know the name of Rome will have excited in your mind: and if you can check that sentiment, you will do right not to read this letter, but wait for such information as I shall be able to collect on my second and longer visit.

Diary of my first residence at Rome.

December 19.—We went this morning, with a small party of friends, to the church of St. Peter. The approach is magnificent beyond the power of description. Two vast semicircular arcades, formed of Corinthian pillars,

surround a spacious court; in the centre of which appear two lofty fountains, whose waters fall into basins of Egyptian porphyry: and at the extremity of this court, the superb *façade* of this wonderful church demands the admiration of all who behold it. As to the interior, it unites every perfection. It is perhaps too beautiful: it pleases rather than astonishes. Every thing is so chaste, and in such perfect harmony, that its vast size is scarcely discovered. Two figures of infant angels, which hold a vase of holy water near the door, are pointed out as proofs how much the sight is deceived by the exact proportions of the building. These figures appear at a little distance not larger than children of five years old, though each of them is in fact above six feet high.

At this first visit to St. Peter's I was so occupied with its general beauty that I had not time to examine any of the details. I mean to come here again to-morrow, and shall then enter into further particulars.

From St. Peter's we went into the apartments of the Vatican called the Rooms of Raphael, from the celebrated pictures which that great artist has left upon the walls. These pictures have not been injured by the revolution; but time and damp have taken much from their former excellence. I was disappointed in the

famous picture of the Fire at Rome. It did by no means answer the expectations which I had formed. The colors indeed are so injured, that it is difficult to discover the merit which probably it once possessed. The School of Athens is nearly in the same situation: and though enough may be left for artists to find in it an excellent lesson for imitation, it can at present afford but little pleasure to the unprofessional spectator. I am happy to add, that St. Peter in Prison retains all its beauty. There, indeed, Raphael is still himself,—that is to say, incomparable: the coloring, and variation of light, are admirable.

After passing some hours in St. Peter's and the Vatican, we returned to our inn; and, in passing, saw the Antonine Pillar, or, more properly speaking, that of Marcus Aurelius. It is magnificent, and uninjured.

In the evening we went to the Corso in our carriage, and saw the Italians take their favorite amusement, in driving up and down this long street. Most of the equipages were fashioned *à l'Anglaise;* but none of them seemed remarkably handsome.

December 20.—I went this morning to view for the second time the church of St. Peter. I visited every chapel, and almost every part, of this beautiful building. I think, however, that it is more admirable in the whole than in the

detail. The pictures are all in Mosaic, copies from the most celebrated originals; and have on that account escaped the grasp of France. The statues placed in different parts of the church are not particularly fine, and by no means worthy of the situation which they fill. —I still remain of my former opinion, that St. Peter's rather gives pleasure than excites surprise. It is more beautiful than magnificent; and rather calculated to create gaiety, than to command devotion. M. de Paty observes, in his Letters on Italy, that it is impossible to entertain any low or mean thoughts in this church. For my part, I felt here any thing rather than an inclination to devotion, reflexion, or contemplation. The whole appears to me too light, and too airy, for a building consecrated to holy offices. Surely, as a ball-room or place of public amusement, no person would think it too gloomy, or not sufficiently ornamented. How, then, can it be calculated for a spot where the mind ought to examine itself; where the pomp and vanities of the world are to be forgotten; and where gaiety is the last feeling which ought to intrude?

I say no more at present of St. Peter's, as on my return to Rome I shall examine it minutely, and send you an account more descriptive of what it contains.

We next went to the Coliseum*, or Flavian Amphitheatre. The exterior walls of this vast edifice are still perfect, with the exception of one side: and Fame reports that the latter was demolished in consequence of the following circumstance:—A pope (I believe of the house of Borghese) wished to build a palace for his nephew (or, more properly speaking, his natural son); and, having consulted Michael Angelo on the subject, was advised by that celebrated artist to pull down this venerable piece of antiquity, and with the materials to erect the intended house. Jealousy in this great

* This extraordinary building was erected by Vespasian, after the Jewish war, in the year 72 of our era, in the spot formerly occupied by the gardens of Nero. This situation was then in the middle of Rome, though it is now at the extremity of the city, and may be considered as a suburb. Indeed, it is at present in so deserted and uninhabited a neighbourhood, that more than one recluse, inhabiting the little hermitage attached to the Coliseum, has been murdered in his solitary dwelling; and it is thought unsafe to visit the ruins after sunset.

The amphitheatre is of an oval shape; one thousand six hundred and forty-one French feet in circumference, and one hundred and twenty-seven in height.

Several Christians suffered martyrdom here, being condemned by the emperors, and delivered up to wild beasts in the great area of this building.

For a particular and minute description, with a plan of the building, see Lumesden's *Antiquities of Rome.*

man, rendering him envious of the superior merits of the ancients, is said to have been the cause of this barbarous counsel; which would have been followed *in toto,* had not the complaints of the populace, who were roused by this attack on one of the great ornaments of their city, prevented the evil from extending. There is yet enough left of the Coliseum to show the magnificence of ancient architecture, and the great scale on which public spectacles were given to the citizens of Rome,—seats for eighty thousand of whom are still visible. The pillars on the different floors display specimens of the different orders of architecture,—the lower being of the Doric, the second of the Ionic, the third of the Corinthian, and the fourth of the Composite.

The Coliseum has been preserved from the ravages of modern barbarity, by being converted into a church. Within its circumference are placed several altars, where the faithful bend the knee in passing.—A kind of hermit shows the spot, and lives in a small house at one of the gates.

Near the principal entrance of the Coliseum stands the Arch of Constantine, which is still perfect. The basso-relievos are said to be of a better age, and to have been taken from the Arch of Titus.

Almost opposite the great gate of the Coli-

seum are the ruins of a temple formerly dedicated to the Sun and Moon.

These objects occupied the whole of the day.

December 21.—I went this morning to the Piazza Navoni, and saw the famous fountain, by the chevalier Bernini; and near it, the church of St. Agnes; the rotundo of which is very beautiful. I saw also the other fountain in this place, part of which is said to have been the work of Michael Angelo.

Near the Piazza Navoni, duke Braschi, nephew of the late pope (Pius the Sixth), is now building a palace. The staircase, which we were recommended to see, is very handsome, of light construction, and made of beautiful marble.

We drove thence to the Capitol. "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" one may well exclaim, on recollecting what it was in the time of the Romans,—though it is still an interesting object. There is nothing left of the old Capitol: the whole is a modern edifice. A flight of elegant stairs, by Michael Angelo, forms the ascent; at the top of which stand two ancient statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding the rein of his horse. In the middle of the place is the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which is of bronze, gilt, and which was discovered in the year 1538 near the palace of

the Lateran. The senatorial palace occupies the front; the museum of ancient statues is on the left; and the collection of pictures on the right. In the museum I saw several ancient statues of emperors, philosophers, and poets; several sarcophagi, inscriptions on tombs, &c.; all recalling the scenes of the Roman history, which this spot is so calculated to render interesting. There are also models of the statues taken away by the French; and several beautiful pillars of porphyry, granite, &c.—The collection of pictures I postponed seeing till my return from Naples.

The Tarpeian Rock* is a little to the left of the Capitol. To see it, it is necessary to pass through a kind of dirty street. It is literally a rock; and though not a tremendous eminence, yet quite high enough to occasion the death of any one who should be thrown from its summit.

We next drove along the Campo Vaccino, or Cow Yard: in part of which stood the ancient Capitol; and in another the Forum, where the Roman people, then masters of the world, were used to assemble. The latter has only a few pillars left, near which cattle now graze: and the fine fountain of porphyry, where the first

* For a particular account of this rock, of its situation, and the manner of putting criminals to death by the ancient Romans, see Lumesden's *Antiquities of Rome*.

orators of ancient days perhaps refreshed themselves after the fatigues of powerful eloquence, is devoted to the use of cows, swine, and horses! To such a purpose is this once sacred spot now reduced! Where in better days appeared the seat of judgement, the temple of Vesta, the temple of Victory, the Rostra, &c. &c., are now a few scattered columns (some of which form the front of churches), a deserted walk, and a pasture for cattle!

A little further on is the Arch of Septimius Severus, still perfect (for a particular account of which I refer you to former writers); and near it are the ruins of the Temple of Peace.

Ten pillars of oriental marble, once forming part of a temple dedicated to Antoninus and Faustina, now form the front of S. Lorenzo in Miranda, and the following inscription is still visible:

Divo Antonino, et
Divæ Faustinæ, ex S. C.

In proceeding further on we came to the Arch of Titus; and afterwards visited, for the second time, the Coliseum, and the Arch of Constantine. We viewed both with increased pleasure and continued admiration.

Fatigued at last with the painful attention which these wonderful objects excited, we got into our carriage, and drove to the Villa Borghese, which is about half a mile from the gates

of the town. This elegant villa stands in the middle of a garden and paddock, which are constantly open to the public,—forming the fashionable *promenade* of the Roman *noblesse.* The grounds are pretty; the weather was fine; and several carriages filled with well-dressed persons, besides equestrians, and crowds on foot, made altogether a very lively scene. We had not sufficient time to see either the house or the cassino.

We dined at our hotel; and went in the evening to the assembly of madame Torlonia, the wife of my banker. This is the only house left at Rome where parties are given, and is consequently attended by all the first people of the place, and by foreigners of every nation. Mr. Torlonia, whose fortune increased to a very great amount during the war and the revolution, is at present a *Neapolitan marquis*, and has lately bought the rights and estate of a Roman duke, of whose property he has already taken possession, and whose title he is to bear on the death of the vender.

The palace of the marquisa Torlonia is one of the finest in the Corso; and her assembly reminded us very forcibly of an English entertainment of the same description. Several large rooms were opened, filled with company of both sexes: and in one of them was a pharo bank; and in another, a billiard table. The

former of these seemed to draw the principal attention both of the ladies and the gentlemen. In the other apartments there were whist and cassino parties; while several persons amused themselves with conversation.

I remarked this evening, for the first time, the great noise which the Italians make when they talk together. They always speak in a kind of scream: and the softest language in the world, sounds, in the mouths of the natives, (at least to an English ear) extremely inharmonious.

Among the ladies I perceived but few who deserved to be called pretty; and their dresses were far from elegant. There seemed, however, to prevail much good-humor, liveliness, and gaiety: nor did I remark any of that dull solemnity which Mr. Addison and other writers have represented the Italians as affecting. I have made the same remark in other places. Among the company there were priests, cardinals, and *abbés* in abundance; nor did even they pretend to any peculiar gravity of manners. I observed several of the most dignified of these ecclesiastics engaged in tender conversations with the youngest of the ladies; who seemed to listen with great complacency, in spite of the red stockings, short cloak, and curled hair, of their clerical beaux. Probably the badges of ecclesiastical preferment are here

thought as smart as the uniform of an officer of the guards in London. *Et pourquoi non?* would exclaim a Frenchman. I am sure I cannot say: yet the sight was new, and consequently deserved being remarked.

No refreshments of any kind were handed round,—unless glasses of iced water may be considered as an exception to the remark.

Dec. 22.—I saw this morning the fountain of Trevi. It is large, and decorated with several figures, among which the statue of Neptune is particularly admired.

The pillar of Trajan, my next object, is perfect, and extremely beautiful. It is of vast dimensions; and all the events of Trajan's life are represented in basso-relievos round it. It certainly has not been more commended than it deserves.

I then went to the Monte Cavallo, where stands a pontifical palace, inhabited by the present pope, who lives there in preference to the Vatican, as a residence at the latter would be attended with greater expense than the present reduced state of the papal funds would enable him to support. The famous colossal figures, which are still here, and which give, from the horses they hold, a name to the place, are in the best style of Grecian sculpture. I believe it is ascertained that they were not the work of Phidias and Praxitiles, though Phidias

is written under one, and Praxitiles under the other. The figures of the men are alone admired: those of the horses are thought bad by *connoisseurs*,—though I confess I could not perceive their defects.

An Egyptian pyramid stands between these figures, one of which is called the statue of Alexander (though it is acknowledged by antiquarians that it cannot be the resemblance of that hero); and under the pyramid are written the following lines:—

"Me quondam Ægypti defectum è cautibus undas
Vis quem per medias Romula transtulerat,
Ut starem Augusti moles miranda sepulchri
Cæsareum Tiberis qua nemus alluerat.
Jam frustra eversum fractumque infesta vetustas
Nisa est aggestis condere ruderibus.
Jam Pius in lucem revocat sartumque Quirini
Sublimem in collis vertice stare jubet.
Inter Alexandri medius, qui maxima signa
Testabor quanto sit minor ille Pio."

I hope you admire the conceit of the two last lines, which assert that the pyramid was placed by Pius the Sixth near that of Alexander, in order to show the world how much less was the Grecian conqueror than the Roman pontiff. Is this flattery, or is it irony? The former was certainly intended, but the latter is the real effect.

I next passed by a handsome fountain orna-

mented with four figures representing the Seasons of the Year; and by another, which I believe the ancient Romans called Termini, but which is now known by the name of the Fountain of Moses, in consequence of a figure of that inspired legislator, which is its present principal ornament.

Near the same spot stands the small but richly decorated church of S. Vittoria, abounding in gold, rare marbles, and precious stones. I here saw and admired the fine figure of St. Theresa in the Agonies of Death, one of the most esteemed works of the chevalier Bernini.

I then drove to the church of Santa Maria delli Angeli, which was built on part of the magnificent remains of the Baths of Dioclesian. The rotundo is ancient; and the roof was originally open: it was afterwards enclosed by Michael Angelo. The pillars are ancient, and of oriental granite; but the ground having given way, they are partly sunk, and are supported by art. The ceiling was painted more than a thousand years ago.—There are also in this church some much esteemed pictures,—particularly the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Domenichino; and the Baptism of our Saviour, by Carlo Maratti. The angels above the tomb of Pius IV., of the house of Medici,

are by Bernini. The porch, or entrance, formed originally the *calidarium*, or stews. The roof of the porch is ancient, and the pillars are Egyptian. In this part of the church are the tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti.—Opposite to the spot where the church now stands, was that part of the Baths of Dioclesian more particularly distinguished by the name of the *thermæ*. Little remains of the building; but the ground is at present a garden, in which I saw orange trees growing in the open field.

I then drove to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It is one of the finest churches in Rome, of vast dimensions, and supported by lofty pillars.—Near this church stands the obelisk which the emperor Claudius brought from Egypt, and which is now called, from its present position, the Obelisk of Santa Maria Maggiore. On the other side of the church is another Corinthian pillar, of white marble, which formerly stood in the Temple of Peace. The *façade* of Santa Maria Maggiore is very beautiful.—There is a window in this church, similar to that made for the same purpose in the Vatican, whence the pope on particular occasions gives his benediction.

The church of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme (called so because, as it is believed by the or-

thodox catholics, part of the holy cross, on which our Saviour suffered, is deposited here) is remarkable for its eight beautiful pillars of granite.

St. John of Latran (or Lateran), besides being the oldest church in Christendom, is worth visiting on account of its architecture, *façade*, and decorations.—The chapel of Corsini is extremely rich: and the tomb of Clement XII., formed out of an ancient urn, said to have been long under the portico of the Pantheon, and to have contained the ashes of Agrippa, is of beautiful red marble. The figures of the twelve Apostles are also much admired in the body of the church.—In the *sacristie* I saw a picture of the Annunciation, by Michael Angelo; and that of the Crucifixion, in small, by Raphael.

After walking through the cloisters, where I was shown a well, which my guide with a grave countenance assured me was the very one near which our Saviour converted the Samaritan woman; and some pillars which he as solemnly declared were of the exact height of Jesus Christ, though they measured at least nine feet; I went to the Baptistery of Constantine. The baptistery is a fine rotundo, with magnificent ancient pillars of a vast height, and is celebrated for being the spot where the emperor Constantine received the rites of baptism. The

font is a fine marble urn, of a color approaching to black.

Near the church of St. John of Latran stands a building, which is ascended by steps, called Le Scale Sante, or Holy Stairs. They are so denominated, because it is believed, by all pious catholics, that these are the very steps by which our Saviour went up to the house of Pontius Pilate, previously to his crucifixion. These stairs are covered with wood, to preserve them from destruction; and the devotees ascend them on their knees, and afterwards descend by other steps on foot. The performance of this duty is considered as an act of great and meritorious piety; and those who undertake it are rewarded with "plenary indulgences *."

These sights occupied the greater part of the morning. I afterwards walked for an hour on the terrace above the *Place d'Espagne*, whence the city of Rome is seen to great advantage, and where the air is particularly good.

Thursday, December 23.—I went this morning to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in company with an English friend, to see the pope perform the ceremony of sealing the relics.

* A protestant traveler sees with surprise, and with no little scandal, these words written on various privileged altars, which seem to offer, as a bribe to persons who will at those respective shrines pay their devotions, exemptions from other duties.

As his holiness was not very exact to the time he had appointed, we spent nearly two hours in the body of the church, awaiting his arrival. Though mass was saying in some of the chapels, we conceived, that, as in an English cathedral, no offence could be taken at our walking up and down the centre, where no religious ceremonies were performed. We soon, however, found our mistake; for a holy prelate*, with rage painted on his countenance, flew up to us, and, in the coarsest terms which the Italian language could supply, upbraided us for what he called an act of great indecency. We smiled contempt, and left to our *laquais de place* the task of answering him. The latter, after treating his *eminence* with similar language to that which he himself had used, returned to us, and, apologising for the brutality of his holy countryman, assured us, that, though so scrupulously severe about the ceremonies of the church, the prelate was the most immoral man within the precincts of Rome: and he ended his harangue with a long and scandalous account of the low amours of this champion of the rights of the church. Though the prelate threatened our

* A prelate and a bishop are not synonymous terms in the church of Rome: the offices and rank of each are separate and distinct. The prelate is inferior to the bishop; and I believe the former is not necessarily in holy orders. The number of prelates is unlimited.

footman with imprisonment, he did not attempt to put his menace into execution; and this adventure was not attended with any unpleasant consequences.—I could not help reflecting on the changes which time has produced. A century or two ago, I have no doubt that this angry priest, who seemed to have all the inclination, though not the power, of his predecessors, would have revenged what he considered an injury to his order, by committing one or all of us to the prisons of the inquisition, if not to the faggot.

We had scarcely finished this conversation, when we learned that the pope was about to arrive. We accordingly adjourned to the door of the church; and soon saw a shabby old coach appear, in which his holiness was seated, drawn by four horses of lean and wretched figure. They were conducted by two postillions, who were uncovered, and wore their hair powdered, with long curls falling down their backs. A heavy coach-box, attached to the carriage, was unoccupied. The servants and the guards of the pope were at once so shabbily and so ridiculously dressed, that I could easily have mistaken them for the attendants of Punch in a pantomime. The livery of the servants was old-fashioned and grotesque; and the uniform of the guards yellow and black, with stockings of the same party colors classed

alternately. This uniform, tattered and dirty of its kind, was made in the shape of our beef-eaters' dresses at St. James's: and each of the guards held in his hand a halberd, which was used as his arms. These soldiers are Swiss by birth; many of whom, though long resident at Rome, can speak no language but their native German.

The ceremony of sealing the relics * was performed in private: we therefore were disappointed of the opportunity of witnessing it: but we saw the pope pass to the room where it was done, and afterwards go to the chapel of Borghese; at the altar of which he knelt down, and was for some time devoutly occupied.

He is a plain grave-looking old man, with nothing very remarkable in his countenance. As he drove along the street, in returning to his palace, every knee touched the ground; while he scattered his blessings from the windows of his carriage, by making with his hand the sign of the cross.

* This ceremony was performed in consequence of the pope having prepared a present for the king of Spain of those holy and valued articles, which were certified by the seal of his holiness to be the genuine bones, skulls, and limbs of the saints whose names they respectively bore. The whole was enclosed in a silver box.---In possession of such a charm, the Spaniards can be in no danger from the menaces of our gallant tars!

From this church we went to the Palazzo Doria, belonging to the wealthy family of that name. We were here shown a fine collection of pictures by the first masters.

From the palace of Doria we went to the church of the Capuchins, which, though small, and by no means handsome in point of architecture, possesses the three following very superior pictures: — St. Michael conquering the Devil, by Guido (esteemed one of his best works); the Conversion of St. Paul, by Pietro di Cortona; and St. Francis, by Domenichino.

I next went to the Vatican, to see the Belvidere, or collection of statues and pictures. The greater part of these have been taken away by the French: and as my present short stay here did not allow me to examine those that remain with the care which they deserve, I shall defer speaking of them in detail till my second visit to Rome. I shall only mention at present, that Canova, the modern sculptor, whose reputation is already established in every part of Europe, has made two statues of such extreme beauty (the one representing a Pugilist; and the other, Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa) that I was deceived by the latter, and believed it ancient. They are both in the Vatican. — The rooms which formerly contained the *chefs-d'œuvres* of antiquity, are light, elegant, and handsome.—Among the remaining curiosities, I re-

marked a vast basin of porphyry; and in the picture gallery, the following works:—St. Philip and St. Ignatius, by Carlo Maratti; Saul and David, by Guercino; Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Spagnoletto; St. Jerome, by M. A. Caravaggio; and the Resurrection, by Vandyck.

From the Vatican I returned home; and, exhausted with the fatigue of examining with deep attention so many interesting objects, spent the rest of the day at my lodgings.

December 24.—I went this morning to the Palazzo Borghese *. In this vast house, containing several spacious apartments, I saw a numerous collection of paintings, the work of the first masters. The following is a list of those which most attracted my attention:—The Chase of Diana, by Domenichino; the Adoration of the Magi, by Benvenuto Garofalo; the Adultress, by Titian; the Fable of Lucina, by Lanfranco; a Virgin, by Andrea del Sarto; the Descent from the Cross, by Raphael; the Art

* The Palazzo Borghese belongs to the prince of that name, who, as every body knows, was lately married to madame Leclerc, the sister of the first consul (now emperor of the French). The prince Borghese, when I was in Italy, was at Paris: I therefore had not an opportunity of seeing him: but I understand he is a young man with very expensive habits; to supply which, his great fortune (nearly fifty thousand pounds sterling a-year) is scarcely sufficient.

of Music, commonly called the Sibyl, by Domenichino (a charming picture, and esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre*); St. John the Baptist, a copy from Raphael by Giulio Romano; a portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by Raphael; Rinaldo and Arminda, by an unknown painter, in the style of Paul Veronese; St. Jerome, by Spagnoletto; the four Seasons, by Albani; Guiseppe Ebreo, by Guercino; several pictures of Venus, by different masters—among which I distinguished, a full length, by Paul Veronese; the same, by Andrea del Sarto; and a half figure, by Giulio Romano;—Leda and Jove in the shape of a Swan, by Leonardo da Vinci; Venus asleep, a Cupid, and a Satyr, by Titian.

A small room is ornamented with mosaic paintings; and the walls of another are painted al-fresco, by Franceso Bolognese. In this room are two statues of Venus receiving the Apple; and an ancient Hermaphrodite, considered as the partner to that in the Villa Borghese.

I now continue the list of pictures. — St. Peter and our Saviour, by Benvenuto Garofalo; the Madonna, Jesus Christ, and St. John, with Angels, one of the early works of Raphael; a fine Head, by Lavinia Fontana; Divine and Profane Love (personified by two beautiful female figures), the work of Titian; a Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto; a Madonna and

Child, in the first manner of Andrea del Sarto; the Virgin, St. Anne, and infant Christ, by Caravaggio; the three Graces (a very celebrated picture), by Titian; St. John the Baptist, by Paul Veronese; a Magdalen, by Lavinia Fontana; a Virgin, with other Saints (rather damaged), by Titian; David, by Caravaggio; Judith decapitating Holofernes, by Fiamingo; Cleopatra, by Giulio Romano; the Nativity, by Bassano; St. John the Baptist, by M. Valentin; St. John the Baptist, by Bronzino; St. John the Baptist, by Paul Veronese; St. Francis, by Agostino Caracci; a Resurrection, by Zuccheri; a colored drawing of our Saviour, with the Children of Zebedee, by Raphael—[Round the ceiling of one of the rooms, Satyrs are painted al-fresco, which seem to rise from the wall]—a Villain, by Spagnoletto; a Madonna, by Giulio Romano; Judith, by Lavinia Fontana; the Prodigal Son, by Titian; &c. &c.

Our next visit was to a small church at the entrance of Rome, called the Madonna del Popolo, from the name of the place where it stands. I here saw a statue of Jonas coming out of the Whale's Belly, the work of Raphael the painter, who made it, in consequence of a dispute with Michael Angelo, in order to prove that a painter might at pleasure become a sculptor, though a sculptor could not as easily

become a painter. The statue is extremely beautiful, and fully establishes the assertion of its author. Raphael has adorned the chapel in which he has left this monument with al-fresco paintings of the Eternal Father and other figures.

From the Madonna del Popolo I drove to the Villa Borghese, the grounds about which I have already mentioned as the beautiful and favorite *promenade* of the Roman ladies. The house is equally deserving of commendation. As it has not suffered by the revolution, I shall only mention the objects with which I was most pleased. An ancient statue of Apollo; an ancient vase, with a bas-relief representing a Bacchanalian scene; a sarcophagus, with a bas-relief representing the Death of Meleager; a fine statue of Lucius Verus; Seneca in the Bath (made in touchstone); an ancient statue of Augustus; an ancient statue of Belisarius; pillars of eastern granite; a Pollux, ancient; &c. &c.: and of modern productions, a statue of David, an Apollo and Daphne, and the Flight of Æneas, by Bernini.

The great room, sixty feet long, and splendidly ornamented, is surrounded with ancient statues of emperors, heroes, and heathen divinities. The pillars and floor are of the finest marble.

In the adjoining apartment, the floor of

which is in mosaic, appears the celebrated ancient statue of the Hermaphrodite, lying on a modern mattress admirably executed by Bernini.

In the next room stands the renowned Fighting Gladiator, and a Ceres. A Pugilist, and other ancient statues, deserve being noticed. There is likewise a group of Romulus and Remus suckled by a Wolf. The children are ancient, and the wolf modern.

In the following room we remarked a collection of Egyptian idols, and a vast bath made of one piece of porphyry: and in another apartment, a fine Grecian statue of a Centaur, and a Grecian Silenus, the only existing statue quite perfect in every part. I also admired an Apollo, a Thalia, &c.

All these were on the ground floor.

The rooms above are very elegant, and deserve being visited. Among the ornaments of this part of the house I distinguished the following pictures:—the Toilet of Venus, by Paul Veronese; a Supper Scene, with Music, by the same; a Snow Scene, by Finesci; the Chaste Susannah, by Gerardo della Notte; and the Flight into Egypt, by Luca Giordano.

One of the rooms is decorated with pictures by Mr. Hamilton, an English artist, representing the First Interview of Helen and Paris, the Flight of Helen, and the Death of Achilles.

In another chamber is a fine ceiling, in which a Venus and a Satyr are painted, by M. Gapero, a Frenchman.

The great room, or the saloon, on this floor, is ornamented with the works of Mr. Arker, a Prussian painter.

After spending several hours most agreeably in seeing these objects, I repaired to the Palazzo Rospigliosi; and, in a kind of summer-house attached to the garden of the principal house, saw the celebrated al-fresco painting of Aurora, one of the most esteemed works of Guido. It ornaments a ceiling; and the figures are nearly as large as life. Aurora, scattering flowers, precedes the chariot of the Sun, which is followed by the Hours. The coloring and group of figures is admirable beyond description. This is certainly one of the finest efforts of the genius of that delightful artist.

In the same building I saw a large picture of Sampson pulling down the Temple, by Hannibal Caracci; an Adam and Eve, by Domenichino; and the Triumph of David, by the same.

These objects occupied the greater part of the day.

Decemb. 25 (Christmas-day).—We went this morning to hear the pope (Pius VII.) perform high mass at St. Peter's. I was rather disappointed in the expectations which I had formed

respecting the splendor of this ceremony: it was not nearly so magnificent as my fancy had led me to imagine. The following is an exact account.—

When I entered, I found the pope seated on a throne, to the left of the principal gate, but near the other extremity of the church. This he afterwards exchanged for one at the further end, and directly fronting the great altar. The cardinals, in robes of white silk interwoven with gold, sat on each side of him; and at his feet were placed the bishops, archbishops, and other dignitaries of the church. Before I came in, the clergy, as I was told, had performed adoration—that is to say, the cardinals had kissed the hand of his holiness, the bishops his knee, and the other priests his feet.

As soon as the pope had taken his seat on the principal throne, the mass began. The cardinal secretary of state went first to the altar, and officiated, being attended by his chaplain. The pope himself went thither two or three times, and as often returned to his throne. As he passed, all the persons around fell on their knees; and when he lifted up the host, no one was seen standing. He himself took the sacrament on the throne,—the same being brought to him by the secretary of state. I remarked, that, before he received the sacred

wafer, he beat his breast three times with violence.

Great part of the service was chanted by soprano voices; and the singers sat in a railed box, immediately above another in which were placed several foreign and some Roman ladies. The space on each side, between the altar and the throne, not occupied by the cardinals, bishops, &c., was filled up by strangers, who stood during the whole of the ceremony. To the left of the pope was a box in which the two kings of Sardinia* were seated, attended by their family and officers of state. The cardinals wore red stockings, red shoes, and red coifs; and their hats were of the same color †.—The pope changed his garments several times; and whatever he took off was most reverently kissed by his attendant cardinal. The dress which he principally wore, was a long white robe, variously and richly ornamented: and his shoes were of white and gold silk. His hair was cut short round his neck, but not powdered.

When the ceremony, which principally con-

* He who was king of Sardinia at the time of the conquest of his continental dominions, has resigned his rights and pretensions in favor of his brother; but they both are commonly called by the royal title.

† The pope and cardinals, as the successors of our Saviour and his Apostles, assume the color of red in commemoration of the blood of Jesus Christ.

sisted of genuflexions, bows, and changes of garment, at last ended, a chair was brought by eight or ten porters, who were clad in scarlet velvet dresses. His holiness was placed in this chair, and conveyed to a chapel at the other end of the church. As he passed along the vast aisle of St. Peter's, the *coup d'œil* was very beautiful. His army knelt with presented arms, and all the persons here assembled (the number of whom was not less than two thousand, though it did not form a crowd in this mighty building) placed themselves in rows upon their knees. He scattered his blessings, by the sign of the cross, among the suppliant congregation; and every good catholic thought himself one step nearer heaven. When he approached the chapel to which he had ordered himself to be carried, a curtain was dropped, behind which his chair was taken: and he thus disappeared.

The multitude then began to disperse; and among the rest, I went away. An English friend, however, who continued in the church, acquaints me, that his holiness, after staying a short time in the chapel, came out on foot, and, having prayed at the altars of three or four other chapels, at last retired into the *sacristie*.

Pius VII. is about sixty years old; very grave and respectable in his appearance. He has the

character of being what he seems,---I mean, a good, simple, pious, well-meaning, inoffensive priest: in short, just such a pontiff as suits the present times. I have no doubt that he firmly believes in all the mysteries of the church over which he presides. I observed, that during the ceremony of to-day his eye was unaffectedly and piously raised to heaven, while a smile of contempt sat on the countenances of several of the cardinals in the midst of the most solemn offices. I am fully persuaded that whenever his holiness performs mass he thinks he has operated a miracle; but I am far from thinking that the other members of the conclave are equally credulous. Nothing, indeed, can be more decent, or more humble, than the conduct of him that now occupies the chair of those haughty pontiffs, who once from the Vatican hurled their anathemas against trembling nations and prostrate kings.

After leaving St. Peter's, we went to see the pictures of Angelica Kauffman,—an artist whose works are well known in England, and who at present resides at Rome. I think the portraits and historical pieces of this lady are superior to any modern productions with which I am acquainted. In short, the only disappointment I experienced was occasioned by her name: alas! "Angelica" is now a wrinkled woman of sixty! Parents who are inclined to

give such names to their children should remember that a day may come when a romantic appellation will appear ridiculous though the person be ever so amiable and meritorious to whom it is attached. This is strongly exemplified in the present instance; for to much general information, and great professional eminence, Angelica Kauffman unites elegant manners and all the charms of polished conversation, while her animated eye still displays the character of genius.

The remainder of this day was devoted to the preparations for our journey to Naples, which we purpose commencing to-morrow.

Having thus given you the diary of our proceedings during this first short visit to Rome, I take my leave; requesting you to consider these remarks as only the forerunners of a more detailed account, which I hope to be able to send you after my purposed second residence in this city.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Road from Rome to Naples — Described by Horace — Ancient aqueducts—Velletri—Pontine Marshes—Terracina — Fondi —Hill of S. Andrea—View and change of climate experienced on the summit—Mola di Gaietta—Cicero's villa—Capua—Aversa—Capo di China—Arrival at Naples.

Naples, Dec. 29, 1802.

My dear sir,

I ARRIVED at Naples late last night, and my first occupation this morning shall be to give you an account of my journey.

The distance from Rome to this city is forty-five leagues, or one hundred and fifty-five Italian miles; and Horace has given a classical importance to the scene, by his poetical narrative of the journey he made from Rome to Brundisium, contained in the fifth satire of the first book. The road is greatly changed since his time; yet some part of it remains the same: and those whose early days have been spent in the study of the Roman poets, traverse with peculiar pleasure a country both visited and described by one of the most distinguished of those writers.

On the morning after Christmas-day we set out from Rome at an early hour, and, in the beginning of our journey, admired the ancient

aqueducts (a work truly worthy of those by whom it was executed), which still supply the modern city with water. The road ran on an easy ascent; and, as we moved along, we saw Rome and the valley around it to great advantage. This prospect is pleasing; and the country, though in many parts neglected and uncultivated, is naturally fertile. Near Albano stands a castle in a delightful situation.

At Velletri, four posts from Rome, we had intended to pass the night; but, arriving there at noon, we resolved to proceed; and, having traversed the Pontine Marshes *, reached Terracina the same evening. The latter town is seventy miles from Rome, and this distance is divided into ten posts and a half. A party of dragoons attended as a guard from the last stage, — a protection which we were advised to take, as it was already dark, and frequent robberies had lately been committed in this country.

We know that Horace's first station, after leaving Rome, was Aricia, now called La Riccia; but though the place exists, it is out of the direct road to Naples.—

"Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ."

The town he calls *Forum Appî* is supposed to

* *Vide* Appendix, No. I.

have stood in the immediate neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes; which accounts for the water being so bad that he avoided drinking it, and went without his supper lest any of it should be mixed with his food.—

" Hic ego propter aquam, quòd erat deterrima, ventri Indico bellum."

Horace traversed these marshes, and spent a bad night within one league of Terracina; the temple of Feronia, which he mentions, being at that distance from Anxur, the later appellation of the same town. He left Anxur at four o'clock in the morning—

" Quartâ vix demum exponimur horâ"—

and proceeded on his journey.

Terracina is delightfully situated on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and surrounded with vast rocks, on the summits of which I perceived snow.

The inn commands a delightful prospect; but its accommodations were far from good. A storm raged during the night with such prodigious noise that I in vain attempted to sleep.

We set out again the following morning, and drove along for some time on the shore of the sea; after which we began to ascend, and soon found ourselves at Fondi, the first town in the Neapolitan territories. Horace stopped at this

place, where he met with the ridiculous country magistrate whose pompous puppyism he has so admirably caricatured.—

> " Fundos aufidio Lusco prætore libenter
> Linguimus, insani ridentes præmia scribæ
> Prætextam, et latum clavum, prunæque batillum."

The customhouse-officers of his Sicilian majesty were not less anxious to exert all the prerogatives of office than was the Roman justice; but a few *pauls** satisfied all their scruples, and we were allowed to proceed without having our trunks unpacked.

About five miles from Fondi we ascended the lofty hill of S. Andrea. Never shall I forget my sensations on reaching the summit of that mountain. The climate had entirely changed. In the valley below, we had found the weather damp and cold; but after ascending this eminence, we felt the warmth of summer, and that kind of mild air which is considered as characteristic of the atmosphere of Italy. Orange and lemon trees in full bearing appeared on each side of the road; the sea was at our feet; and the lofty hills above, covered with snow, completed the landscape.

We changed horses soon afterwards; and,

* A paul is a Roman coin of the value of something less than sixpence English.

descending through a country which became more and more beautiful at every mile, reached the very pretty little inn and village of the Mola di Gaietta*. Nothing can be more lovely than the position of this place. A delightful sea view, the town and fortress of Gaietta, on one side, surrounded with gardens full of orange trees; an island in front; and the mountains with their hoary tops behind. I got out of my carriage, and walked the last mile, that I might enjoy with more ease this charming scene; and the heat was so great (on the 27th of December), that I had not proceeded many steps before I felt disposed to sit down.

Horace is supposed to have described Formia, or the Mola di Gaietta, under the name of *Urbs Marmurrarum.*—

> "In Marmurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus
> Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam."

Glad, like the Roman poet, to find a pleasant resting-place, and a kitchen in which our provisions could be dressed, we resolved, though it was only one o'clock, to spend here the remainder of the day; and accordingly ordered some meat which was in the carriage to be

* Gaietta is a corruption of the Latin Caïetta:—

> "Tu quoquè littoribus nostris, Æneïa nutrix,
> Æternam moriens famam, Caïetta, dedisti." *Virgil.*

roasted, and added to whatever else the larder of the inn could afford.

While dinner was preparing, I wandered out, attended by a fellow, who, with the true flourish of the Italian idiom, introduced himself as the *antiquarian* of the Mola di Gaietta. He conducted me to a garden in which once stood (according to his account, which, indeed, is not improbable) the villa of Cicero. He showed me the site of the house; the bath which the orator used; the reservoir of his fish, marked by some stones which still remain; and the cellar where he attempted to conceal himself from the emissaries of Antony, and in which he at last fell by the hand of assassins.

I know not whether my guide were correct in the information * which he communicated;

* M. Lalande says that Cicero's villa, called *Formianum*, where he used to receive Scipio, Lælius, and other illustrious guests, was situated between Mola and the town of Gaietta, at a place called Castelloni, where the duke of Marzano Lagni has a palace. M. Lalande adds, that the ruins near the sea, shown as the Formianum of Cicero, cannot be those of his villa, as the latter was further from the shore. After all, it is clear that his house was in the immediate neighbourhood; and whether this were or were not the precise spot, is a question which cannot with any certainty be ascertained.—M. Lalande thinks it probable that the tower which one sees at the Mola di Gaietta, is the tomb which the freedmen of Cicero raised to his memory, near the spot where their patron was murdered.

but I was pleased in indulging the idea of seeing the very spot which Cicero had inhabited. These associations are delightful, and give an interest to all which one beholds in Italy charming beyond description. I visited the villa of Tully, and rested where Horace rested in performing the same journey. — The Roman orator could not indeed have selected, in any part of the overgrown territories of his country, a more beautiful situation than that which is pointed out as his favorite retreat; and this circumstance strongly corroborates the testimony of my guide.

In going to and returning from this garden, I had opportunities of admiring the picturesque scenery of these environs; and as the windows of our little inn commanded the whole landscape, we had every reason to rejoice at the resolution we had formed of spending our day at the Mola di Gaietta.

After dinner, our courier made us laugh very heartily at a robbery of a singular kind which we had just experienced. The joint of beef which we had brought with us, and which in roasting attracted, from its size, the astonishment of the persons collected in the kitchen, was of course taken from our table to that of our servants. Both of them being accidentally called out of the room at the same time, found on their return that the meat had vanished;

and, notwithstanding every inquiry, the thief could not be discovered.—I mention this little circumstance, as descriptive of the poverty and pilfering disposition of the lower classes of the Italians.

We passed a delightful day in this village, and the next morning recommenced our journey. The weather was fine when we first set out; but it soon changed; and such violent rain began to fall, that the darkness it occasioned prevented my remarking the country through which we traveled. The continuance of the storm made me determine not to stop at Capua, in which city we changed horses, and where our passport was examined and countersigned by the governor.

The ancient Capua *, once the seat of such pleasure and opulence that it was called *Capua amorsa et Capua dives*, and in which the army of Hannibal was corrupted by the luxuries which abounded there, stood at the distance of about half a league from the site of the modern town, which, though handsome and well built, is insignificant when compared with the ancient.

* Horace says--

"Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt
Lusum it Mæcenas, dormitum ego Virgiliusque;
Namque pilâ lippis inimicum et ludere crudis."

We next passed through the town of Aversa; and, in coming into the village of Capo di China, began to approach the city of Naples, and were here again asked for our passport. The posthorses were so extremely bad to-day that we traveled but slowly, and it was night before we entered this beautiful town. We could only perceive that we drove through several fine streets; and that the hotel where we stopped, and at which apartments had been engaged for us by the kind attention of a friend, was situated on the shore of the sea.

Arrived here, I may say of Naples, as Horace did of Brundisium,

——— "longæ finis chartæque viæque est."

I take my leave for the present, and will write to you again as soon as I become acquainted with the place and the inhabitants.

I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

Description of the bay of Naples, and first coup d'œil of that city—Palazzo Reale, or the king's palace—Il Gigante, a colossal figure of Jupiter—The arsenal—Castello Nuovo—Port of Naples—Largo di Castello—Strada di Toledo—Suburbs of St. Lucie, and the Chiaia—Villa Reale, and the Toro, or Farnesian Bull—Gay appearance of Naples—The cabriolets let for hire—Lively countenances, slender food, and tawdry dresses of the Lazaroni.

Naples, Feb. 18, 1803.

My dear sir,

AFTER passing two of the most agreeable months of my life in this delightful place, I am preparing for my departure. I hope you will not complain of the interval which has elapsed since I had the pleasure of corresponding with you, as I purposely avoided writing till my stay here had been sufficiently long to enable me to speak with some degree of certainty about a city which every traveler has described with enthusiastic praise.

When I first arrived here, I was attacked by illness, which confined me for some days to my room; during which time I refreshed my historical and geographical recollections of Naples, by consulting M. de Lalande and other authors, from whom I thought I could derive the

most satisfactory information. From these materials I amused myself in compiling a short account, which I have found very useful on several occasions, and a copy of which I will send you by the first convenient opportunity*: I shall therefore say nothing on these heads at present.

Naples is built in the bosom of the bay; and most of the principal houses, and all the hotels in which foreigners are lodged, together with the public walk, are placed on the shore of the sea, of which they command an uninterrupted and delightful prospect. Of the bay itself, Mr. Addison has given so full and so accurate a description, that I shall content myself with copying his words,—satisfied that they will convey to you a much more perfect idea of this place than any attempt of mine could possibly do.—

"The bay of Naples† is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lyes in almost a round figure, of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are covered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of Sarrentum divides it from the bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory and the isle of Caprea, the sea

* *Vide* Appendix, No. II.

† See Mr. Addison's *Remarks on Italy*.

enters by a streight of about three miles wide. The island stands as a vast mole, planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lyes long-ways, almost in a parallel line to Naples. The excessive height of its rocks shelters a great part of the bay from the winds and waves, that enter again between the other end of this island and the promontory of Miseno. The bay of Naples is called the Crater by the old geographers, probably from its resemblance to a round bowl half fill'd with liquor. Perhaps Virgil, who composed here a great part of the Æneids, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour which he has made in his first book; for the Lybian port is but the Neapolitan bay in little.—

" 'Est in secessu longo locus; insula portum
Efficit, objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli; quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent: tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.'

" 'Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks. A sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.'" *Dryden.*

I ought perhaps to add, while speaking of the position of Naples, that on every side the view is equally beautiful. To the east, the villages and country-houses built on the shores of the sea, with the palace of Portici, and the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii at a distance; the whole being crowned by the celebrated mountain of Vesuvius: to the west, the villas and grotto of Pausilipe, and the tomb of Virgil; above, at a vast height, the convent of the Carthusians, and the castle of S. Elmo: to the north, a range of mountains forming a kind of rampart round the town, and the "Terra di Lavoro," called by the Romans the *Campania Felix* from its rich soil and vast fertility: and to the south, the bay of Naples already described. Such are the objects, forming a *coup d'œil* of matchless beauty, which present themselves from the windows of the houses built on the shore of the sea, and these houses cover the space of at least an English mile; between which and the Mediterranean is a road for carriages.

The length of Naples is estimated, from north to south, at three thousand six hundred feet; and its population, in 1781, according to the numeration made by order of his Sicilian majesty, amounted to three hundred and eighty thousand souls,—including two thousand two hundred and twelve monks, and six thousand

three hundred and thirty-nine nuns, but without counting either strangers or the army. Adding these, and some others not included in the calculation, the inhabitants of Naples and the suburbs make a total of six hundred thousand. I am inclined to think, that, notwithstanding the number of lives lost here in the revolution and at the siege, the population has not much diminished. The streets are constantly filled with people, many of whom have no settled habitation; and every house is crowded with inhabitants.

The principal edifice of Naples is the palace of the king, built by order of don Ferdinand Ruez de Castro, comte of Lemos, in 1600, when viceroy, and under the direction of the chevalier Fontana. One side of it commands the sea, and the other a *place*, or square, which is surrounded with buildings not generally remarkable either for their beauty or their size. General Acton has, however, built in this position a very magnificent mansion.

The architecture of the royal palace is in good taste. The *façade* is nearly six hundred feet in length. There are twenty-two windows in a row; and three gates, ornamented with pillars of granite, which support the balconies above. The decorations consist of three orders of pilasters (Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian) placed the one above the other; and the whole

is crowned with a railing ornamented with pyramids and vases placed alternately. The court is not very large; but the stairs are beautiful, extremely convenient, and of prodigious size. At the top of these stairs is a fine piazza, which surrounds the whole court. I shall hereafter have occasion to speak of the interior of the palace.

In going from the palace towards the sea, one sees a large marble statue found at Pouzzoli. It is a colossal figure of Jupiter in the character of Terminus. The Neapolitans call it *il Gigante*, or the Giant.

Near this place stands the arsenal, which is large enough for the construction of sixty galleys.

The Castello Nuovo, with which the king's palace communicates, by a gallery that crosses the ditches, is a strong fortress on the shore of the sea, and opposite the mole, or pier, which it was built to defend.

The port of Naples, which is in the eastern part of the city, is a square of nine hundred feet. A large pier encloses it to the west and the south, and a small pier protects it to the north. The former is terminated by a little fort called Fortino di San Gennaro: the latter (Brascio Nuovo), was built by don Carlos, and is also protected by a fort. These forts were built after admiral Byng, with the British fleet, menaced the town of Naples in 1745, and forced

the minister to sign a treaty of neutrality, allowing him but a few minutes to deliberate. The port may contain four ships of eighty guns each. There are now lying in it one or two vessels of that size, belonging to his Sicilian majesty; several Neapolitan frigates; and the Medusa, a British frigate, which convoyed the king from Palermo *.

The place or square called Largo di Castello, by which one returns from the port towards the royal palace, was made by taking down many houses, which were falling to ruin, and is ornamented with several fountains, the principal one of which is called the fountain of Medina.

The Strada di Toledo is the most remarkable street in Naples, as well for its length and its re-

* When his Sicilian majesty returned for the last time from Palermo, he wished to have performed the voyage on board the Medusa; but the Neapolitan officers entreated their sovereign not to disgrace them so much as to leave his own ships. The king complied; but though he had two or three seventy-fours, and some smaller vessels, he did not think himself safe without the protection of our little frigate; and captain Gore accordingly, at his majesty's request, convoyed the fleet. The Algerines appeared during the voyage, and prepared to attack the Neapolitan ships; but seeing the British colors hoisted on the Medusa, immediately sheered off. Captain Gore, a most amiable man and meritorious officer, has lately received from his Sicilian majesty a handsome present of diamonds in return for this service.

gularity, as for the architecture of the houses of which it is formed. It is nearly an English mile in length; is wide; and contains shops filled with every kind of merchandise, besides several churches and palaces of the richer nobility. It is constantly crowded with carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians; and presents one of the liveliest scenes imaginable.

The most agreeable part of Naples is included within the suburbs of St. Lucie and the *Chiaia;* the former being to the east, and the latter to the west. Both of these districts are on the shore of the Mediterranean, and present together an uninterrupted *suite* of fine houses; the windows of which command the most beautiful prospect on the continent of Europe. The road which runs between the houses and the sea forms the fashionable drive of the Neapolitan *noblesse;* the greater number of whose palaces is also in the Chiaia.

The walk of the Villa Reale, situated in the latter, is one of the most charming promenades which can possibly be conceived. It consists of a spacious piece of ground on the beach of the sea, well graveled, kept in good order, and covered with a trellis-work of wood painted green; over which innumerable vine trees are are allowed to spread their leaves, affording in summer a delightful shade from the heat of the sun. In the centre of this walk now stands the

celebrated Toro, or group of figures representing the two brothers, Amphion and Zetus, binding Dirce to the horns of a mad Bull. This is one of the most esteemed relics of ancient sculpture, and is sometimes called the Farnesian Bull, having belonged to the family of Farnese, from which the present king of the Two Sicilies inherited it, with the other treasures of that house. Mr. Addison is of opinion that Seneca the tragedian has an allusion to this group in the following lines:—

" ——— primus emergit solo
Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus ————."

" First Zetus rises through the ground,
Binding the bull's tough neck with pain,
That tosses back his horns in vain."

The figures are beautiful, and still in high preservation. The group was originally found in the Baths of Caracalla, at Rome; and, after being many years in the possession of the Farnese family, was removed hither by his Sicilian majesty, in order to add the wonders of art to those of nature.

In respect to scenery, it would be impossible to increase the beauty of the situation. The most delightful climate in the temperate zone, the vicinity of the Mediterranean Sea, the island of Caprea, the Mount Vesuvius, the

Tomb of Virgil, the Castle of S. Elmo, and the Grotto of Pausilipe, unite such advantages that the Villa Reale may be fairly considered as possessing unequaled charms. The mild weather which prevails, even in the midst of winter, in this favored country; the number of carriages; and the crowds of people which flock in every part of the town; give a gaiety to this capital greatly superior to what I ever witnessed in any other city of Europe. The rich spend many hours in driving up and down the Strada di Toledo, and along the shores of the sea. I am far from commending such a waste of time, but the circumstance adds much to the appearance of the place. The middle ranks hire the open carriages which are kept constantly ready for those who wish to engage them; and the *Lazaroni* (or lowest class) contribute, by the vivacity of their features, to the general mirth.

The *cabriolet*, or open carriage, let for hire, consists of a light car, either gilt, or painted of some tawdry color; and is only just large enough to receive one person with comfort, though it often carries two passengers. It is drawn by a single horse, of very small size, decked out in gilt or plated harness, with an ornament of feathers on his head; to which a miniature weather-cock is often added. The coachman gives the reins to the person who takes his chaise, but keeps the whip in his own hand,

and stands on a foot-board behind. The horses kept for this purpose are very fleet; and in a conveyance of this kind one is carried to any place in the town or neighbourhood with inconceivable velocity.

Certainly no people in the known world have fewer comforts than the poor of Naples; yet no people I ever saw appear so happy. The *Lazaroni* live six or seven in a room, or rather a coach-house; of which one of the little carriages I have before described, and the horse belonging to it, are often joint tenants with the master and his family. Those who are still less fortunate, and have no proper home, sleep in the open air, under the portico of a church, or in the ruins of some ancient building. They dine on the stump of a cabbage, or on a small portion of macaroni; and their beverage, and only luxury, consists of a glass of iced water. Their dress is commonly formed of a jacket of coarse cloth, with breeches of the same, and a round hat: yet so fond are they of show, that I have often seen them wear on Sundays a gold cord on their hats, gold kneebands, and a pair of large silver buckles in their shoes. Their hair is enclosed in a colored net; part of which is covered by their hat, and the remainder falls on their back.

The Neapolitan women are equally fond of tawdry ornaments. On a *fête* day, or when

a wedding takes place, it is a usual circumstance to see the bride and bridegroom clad in all the tinsel finery they can collect, and seated in one of the little cabriolets; the horse of which is decorated with new feathers of various colors. Two or three of their friends stand behind: and, notwithstanding the weight of so many persons, the little poney which draws them is able (so excellent are the roads in the environs) to trot at a great rate: and thus the laughing happy party are conveyed along the shore to some neighbouring village, with a speed well suited to the vivacity of their character.

The females of this country are far from handsome, particularly among the lower classes; and nothing can be more rare at Naples than the sight of a pretty woman. Many of them wear the dress of the Sicilian peasants, which is both showy and singular. It consists of a petticoat and jacket of gold tissue, with a gold network for the head. How the laboring people, who are by no means well paid, can afford so expensive a *costume*, I cannot possibly conjecture. Of course the gold which glitters in their gowns is made of the coarsest quality: yet the cheapest must cost a sum much greater than the wearers can easily command. An English lady, wishing to purchase a dress of this kind as a disguise at a masquerade, was

asked forty guineas for the suit. The adoption of so costly an habiliment by the lowest rank of persons, is a convincing proof of the general passion for splendor which reigns in this country, and of the vast sacrifices which are made in order to gratify this ruling disposition.

When you put together the facts which I have enumerated, and add to them the advantages of the weather of an English August in the month of January, and the innumerable interesting and classical objects which the neighbourhood affords, you will form some little idea of the pleasure which the walks and drives of Naples constantly offer, exclusively of the thousand other agreeable circumstances attending a residence at Naples.

I have begun with general remarks before I enter on particulars, that you may not be surprised at the enthusiasm with which, in common with all travelers, I shall speak of this delightful spot, which certainly bears a stronger resemblance to the enchanted island of Calypso than to any real existing scene. Every thing breathes the reign of Pleasure. The vivacity of the people; the matchless beauty of the country; the surrounding mountains, which seem to secure this happy valley from the chilling blasts of the northern winds; the tranquillity of the sea; the balmy softness of the air; and the brilliancy of the sun, which at

this season of the year is enjoyed without the oppressive heat which it occasions in summer; form altogether a terrestrial Paradise to which no language can do justice. I have no doubt that you will suspect I am drawing an imaginary picture; but I can with great truth assure you that I do but imperfectly sketch the landscape which is hourly presented to my view.

My letter is already grown so long that I shall stop for the present, and will resume the subject in my next.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Neapolitan nobility—Their ignorance—Anecdotes proving the same—Their equipages, and usual mode of life—English society, mixed with Russians and other foreigners—Ball given by captain Gore of the Medusa frigate—by Mr. Drummond, on the queen's birth-day—by the English bachelors—Carnival, and the manner of celebrating it—Masks, and sugar-plum war in the Strada di Toledo—Masquerades at the theatre of S. Carlos.

Naples, Feb. 20, 1803.

My dear sir,

THE higher classes differ very little from the lower, except in the titles which they bear, and in the orders with which they are decorated. Among the four hundred dukes, three hundred princes, three thousand *marquises*, and innumerable *chevaliers*, of which the Neapolitan *noblesse* is said to consist, very few are to be found whose education and acquirements are at all superior to those of the humblest of the people. I have, since I have been here, heard the most ridiculous stories of their want of information on the most trivial points. I have collected many anecdotes, but shall only mention two, which are sufficiently characteristic to prove the ignorance of persons of the highest rank.

A duchess, whom I have seen, and who possesses one of the most splendid palaces in Naples, asked a friend of mine, who was lately a member of the house of commons, why we kept such late hours in England, and particularly why we dined when it was almost time to sup. Mr. ——— answered, that one principal cause of that custom arose from the sittings of parliament, which many gentlemen were obliged to attend. "Le parlement *," interrupted the lady, for she could speak a few words of French; "qu'est-ce que c'est que le parlement? est-ce une promenade, un corso? Je n'ai jamais entendu parler de cet endroit-là."

The other anecdote is this. During the late war, a Neapolitan *marquis* came into the box of a foreign minister at the theatre of San Carlos, and asked his excellency if he had heard the news which had just arrived. Being answered in the negative, he continued, with a tone of importance,—"Sir, the English fleet have blockaded Mantua!" The ambassador smiled. "You don't believe me?" rejoined

* "The parliament! pray what does that mean? is it a promenade, a corso? I never heard before of that place."

I ought to add, that driving on the *corso* (the name given by the Italians to their favorite promenade) forms the most material and most interesting duty in the life of a Neapolitan noble: of course, the duchess supposed that some such important affair could alone retard the hour of dinner.

the Neapolitan: "my authority is indisputable: I received the intelligence from the king himself."

Innumerable other instances might be given of the ignorance of the nobles; but, after such specimens, it would be idle to repeat them. To take the parliament of England for the Rotten Row of Hyde Park, and to make a sea-port of Mantua, are tolerable proofs of the little progress here made in the acquirement of that general kind of knowledge which is dispersed through all societies in countries on the other side of the Alps.—I cannot help adding, that a few evenings since a lady complained, that, though on her marriage her husband had engaged to purchase for her a *book*, seven years had elapsed, and he had not yet performed his promise.

The rights of primogeniture are strictly observed, and the portions of younger brothers and sisters are consequently trifling. Some of the cadets of noble families become lawyers; but the greater number takes orders; and all are condemned to celibacy. A similar fate attends those females whose beauty is not sufficiently attractive to obtain for them the offer of a suitable marriage: they are early doomed to the solitude of a cloister. Even the elder branches have been much impoverished by the

war and revolutions which lately ravaged this delightful country; and but few enjoy at present an ample income. Whatever economy their circumstances may oblige them to exercise, is practised within the walls of their own palaces, and at the expense of domestic comfort: the show of equipage is still kept up. To be sure, this show is not of the most splendid kind; yet, such as it is, it gratifies the pride of these grandees. An old chariot, which has the faint remains of having once been gilt, conveys a *principessa* to the Corso, attended by her *cavaliere servante*, and is drawn by two half-starved horses, with large tassels at their head of a tawdry color; and behind it stand two lanky footmen, whose liveries, patched in some places, and decorated with worsted lace almost effaced, are positive proofs of the antiquity of the family to which they belong. The nobles dine at one o'clock, and immediately afterwards parade in these equipages along the Corso; which beginning at the suburb of St. Lucie, runs to the other extremity of the sea shore. Several hours are spent in this manner; and the rest of the day is either devoted to the opera or to private *conversaziones*.

On my arrival at Naples I wished to have been admitted into the private society of the inhabitants; but I received from strangers of

all nations such unfavorable accounts of their houses, and I found such difficulties * in procuring an introduction, that I gave up the idea, and contented myself with examining their character in public, at court, and in some foreign houses, where the Neapolitans were occasionally invited.

The English have indeed been perfectly independent in point of company, as so many families of the highest rank and respectability have happened to meet here, besides a long list of young men of birth, fortune, and character, that we have formed a distinct society sufficient for every purpose of gaiety and conviviality: and though we have all lived but little with the Neapolitans, we cannot be accused of passing our time solely with our countrymen, as the Russians, Germans, emigrant French, Spaniards, and Americans, convinced of the stupidity and dulness which prevail in the parties of the inhabitants, have united with us, and formed a circle of foreigners of almost every nation under the sun,—though, owing to the multitude of English now at Naples, we undoubtedly form the majority. It happens, in-

* The principal channel of introduction into the societies of the first class in every capital is of course through the English minister; and as Mr. Drummond visited very few of the Neapolitans, our countrymen could not easily become known to them.

deed, most fortunately, that among this crowd of British travelers there is not one individual of doubtful character: many of them are persons of the highest rank, and all of the greatest respectability.

The countess Shawronsky, an old Russian lady of large fortune, who has resided some years in this city, and keeps an excellent house, may be called the foundress of our society. Receiving foreigners every evening who choose to call at her door, she gives a ball once a-week, besides occasional concerts, private plays, and masquerades. She is particularly partial to the English, and has entrusted Mr. Drummond (our minister) with an unlimited power of inviting whomever he pleases of our countrymen to her assemblies.

Captain Gore, of the Medusa, soon after our arrival gave an elegant ball on board his frigate; and his example has been followed by most of the English families, who in their turn have invited those who form madame Shawronsky's society to similar entertainments.

Mr. Drummond showed a proper respect for the birth-day of our queen, and celebrated the occasion by a splendid ball and supper, which was profusely elegant, and in every respect worthy both of the illustrious person in honor of whom it was given, and of the representative of the British nation.

The English bachelors, determined not to be surpassed in liberality by their married countrymen, invited, a few evenings since, all the families here assembled to a party of the same kind, in a spacious apartment which they hired for the purpose. I need scarcely mention that the supper consisted of every luxury which this place affords, and that the highest taste was displayed in the ornaments of the room; but you will scarcely believe me when I add, that, though not more than a hundred and thirty persons were present, the expense of the whole entertainment, which was divided among thirty individuals, amounted to more than five hundred guineas. To account for this enormous charge, you must know that the gentlemen left themselves at the mercy of the persons whom they employed; and that these persons took care, as usual, to do *gli signori Inglesi* the favor of freeing them as much as possible from that load of gold with which they believe British travelers are weighed down.

From the particulars I have enumerated, you will perceive that we have had no want of gaiety, and that our evenings have not been less agreeably spent than our mornings, devoted to the delightful rides and interesting curiosities of this favored country. We have indeed passed our time in one continued routine of lively pleasure and variegated amuse-

ment. Of the latter kind, I must not forget to name the sports of the carnival, which were completely new to the eye of an English spectator. I had, indeed, seen similar festivities on the same occasion last year at Paris, but they were very inferior to these. For several successive days the Strada di Toledo (which, as I before mentioned, is nearly a mile long) was crowded with carriages of all descriptions, filled with masked persons; while the windows of the fine houses which form this street were equally thronged with spectators, many of whom were also disguised, and joined in the amusements of the passing scene. Among the carriages, I remarked some in the shape of military cars, drawn by horses richly caparisoned; and others built to resemble ships, with rigging &c., carrying persons in the dress of English sailors. The numerous equipages were lengthened into several strings, or lines; and the principal amusement of those who filled them consisted in pelting each other, *en passant*, with sugar-plums. The same kind of attack was made from the individuals who sat in the balconies of houses on those in carriages, and the latter returned the compliment with equal warmth.—This sport (you will hardly believe it) produced a scene of uncommon mirth; and however puerile and contemptible the custom may appear to the eye of reason, yet, if the object intended

was to excite laughter, the purpose was fully answered.

Nothing indeed could be livelier than this motley scene. The eccentricities displayed in the dresses of the masqueraders; the zeal with which this amicable war was carried on; the merry faces of the Lazaroni, while they got between the wheels of the carriages, and collected, in spite of the mud, the *bons-bons* which fell on all sides; and the novelty of the whole; afforded no little amusement. — The English, unused as they were to this kind of entertainment, soon forgot their national gravity, and joined with high glee in the rapid attacks of the combatants. It was indeed remarked, that, among the innumerable crowds collected on the occasion, our countrymen were by no means the least active.

After this friendly warfare had continued several days, it was stopped, in consequence of some accidents which occurred. The economy of the Neapolitans had discovered that volleys of sugar-plums were almost as expensive as volleys of gunpowder; and, wishing to avoid the drain on their pockets without losing their pleasure, many of them had stones painted in imitation of *bons-bons*, and with these fictitious arms continued their attacks. The fraud was discovered by a circumstance which might have been foreseen, — that of several persons

being seriously hurt. The police, in consequence, thought it right to interfere, and pelting of every kind was forbidden during the remainder of the carnival.

You will perhaps wish to know the origin of so strange a custom; and the suggestion of an English lady, with whom I was conversing a few evenings since on the same subject, is so probable, that I have no difficulty in adopting it. She imagines, that, at the time when Italian husbands were jealous (for history records that such a period once existed), this practice was adopted in order to convey from a lover to his mistress a *billet-doux*, or tender motto, disguised in the shape of a sugar-plum; and as gallantry is the grand source of every pursuit in this place, what cause can be so probable?—I ought to add, while on the subject, that the street masqueraders here do not, as at Paris, consist of the lowest classes of society, but are formed of all orders, and more particularly of the highest.

The evenings of the carnival are in the same manner devoted to pleasure and masked festivities; and the fine theatre of S. Carlos, esteemed the largest and most beautiful edifice of the kind in Europe, has been splendidly lighted every night this season, and filled with the votaries of dissipation. While the pit and the stage, thrown together, were covered by an innume-

rable crowd, the boxes were not left unoccupied. Some were the scene of tender *têtes-à-têtes*, while others were filled with supper parties,—for the Italians eat, drink, receive visits, play cards, and make love, in their opera boxes. I was, however, rather surprised at finding that there was no repartee or dialogue among the characters assembled in the centre of the house, and that the whole pleasure of the masquerade consisted in the number of grotesque figures assembled together, and in the opportunities afforded for secret intrigue. The most favorite masks were Punch, Nobody and his wife, Magog, a quack doctor, and a Spanish grandee.—Five or six thousand persons have been present every night at these entertainments.

I am afraid you will think me very trifling in dwelling so long on the amusements of the Neapolitans; but as more than half their time is consumed in this manner, to describe their entertainments appears to me the best mode of making you acquainted with this merry people; who seem to consider life as a game of romps, in which he is the most skilful who can laugh and play the most.

Having mentioned how excellent a society of English travelers have met at this place, I know you will wish to know their names. The most distinguished persons here are, lord and lady Beverley, and family; lord and lady

Mountcashel; lords Aberdeen, Grantham, Brooke, Althorpe, and Montague; Mr. and lady Frances Vandeleur; Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, and lady Esther Stanhope; sir Harry and lady Burrard Neale; sir Francis and lady Drake; sir Charles Douglas; sir Thomas Tancred; captains Gore, Capel, and Scott, of the navy; colonels Disney and Salisbury of the guards; besides several other officers lately returned from Egypt, and other individuals of equal respectability.—We have also here Mr. D., an American gentleman, whose young and beautiful wife is equally admired by the Neapolitans and the English.

Adieu!—In my next I shall speak to you of the court of his Sicilian majesty.

I am, &c.

END OF VOL. I.

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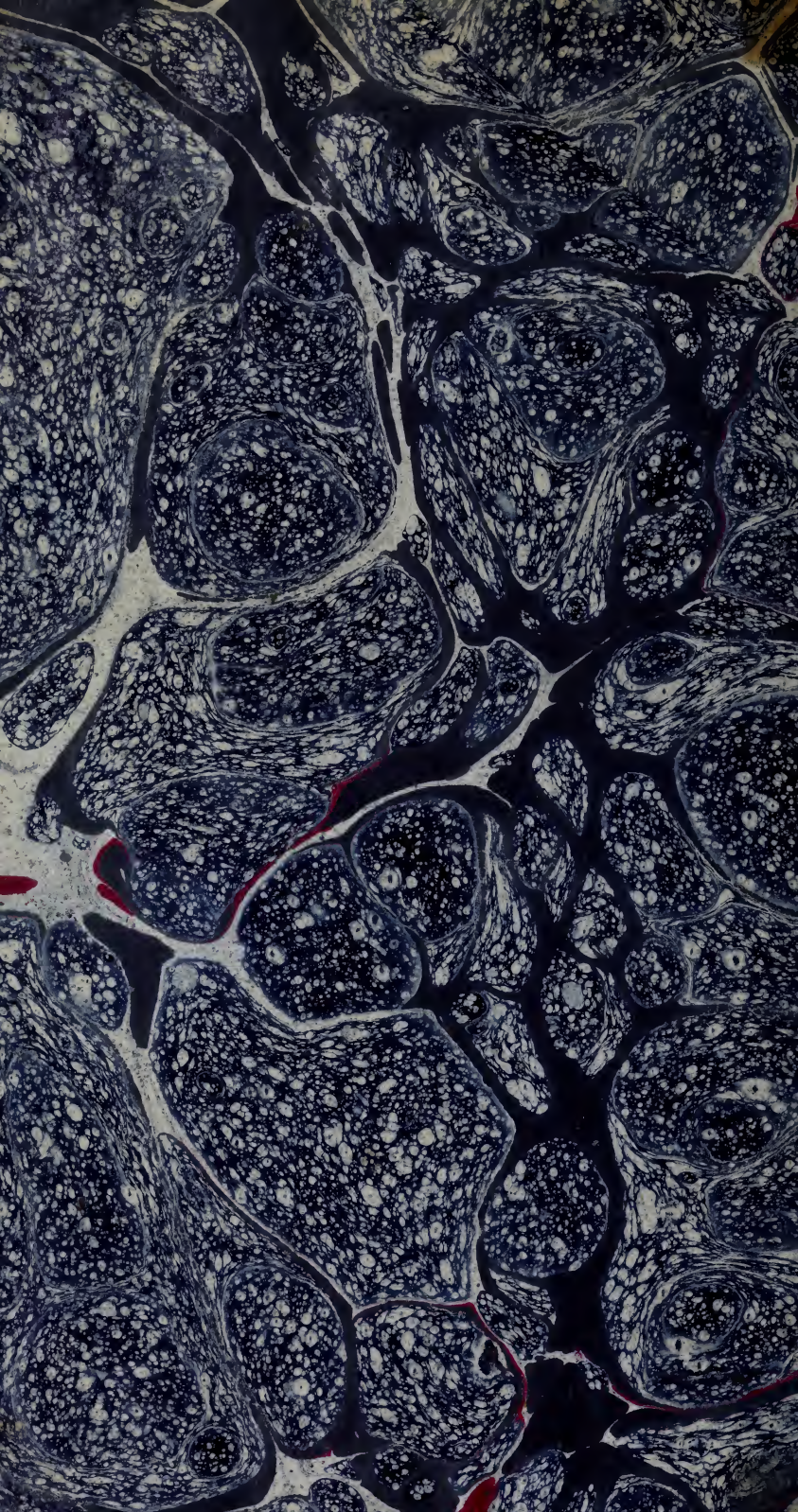

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